Liberty

OCT. 29,
1938

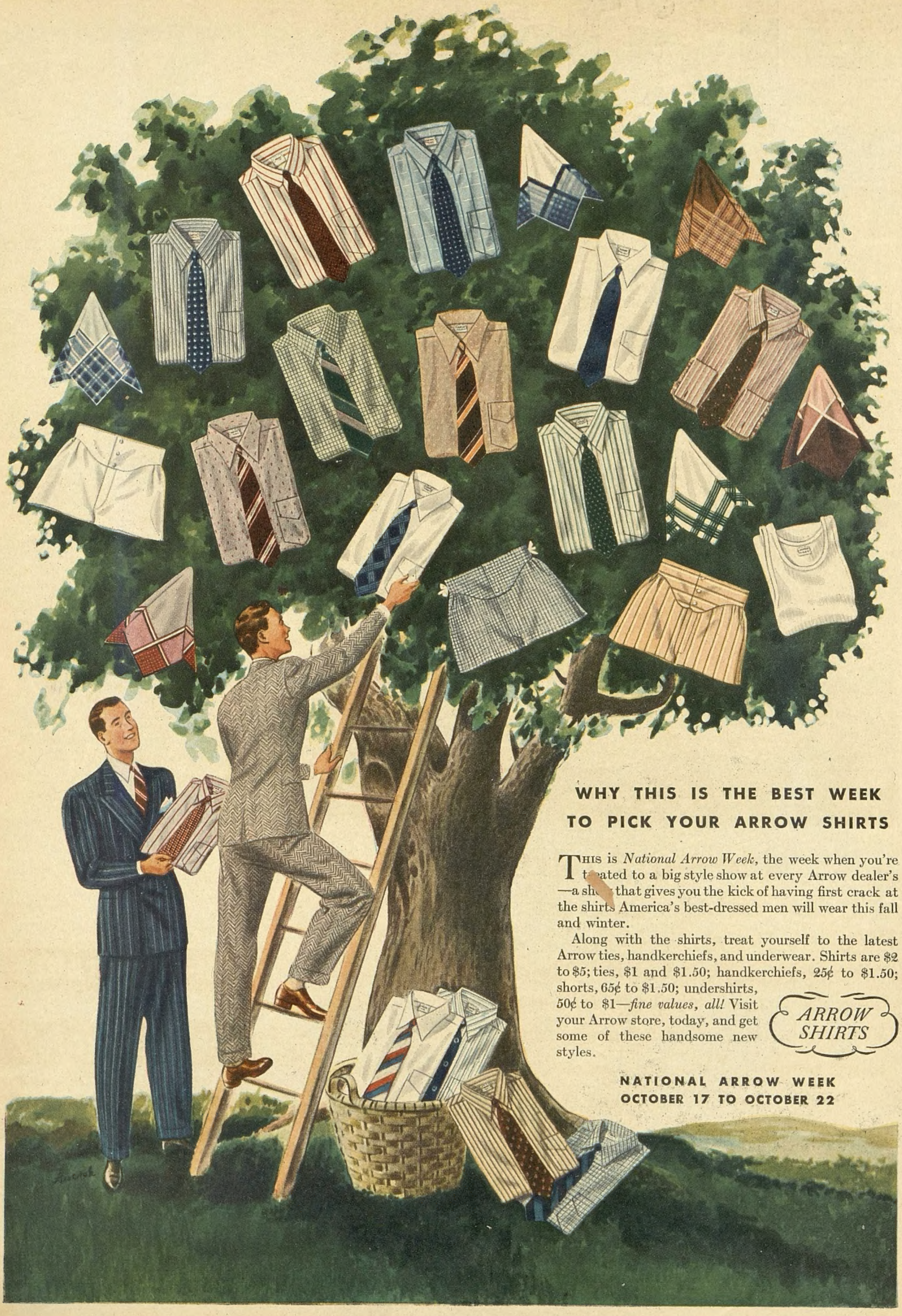
5¢

7
Vincentini '38

IS SOME ONE LISTENING ON YOUR PHONE? *THE FACTS ABOUT WIRE TAPPING*

WHAT THE MIDDLE WEST SAYS ABOUT ROOSEVELT BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

AN ALL-AMERICAN TO END ALL-AMERICAN TEAMS *by HUGH FULLERTON*



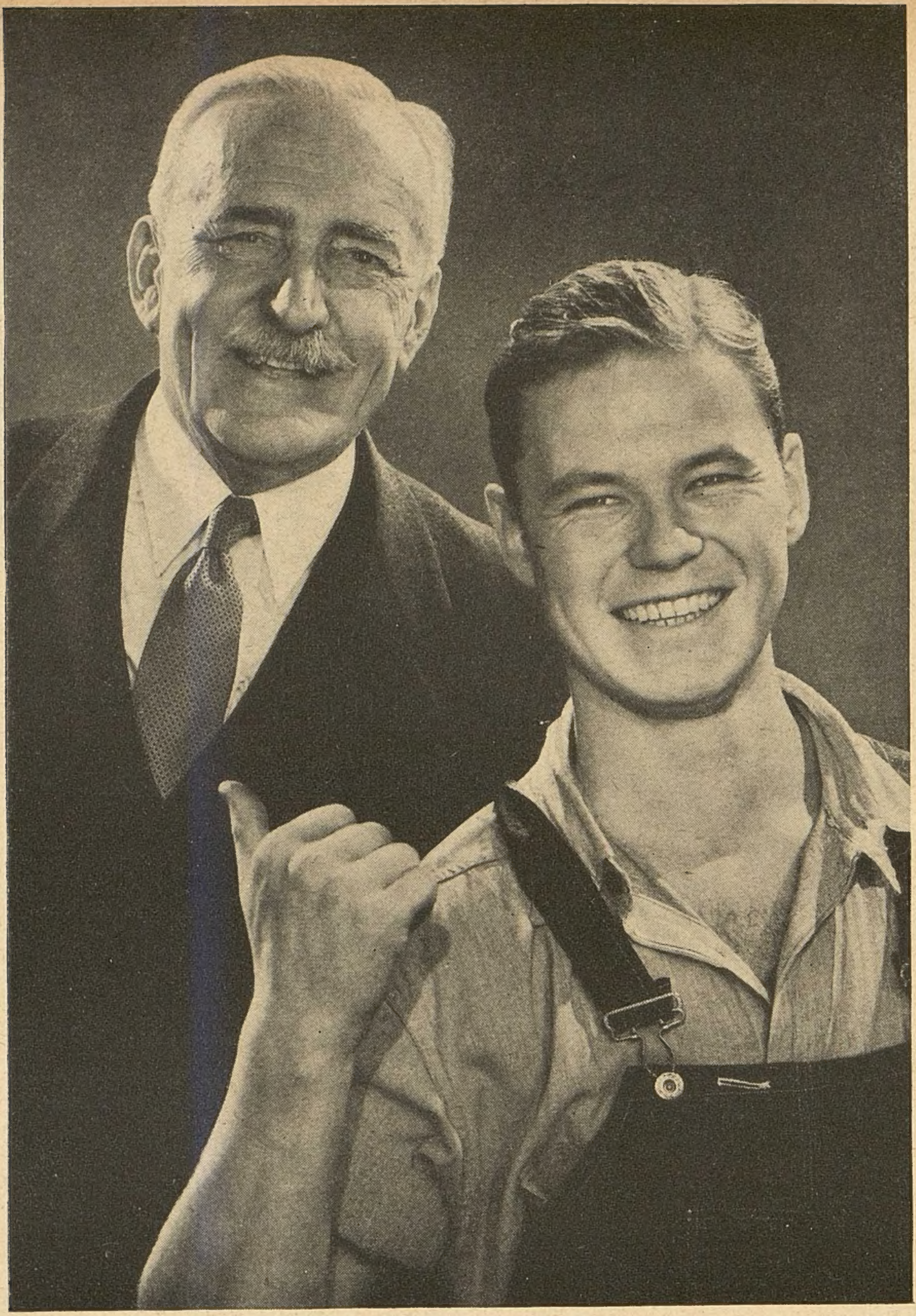
WHY THIS IS THE BEST WEEK TO PICK YOUR ARROW SHIRTS

THIS is *National Arrow Week*, the week when you're treated to a big style show at every Arrow dealer's—a show that gives you the kick of having first crack at the shirts America's best-dressed men will wear this fall and winter.

Along with the shirts, treat yourself to the latest Arrow ties, handkerchiefs, and underwear. Shirts are $2 to $5; ties, $1 and $1.50; handkerchiefs, 25¢ to $1.50; shorts, 65¢ to $1.50; undershirts, 50¢ to $1—*fine values, all!* Visit your Arrow store, today, and get some of these handsome new styles.

ARROW SHIRTS

NATIONAL ARROW WEEK
OCTOBER 17 TO OCTOBER 22



. . "He's my partner" . .

The policyholders of a life insurance company are partners in working together for mutual aid. The employee and his employer, the farmer and the city man, the professional worker and the tradesman—all combine their funds for the protection of their families. I like to think of the life insurance institution thus as a great democracy, serving also the best interests of that greater democracy, our country.

Thos. I. Parkinson

PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

⁂

Q. It is said that life insurance is a democracy. Just what does that mean?

A. It furnishes through cooperation a common protection to the interests and aspirations of all its members.

• • •

Q. How is this principle illustrated in Group Insurance?

A. In a Group plan all the workers in an industrial or commercial organization who are insured, from the lowest-paid employee to the top officer, join together for the benefit of all.

• • •

Q. How is the principle illustrated in Salary Savings Insurance?

A. Under this plan employer and employee work together to obtain individual policies on a satisfactory method of monthly premium payments.

• • •

Q. Should you have an Endowment, a 20 Pay-Life or an Ordinary Life Policy?

A. This shop talk sounds mysterious, but it can be cleared up in a few minutes by an Equitable agent. Just discuss your financial situation and your hopes—and he will recommend the best insurance program.

The Equitable welcomes questions concerning life insurance. Your note to "The Equitable Counselor" at 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y., will receive prompt attention by mail.

⁂

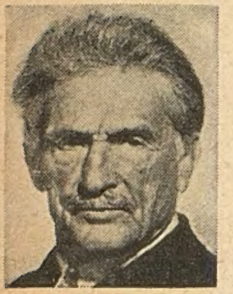
THE EQUITABLE
FAIR – JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY – PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL – COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

OCTOBER 29, 1938 **Liberty** VOL. 15, NO. 44

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ARE WE FACING THE HORRORS OF REGIMENTATION?


BERNARR MACFADDEN

To be free as a bird represents an ideal that people rarely attain. And to be imprisoned in a cage after experiencing such freedom must indeed be terrifying. And to a limited extent this comparison represents the difference between the liberties we have enjoyed as compared to the regimentation which is now enslaving the people of some foreign countries.

As a nation, we are now facing these disastrous possibilities. We have been allowed a degree of freedom given to no other country. England may possibly be termed the one exception. The great nations of Europe are turning toward dictatorships. They are enslaving their citizens. These countries have become vast schoolhouses, with government officials as teachers. The people are told the nature of their occupations, how long they may work, the wages they must receive.

It all means a system of enslavement that will crush individual genius, that will destroy the creative instinct which has been the source of this country's amazing development. Men and women will become little better than plodding mules.

The speeches made by the President and various New Deal officials attacking dictatorships are simply smoke screens. They are meaningless subterfuges, for slowly but surely, step by step, Washington executives are forging the links of the chain which will soon bury us in a mass of legislative restrictions that will turn officials of our various states into rubber stamps and compel our citizens to follow the goose-step regime laid out for them.

The plans leading toward the regimentation of our people began with the NRA in less than six months after the Roosevelt administration was installed. We can doubtless credit what was termed the " brain trust " for the so-called weighty wisdom supposed to be a part of these measures. The United States Supreme Court discarded both the NRA, that was to control business, and the AAA, which was meant to regiment the farmers.

But the powerful influence of the Washington bureaucracy which caused the President to reverse himself after his first election finally brought the heavy weight of its crooked thinking to bear upon the United States Supreme Court. Constitutional government, as we have defined it in years gone by, has been changed materially.

Labor has been grossly deceived in supporting the Wagner Bill and the Wage and Hour Bill. Workers have failed to recognize that these laws are just opening wedges which will ultimately give the government the right to control labor absolutely. There will be no unions, and no strikes to protect the workers, when the plans of the government operate efficiently.

Exactly the same procedure which was used to deceive labor in Russia, Germany, and Italy has been followed in detail in this country. These nations secured the support of the workers for the avowed purpose of acquiring the government power essential to control industry, and when that was accomplished they turned on the workers, abolishing their unions, forbidding strikes and all organized forms of protest used by labor as a protection.

In supporting the Washington demand for control over business and industry, labor has endorsed a system of governmental control that will ultimately be extended to all our citizens. They have forged the links of a chain that will be the source of their own enslavement.

An election is not far away, and every intelligent citizen should carefully examine the records of the candidates for whom he votes, and forget all about political parties. Vote for a candidate who does not belong to the rubber-stamp crowd of New Dealers; one who believes that the rights of the various states should be respected; one who caustically condemns the efforts of the federal government to control the activities of the citizens.

If the New Deal poison cannot be destroyed root and branch, we will soon be in the shackles of a tyrannical dictatorship.

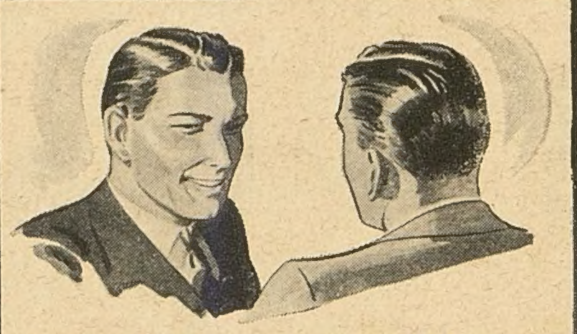
Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

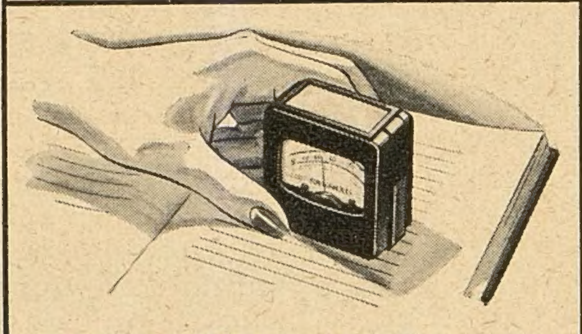
Copyright, 1938, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

WILL HE HAVE THE BENEFIT OF *Light Conditioning?*

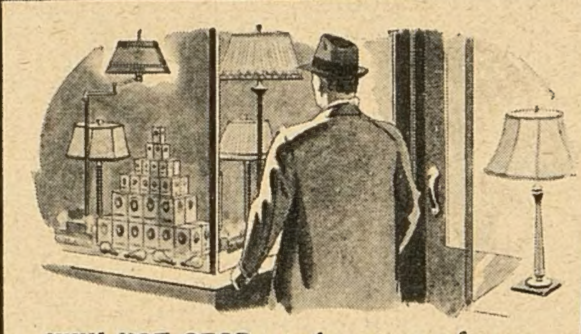


"HUSKY? He's strong as an ox. He's going to be a real champion." So says many a proud father. Yet by school age, one out of five children has lost out in the race . . . developed defective eyesight—partly because of poor lighting.

ASLEEP OVER HER STUDIES. That may mean poor light and eyestrain. It probably indicates a need for *light conditioning* ...enough light in enough places to make seeing easier and prevent eyestrain.



REMEMBER THIS: The size bulbs you use, and the light you have, make a big difference to your eyes. Your lighting company will be glad to help you measure your light with the Light Meter, which lets you see for yourself how much light you have.



WHY NOT STOP at the store of your dealer in G-E MAZDA lamps? He can help you choose the right size light bulbs to begin light conditioning and bring your whole family Better Light for Better Sight.

NEW LOW PRICES

ON G-E BULBS FOR BETTER SIGHT

100-watt now only 75, 60, 40, 25 and 15-watt also	**15c**
150-watt to brighten kitchen or game room . . . . . now	**20c**
50-100-150-watt three-lite for three-light I.E.S. Lamps . .	**45c**
100-200-300-watt three-lite for three-light I.E.S. Lamps . now	**60c**

. . . Get a handy package of Brighter G-E bulbs to help you Light Condition

Ask your dealer to select with you the size G-E MAZDA lamps you need for seeing better in your home. You'll get a package "tailored" especially to fit your requirements. Be sure it includes at least one 100-watt.

. . . Buy the new and brighter G-E MAZDA LAMPS where you see this emblem.

Simple Recipes for EASIER SEEING
MAZDA LAMPS
MAZDA LAMPS

FOR BETTER LIGHT-BETTER SIGHT...

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

★ **LISTEN IN—The G-E Hour of Charm . . . with Dorothy Thompson . . . Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra . . . Every Monday Eve. 9:00-9:30 E. S. T., N. B. C. Red Network**

IS SOME ONE LISTENING

The Facts About WIRE T

Karl Godwin

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Does catching crooks justify it? Read these sharply diverse views of courts, legislators—and criminals!

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

"TODAY," remarked Governor Lehman of New York, "no one is safe from the menace of wire tapping."

Right, governor. And not only today but every day since that morning in 1895 when a former employee of the New York Telephone Company walked into police headquarters and taught the coppers how to tap.

As a matter of fact, eavesdropping reached its all-time peak during the World War. It broke out again during the fuss over the Lindbergh kidnaping. And more recently, Governor Lehman's own appointee, Special Prosecutor, now District Attorney, Thomas E. Dewey, has wire-tapped himself into a Presidential possibility, and a goodly portion of the underworld's top liners into a lifetime future in jail.

Tom Dewey has not been content with ordinary tapping. He has introduced a new device which consists of an innocent-looking wire with a tiny microphone on one end and a recording phonograph on the other. At the beginning of its career this contrivance catered to the comparatively harmless vanity of people who love to hear the sound of their own voices. Then it began to attract devotees in high official circles.

Dewey was not the only one. Attorney General Homer S. Cummings saw infinite possibilities in the new contraption. Between them they find use for a couple of dozen of these mechanical tattletales.

But in spite of such modern devices, wire tapping of the common or telephone variety is still the staple weapon of present-day law enforcement.

The usefulness of listening in as a weapon against higher-up racketeers is obvious. The top man rarely commits the crimes which make the racket possible, so almost never falls into the hands of the police. But once the racket headquarters from which the boss issues his orders is discovered, wire tapping is an almost sure way of making him incriminate himself.

The racket situation being what it is in New York City, with Dewey closing in on first one headman and then another, and intent, as in the Hines case, on uncovering the alleged connection between crime and politics, something of a sensation was caused when Hines' fellow party man, Senator John J. Dunnigan of the Bronx, tried to get the state Constitutional Convention to make wire tapping without a court warrant unlawful and information so obtained inadmissible as evidence.

The resolution was cleverly worded, and won the support of many incorruptible men in public life. Governor Lehman was one such. But Dewey, with his whole campaign for a racketless city trembling in the balance, jumped with both feet into the fight against it.

Well, the Dunnigan idea was defeated in the convention and several leading Democrats, including ex-Governor Smith, Surrogate Foley, and Presiding Judge Martin of the Appellate Division, First Department, voted with the Republicans for a substitute proposal sponsored by Justice Lewis of the State Supreme Court and backed by Dewey and the four other district attorneys of Greater New York.

The Lewis plan was to insert in the state Constitution the Bill of Rights provision of the federal Constitution against "unreasonable" search and seizure, with an added clause specifically including wire tapping.

The federal provision referred to appears in the Fourth Amendment:

> The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

This clause, as you see, defines the rules under which a warrant may be issued, but says nothing about wire tapping *without* a warrant or about the inadmissibility of evidence so obtained.

In practice, the United States government taps with wartime disregard for privacy when and where it will. The Treasury Department's Alcohol Tax Unit and Bureau of Internal Revenue and the Justice Department's F. B. I. have elaborate tapping paraphernalia, which is shipped, when needed, to men in the field.

ON YOUR PHONE?

APPING

But the new and liberalized Supreme Court put a temporary crimp in this procedure last winter by seeming to reverse itself in the case of certain alcohol smugglers convicted on the strength of overheard telephone talks.

As a matter of fact, this decision was not a new interpretation of the search-and-seizure provision of the Bill of Rights, but a first ruling under the more recent Federal Communications Act, which specifically forbids any person not authorized by the sender to intercept or divulge telephone messages.

"To recite the contents of the message in testimony before a court," said Mr. Justice Roberts, "is to divulge the message."

It was difficult to disagree with the learned justice on this point. But it was *not* difficult to get around his dictum by introducing a new law nullifying its effect so far as the wire-tapping prohibition is concerned.

Congress promptly did this. Bills empowering any officer or agent of the government who had permission from the head of his department to tap wires or otherwise intercept communications while investigating any suspected violation of a criminal law of the United States, passed both houses. The only reason that this sweeping authorization of wire tapping is not now the law of the land is that senators and representatives, in their hurry to get away from sun-baked Washington, forgot to harmonize certain negligible verbal differences between the Senate and House bills—a mistake which will doubtless be remedied when Congress reconvenes.

Even now, without waiting for positive authorization, official tappers are very little handicapped by the Court's stand, since the Federal Communications Act covers only interstate conversations. In the same way, the Bill of Rights of the federal Constitution would not apply to conversations tapped within state boundaries.

These must be covered by state laws—a prospect which is not very promising. In twenty-eight states laws against it have already been passed. Yet no one has ever been convicted of wire tapping, and the states' own law-enforcement officials are among the worst offenders.

The real reason why this question defies settlement is that it seems quite impossible to line up any large proportion of the solid citizens on one side or the other.

For wire tapping is practically every law-enforcement officer in the United States.

Against it is every criminal.

On the strength of this division there would seem to be no problem as to where honest citizens should stand.

Suspicious also is the fact that certain criminal lawyers, who may be law-abiding themselves but whose business is the defense of those accused of breaking the law, and politicians whose names are frequently linked with those of underworld leaders are battling to secure legislation against wire tapping.

"These persons," said Presiding Judge Martin at Albany, ". . . . desire to stop not only wire tapping but all other effective action on the part of our law-enforcement agencies."

These remarks drew a sharp rejoinder from a well known criminal lawyer and behind-the-scenes political power, who turned up in recent policy-racket investigations as an attorney for the family of James J. Hines.

But just as John W. Voter makes up his mind to do his darnedest to tap the rascals out, along come citizens of indubitable probity who are just as heartily against wire tapping as are the crooks and their allies.

The late Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, for example, summed up this type of opposition in a sentence: "Wire tapping is a dirty business."

Many honest lawyers and patriotic legal-minded laymen feel that the preservation of the rights of all the citizens is more important than the apprehension of individual crooks. They say that wire tapping, especially since it has been supplemented by phonograph recordings, nullifies the long recognized right of an accused man to refuse to answer questions. It forces him to testify against himself.

Many also feel that the practice, if persisted in by government agencies, will lead to some form of brown- or black-shirted terrorism or an American OGPU. It is easy to see what a devastating weapon wire tapping would be in the hands of an unscrupulous secret police.

There is still another type of citizen reaction to this whole question: that, no matter how it is settled, it will go right on anyhow; that even a specific provision in the constitution of every state barring the use of wire-tapping evidence in court would not stop it.

These realists point out that most wires are tapped not to secure evidence to present in court but to obtain inside information that will lead to arrests, and that it is silly to believe that the police will stop the practice just because they can't play their phonographs in court.

Perhaps they are right, and the earnest and high-minded people who wish to stop listening in are wasting their strength. Tapping, like tippling, may be one of those inalienable rights, or frailties, that do not yield to prohibition. Eavesdropping is as old as peeking. Both are much older than the telephone. Spying was spying when Alexander Graham Bell was a beardless babe!

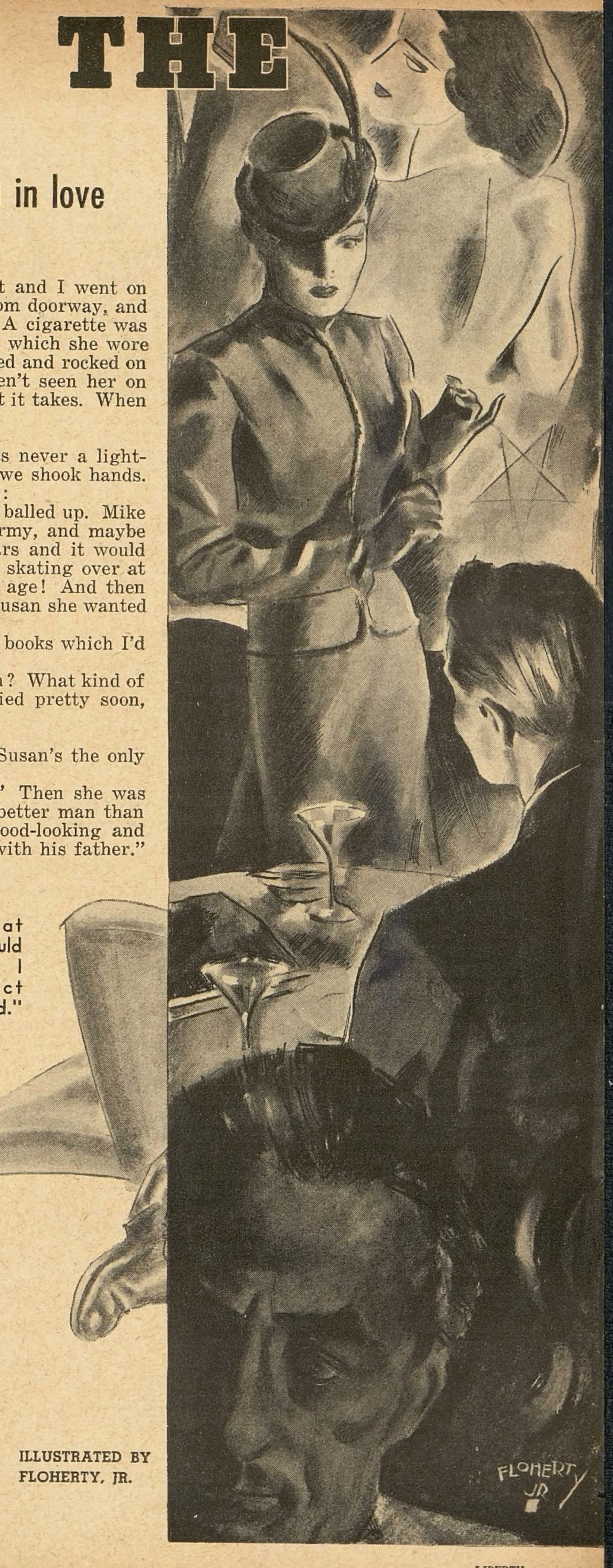
THE END

The lively story of

ALL THE

what happens to men when little girls grow up and fall in love

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 55 SECONDS



"I thought at least YOU would understand! I didn't expect grandma would."

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOHERTY, JR.

THE little wire-haired Jap took my hat and overcoat and I went on down the corridor, listening. I came to the living-room doorway, and there was Charlotte, deep in her work at the piano. A cigarette was canted in the corner of her mouth, and her white hair, which she wore lumped on the top of her head, reeled about as she swayed and rocked on the bench. Charlotte Hefferan was sixty, and you haven't seen her on the concert stage in eight years, though she still has what it takes. When she saw me she yelled:

"Hello there! Come in. I didn't hear you."

Charlotte pushed herself up from the piano—she was never a lightweight, except maybe years ago, before my time—and we shook hands. She made a not very concerned pass at her hair and said:

"You're a honey to run over, Rufus. Everything's all balled up. Mike worrying that they'll call him back to Japan for the army, and maybe they will, and you know he's been with us a dozen years and it would break my heart. And what does Willie do? He goes ice skating over at Rockefeller Center and falls smack on his face. At his age! And then Susan—" She took a deep breath and I guessed it was Susan she wanted to see me about.

She plopped on to a divan and slapped at half a dozen books which I'd sent over the day before. "Thanks, Rufus."

"I think they're the best on our new list. How is Susan? What kind of a time did she have? They ought to be getting married pretty soon, oughtn't they?"

"What are you doing—giving me openers?"

"Well, you were on your ear when you phoned, and Susan's the only one puts you on your ear."

"I like you, Rufus. You don't beat about the bush." Then she was upset again. "Hang it, Rufus, what girl could want a better man than Tom Sinclair? He's young, but not too young. He's good-looking and ambitious and decent and he's in an excellent business with his father."

"He plays a hot game of ping-pong too."

Charlotte said:

"Susan's not going through with it."

"Since when?"

"Since she got back last week. She hasn't said so in so many words, but I know it, I feel it." Her voice was more clipped now. "She met a guy on the boat coming back." She turned suddenly toward me. "Rufus, talk to her!"

I shook my head. "Oh, no. Not me."

"Rufus, he's all washed up! At thirty-five. Married and divorced three times. He's old—old—old! Years and years older than Willie and I. And Susan's so young!"

"Who is he?"

"He's—his name's Hugh Vandermeer."

"There's a Hugh Vandermeer who did the murals in the Bangkok Room at the International Hotel—"

She nodded. "Do you know him?"

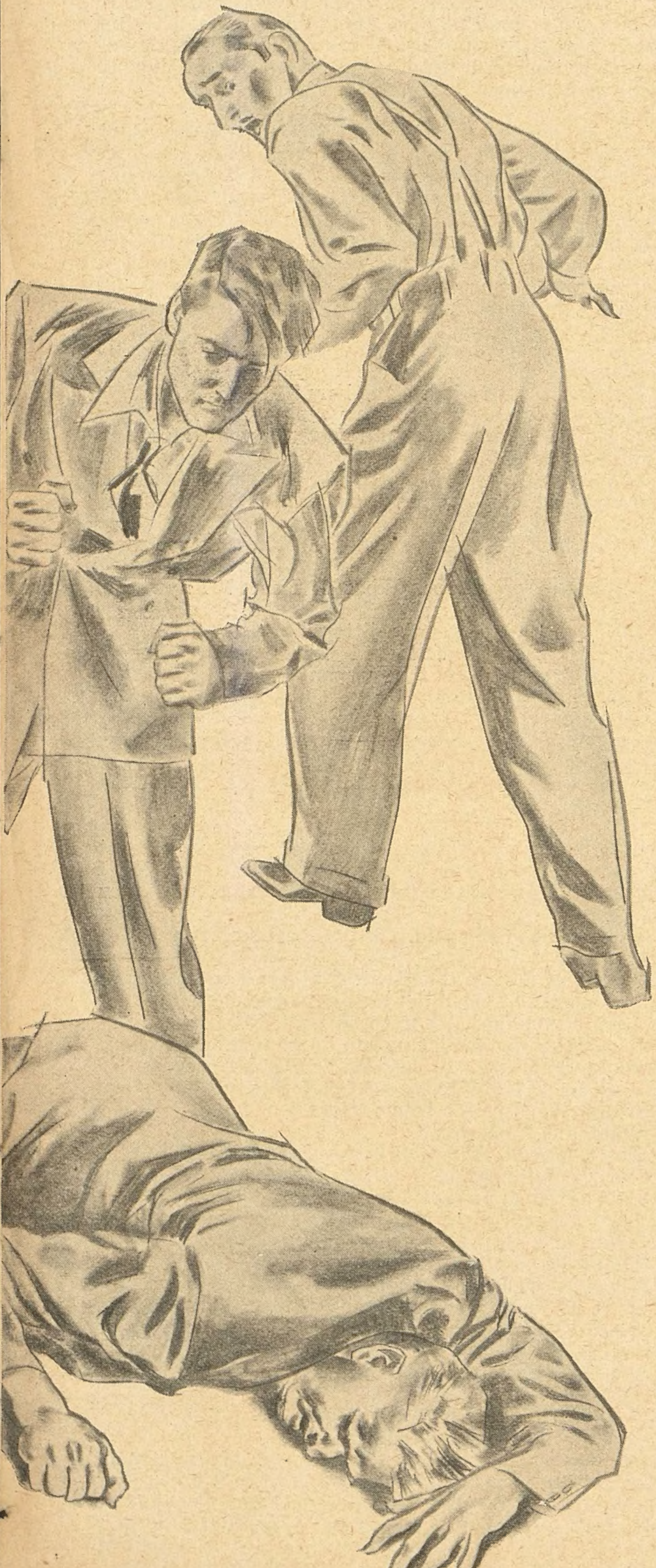
"No. I've seen him around, but I don't know him," I told her.

A door banged and Charlotte said, "Don't say anything to Willie."

Willie popped his head in and shouted, "Hello, Lottie! I— Oh, hello, Rufus!" He was heavier and bigger all around than Charlotte. No bounce to him, but a lot of rich, ruddy vitality. There was a small strip of adhesive plaster across his nose. "Don't get up—please don't. I'll be back in a minute. What a night! Air that makes you feel like a million!" He strode on down the corridor.

ANSWERS

BY FREDERICK NEBEL



"Rufus," Charlotte said, "she's the only granddaughter we have. Are you going to be a louse?"

SUSAN was twenty. When I was twenty my father took me to hear Charlotte Hefferan play and afterward he took me backstage and introduced me to her. He'd been her attorney for a dozen years. That was the first time I saw Susan. She was a plump little kid of eleven, bright for her years. Black bangs and round brown eyes and very earnest. She didn't remember her father, who died in the war. And her mother died in childbirth. Her mother, Susan Cantwell, was an actress. My father used to say she was a very good one.

Susan at twenty. Still dark, but slender now, and brown from a month of Cuban sun at her Uncle Hector's at Veradero. She had the wide tragic mouth of her mother, as I remembered it from photographs; the same high cheekbones. Her eyes were deep, quick, responsive. She had no tricks, no artifice; she said right out what she thought.

"You were nice to ask me to cocktails. Did you realize it's the first time?"

"No, I didn't. But I guess it is."

"When I was a little girl, twelve or so, I used to say to myself, 'When I grow up, I'll marry him.' You were my hero. I remember I used to get you to read me things. It was always a good excuse to sit on your lap."

"You were darned heavy for your age."

"Fat as a pig. Then, when I went to boarding school, it was actors. Once I wrote to one. Oh, Rufus," she said, with a bewildered look, "everything was so much simpler then! Do you like me, Rufus? Am I silly or vain or scatterbrained? Am I vile to grandma and gramp? Selfish, am I? Or thankless?"

"Susan, Susan!" I chided.

"I guess I'm just nuts," she brooded.

I could feel her unhappiness and indecision. Life moved in Susan like a great river with its depths and shallows. She was never smug. She had all the refreshing warmth of an affectionate child. Yet she was grown now, and I thought baffled.

"I wish, Rufus—I wish I had a great and overpowering inner urge to do something like act or write or sing or paint or something. But I've no bent. And the next best thing is to be part of some other talent; to feed it and refresh it. So many women are rotten, Rufus, with their dirty personal vanity and petty ambitions and animal selfishness. It's disgusting!"

And this was a Susan I had never know before, rich in a youth flavored with a new awareness of the things about it. And I saw suddenly that she would never take; she would always give and she would often be hurt.

"I'm not going to marry Tom Sinclair."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing."

"Well, you were engaged six months ago. You must have loved him. I suppose now you're in love with somebody else. Want to bet?"

"You know."

"I guessed."

"You were up at the house yesterday afternoon and grandma told you. She wouldn't tell gramp because he'd immediately turn on the heat and try to use managing-director tactics, which she knows never work, even on her. But she had to tell some man. So she told you!"

"You're yelling, Susan."

"Who wouldn't yell? I feel all warm and flattered because you invite me to cocktails, the first time—in all these years the first time--and then I find out—"

"Waiter," I said. "Check."

"I thought at least *you* would understand! I didn't expect grandma would; she thinks I'm an infant, still an infant; but *you*. I at least thought that *you*—"

"It's genuine, what she feels, Susan. She's not stuffy or prejudiced; she's just deeply concerned with your own future happiness."

"All right, all right. I know that. I know the way she feels, and it breaks my heart. But what right have *you* to put your oar in?"

I got up and went around to the back of her chair and helped her on with her coat. At twenty-nine you couldn't be an uncle, full of wisdom, to a woman of twenty. And I always hated to be a lecturer.

Outside, I put her in a cab and gave the driver a dollar. She stared at me.

"I guess now I'm a brat," she said.

"No," I said, "you're not a brat."

I closed the door and walked down to my place in Thirty-sixth Street. The phone rang and it was Susan.

"Yes," she said, "I was a brat."

"Nope."

"I was."

"All right, you were."

"I'm sorry, Rufus. But I do love him. I do."

"O. K., O. K."

"You *do* understand, don't you?"

"Sure."

"You're not mad at me any more, are you?"

"No."

"All right, Rufus."

SOMETIMES," Charlotte said gloomily, "I wish I'd never left Terre Haute. I'm a woman of simple tastes, Rufus. I suddenly hate the big wide world and all its lousy complexities. I wish I'd never left Terre Haute." This was just talk because she was unhappy. She sat firmly planted in my apartment, her arms braced full-length on her knees, and her hat, I thought, on backward.

"I'm old, Rufus. And Willie's old. I know that if one of us goes, the other won't last much longer. And I want our little girl to be happy. I don't want her to be touched by this rotten decadence. Hugh Vandermeer marries women the way you or I buy new clothes. There's a lot like him." She was grim. "He's putty, and you can mold putty into any shape you want, but it's still putty. Susan's not cunning. She'd fight and fight and fight and never know she was licked until it was too late. Rufus, can't you do something?"

"It seems to me that the one who ought to be able to do something is Tom Sinclair. After all, where do I fit in? She's engaged to Tom."

"No more, she isn't. She fixed that."

"So now you see how much I helped matters. What did he say?"

She grimaced. "He was very polite. Glad to have known you, and all that." Suddenly she struck her knees with both fists. "Why didn't he slap her down? What's the matter with all the nice young men these days? They won't fight for anything! They don't want anything enough!"

"Not so long ago you said Tom was a very desirable chap."

"I don't know, Rufus. I guess I'm just as mixed up as Susan is. Well," she said, heaving up out of the chair, "I guess I'll have to tell Willie. He knows the engagement's broken, but he doesn't know about Hugh Vandermeer."

"Why don't you talk to Vandermeer?"

"I did. And I landed here on the rebound. I told him plenty." She gave her hat a pat. "I hate to tell Willie, but there's nothing else I can do. He'll hit the ceiling. He'll probably whisk Susan away somewhere."

"No use," I said. "She'll hate you both."

"I'd rather have her hate me, revile me, curse me—than have her stuck with a heel like Hugh Vandermeer!"

She could make a room vibrate with her personality, and for several minutes after she had gone my apartment continued to vibrate.

The phone rang and Susan said, "Did you have a nice chat with grandma?"

"Susan, where are you?"

"In the drugstore across the street."

"Come up."

"No. I was going to. I was on my way when I saw grandma burst out of a taxi and go in. Now I've changed my mind. This house of Hefferan is quickly becoming a house divided against itself and you're on grandma's and gramp's side. Only stay on their side, Rufus. I don't want to alienate any of the affections of their friends. Because I love them too much. And I can take care of myself."

She hung up. I ran to a window and looked out and saw her come out of the drugstore, fifteen stories below, and get into a cab. I watched the cab until it turned the corner and disappeared, then I slammed the window down. She was a brat, I thought; and then I thought, No, she wasn't a brat: that voice of hers on the phone was full of something tragic. And then I told myself that I was a fool for letting them, all of them, involve me. And I thought of Hugh Vandermeer, the darling of café society, the fair-haired lad with three wives in his wake. But women, good women, have been known to straighten men out. What made me sick was to think, suppose Susan failed; suppose she failed and went under with him. I guess that was what made Charlotte sick too. We all loved Susan. I loved Susan.

I WAS sitting in a bar in East Fifty-fourth Street at eleven that night when Hugh Vandermeer came in along with half a dozen others. He was very tall and very thin, good-looking in a dark, saturnine way, with an arrogant nose that pointed this way and that idly, as people spoke his name. He lounged against the bar, his restless eyes wandering about as the girl he was with made a great show at being vivacious. She was Broadway and the East Fifties and snacks after midnight and breakfast at noon—after a headache powder.

"I'm bored," I heard Vandermeer say. "Let's go somewhere else."

"But, darling, we just came here."

His face was the ghost of a young man's face. His cruel, handsome mouth would distract your attention from the weakness of his chin with its shadow of a cleft. There'd still be fire in him, but each time it blazed, a little more of him would be burned out.

"I tell you I'm bored."

"Well, after this drink, sugar-pie. Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere, anywhere. What do I care? Anywhere, just so long as we go."

"Boy, you've sure got the jitters."

For an instant he looked frightened. "Double Scotch!" he snapped at the barman.

"Poor baby has jitters," the girl said.

"Shut up!"

In a few minutes they all went out, the girl saying, "How about Tony's?"

On the walk home I couldn't get his face out of my mind.

NEXT day at noon I phoned the Hefferans' apartment and asked for Susan. Mike said she wasn't in. I hung up, and a minute later the phone rang and it was Charlotte.

"Susan's left," she said.

"When?"

"Sometime during the night. She left a note. It says she'll be all right, she'll get a room somewhere, and not to worry. Imagine! 'Not to worry.' She says please not to do anything foolish, not to try to find her, because she knows what she's doing. Willie was all prepared to take her on a train today to California. I guess she heard him phoning for reservations."

"What did I tell you?"

"Don't, Rufus. Don't. I'm so—I feel so—"

"What's Willie going to do now?"

"He's hired a private detective to shadow Vandermeer. Susan will meet him and then the detective can follow her and see where she's taken a room."

"That'll be only the beginning."

"Yes, but we'll know where she is. Rufus, have dinner with us tonight. We may as well all be miserable together. Even poor Mike is miserable—and, on top of that, worried because the Japanese government might call him back before we find Susan. Will you?"

"Yes, thanks. It'll be nice."

"No, it won't; but come anyhow."

It wasn't. I went home feeling in the dumps, and lay in bed saying Susan's name over and over again, Susan, Susan, Susan. And though I tried hard to think of her as a child, as she was when I first met her, it wouldn't work; for I guess only mothers and fathers can do that. Susan just back from Cuba, brown and sparkling and lovely and all at once grown up, was what I thought of.

And Susan being dragged around all night to bars and night clubs night after night, and in the end being touched, too, by this same mad sickness that had hold of Vandermeer.

"No," said Charlotte, when I phoned first thing in the morning, "nothing yet."

"Phone me right away when you hear."

"I will, Rufus, I will. The men watching the place—they work in shifts—said that he didn't leave the building all day yesterday or last night. And they didn't see Susan go in."

"How is Willie?"

"He's sleeping right now. He fell asleep about an hour ago. Poor Willie! And poor Mike goes around talking to himself. He won't answer the phone any more because he's afraid it might be the Japanese government. I'll phone you, Rufus."

FREDERICK NEBEL

began traveling at fifteen, working only long enough to save money to travel farther. Shortly after he was nineteen, he began to write. Made ten sales in a row. Then came more wandering and a year in France and England before he returned to America and married. Although a born New Yorker, he has adopted Maine as his home state.

There was nothing at noon. Nothing at two. Nothing at four. I left the office at five and stopped in at the Biltmore men's bar for two double Martinis, and in about fifteen minutes they kicked back, but I was all right again after walking up Madison as far as Fiftieth and then over to the Hefferans'. It was a family group, with Mike part of it. Charlotte looked deflated, but Willie looked grim and threatening, and Mike kept pacing up and down, wringing his hands. The report was that Vandermeer hadn't yet left his apartment.

"I know what I'll do," Willie ground out. "I'll ring in the cops. I'll have them pinch Vandermeer!"

"For what?" I asked.

"I don't know. Anything."

"No, no, Willie," said Charlotte.

"I'll send out a general alarm for her, then."

"No," I said. "No."

"All right, all right!" he shouted. "*You* think of something! I haven't heard a single constructive suggestion out of you yet!"

"Please don't be sore, Rufus," Charlotte said, as I got up.

"I'm not sore. I'm going out."

IT'S funny how you can get angry when you really set your mind to it. By the time I reached the ten-story building where Vandermeer had his apartment I was doing all right by myself. The elevator man ran me to the fifth floor and told me which apartment.

The man who opened the door was not Vandermeer but a burly young lad with ice-blue eyes.

"I want to see Hugh Vandermeer. My name's Rufus Carpenter."

His smile was tight. "Oh, yes?" He opened the door wide and said, "Come right in."

I went in and he stepped behind me and kicked the door shut. In front of me was another man, stocky, ruddy-cheeked: he looked like a neighborhood butcher. Vandermeer was beyond, well beyond, his face ghostly and racked with fear. And all at once fear welled inside me—a terrible feeling that something had happened to Susan. I started around the ruddy-cheeked man to get to Vandermeer, but he blocked my way, and then the other one grabbed me by the arms from behind.

I said, "Where's Susan, Vandermeer?"

"I don't know!" he blurted violently.

"You lousy liar!"

I broke away from the blond young man, and Vandermeer bolted down the room, and the stocky man said, "Look, pal," and clipped me on the jaw. I turned all the way around, facing the blond man; he was ready, smiling with his ice-blue eyes, and smashed me in the face. He said, "Now you, Chuck," and a blow on the back of the neck sent me crashing against the wall. I turned around and saw Vandermeer far away and headed toward him, and then the blond man was in front of me again and all at once his fists were driving against my ribs. I closed with him and the stocky man ripped me away and I smashed him between the eyes. He went down, breaking furniture. Then the other one was on my back, and then the stocky man got up and they were both on me, and in a couple of minutes I couldn't stand and everything was a haze.

Then I was walking in the street, where the cold stung the cuts on my face. There was a cab parked at the corner. I leaned against it for a minute and the driver jumped out and took hold of my arm.

"What hospital?" he asked.

I gave him my address.

When I walked in the elevator the colored boy said, "Lawd, Mistuh Carpenter!"

"Hurry up."

There was a gun in my bureau drawer and I was sure there were some bullets somewhere, and I was going to load the gun and I was going right smack back uptown and to hell with newspapers and cops and anything else. Anything else but Susan, to hell with.

"Rufus, you ought to lock your door—Rufus!"

She jumped up out of a chair in my living room and her eyes seemed to spread all over her face. I went right on into my bedroom, to get the gun, but halfway I stopped and swung around and, sure enough, it was Susan. I just wasn't reacting right.

"Rufus, what *happened* to you?" she cried.

I went at her. I took hold of her arms and pushed her backward across the living room and threw her into the chair. She jumped up and I threw her back again.

"Stop!" she shrieked. "Look at your face! I've got to do something—fix it—do something—"

"You fixed it, all right," I said, and went over and fell down on the divan.

"Rufus, whoever did that to you, I'll tear his eyes out!"

"Vandermeer will look nice with his eyes out."

"Hugh!"

"Not him personally, my pet. Two hired hands—total weight about three hundred eighty. Stop pawing me." I slapped at her hands and then caught hold of them. "Susan," I said, "it's nothing, just so long as you're all right. Phone Charlotte. We all love you."

"Rufus—"

"He's a louse, Susan. He's a bum. He's yellow. I'll never let him take you. Phone Charlotte."

"Darling Rufus," she said, "he wouldn't see me after I left home. I phoned him, and he wouldn't see me. He said I was a fool and a nuisance and I shouldn't dare come around. And he was cruel, and that was what I was always afraid of, but didn't want to admit."

"Darling."

"Don't call me that, Rufus. I'm a dope. And I came here tonight to borrow money from you to go far away. From everybody I truly love. Like the dope I am."

"You won't go. If you do, I'll follow you. Anywhere. Follow and follow and follow. Phone Charlotte."

She phoned a doctor first, then she phoned Charlotte. I lay back, full of a million aches, and didn't pay much attention to what she said except that everything seemed to be all right. Then she was sitting beside me on the divan, holding my hands.

"It was grandma's fault," she said, "about you—and Hugh Vandermeer. She just said so. That day she called on him she told him that you, Rufus Carpenter, were like a brother to me and that you had a terrible temper and were going to kill him. They must have been bodyguards he hired."

"Did you tell her about us?"

"What about us?"

I stopped thinking out loud and said, "I don't know."

She put her head down on my chest and her hands up under my arms.

"Rufus!"

Everything she meant was in just the way she said my name. All her heart was in it, and all the relief and wonder she felt, and all the answers. And then I had to tell her that the bell ringing was probably the doctor.

THE END

Can YOU pick the Whizzer White of 1938? Try it—and then read what a famous sports writer has to say!

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHO of the 38,000 boys on the football squads of the 738 football-playing colleges of the United States will be selected as the outstanding player of 1938—the Whizzer White, the George Gipp, the Bo McMillin, the Willie Heston, the Jay Berwanger, or the Chick Harley of the season?

The question might seem impossible of answer; yet it is no harder to name this fabulous Paul Bunyan of the gridiron now than it will be to select him after Thanksgiving Day.

It was by elimination that we discovered the Whizzer of '38. Before naming him, however, let us follow the process and satisfy ourselves as to his qualifications. Take lists of the 38,000 boys who, because they were more or less willing to die for Dear Old P. S. 18 or Tipple No. 6, won pre-college fame as players. Throw out 35,000 of them because they went to colleges that play minor games. Eliminate all who are on teams which this year will be below par. Pick the strong teams playing "big" games. Discard all teams that represent colleges that do not maintain aggressive alumni associations and high-pressure publicity departments. Then study the remaining individuals.

That is the way All-America rating is achieved, except in cases of rarely endowed athletes who are so good they ballyhoo themselves to fame.

Press-agentry alone will not make any one the Whizzer of '38—but it will help. So it is necessary, in order to pick him, that we first choose the teams in major football sections that will be strong, and further limit the search by finding those teams and those sections in which ballyhoo and enthusiasm reach greatest heights.

Despite recurrent purely local eruptions of fanaticism, the East, the Middle West, and, to a lesser extent, what is known as "the Pittsburgh district" have learned to take their football rationally. Even the Pacific Coast is getting rather blasé. In sections where football madness is new, such as the South and Southwest, there is more likelihood of finding, hiring, developing, or creating by press-agentry the outstanding stars. So the search for the Whizzer of '38 leads inevitably toward those sections. In addition to the conditions favorable for making such a star, both the South and the Southwest play a style of game that stresses the individual, and, especially in Texas, team strategy is largely built around one player.

Naturally, the long, long trail in search of the Whizzer of '38 led down into Texas—and there we found him. He is—

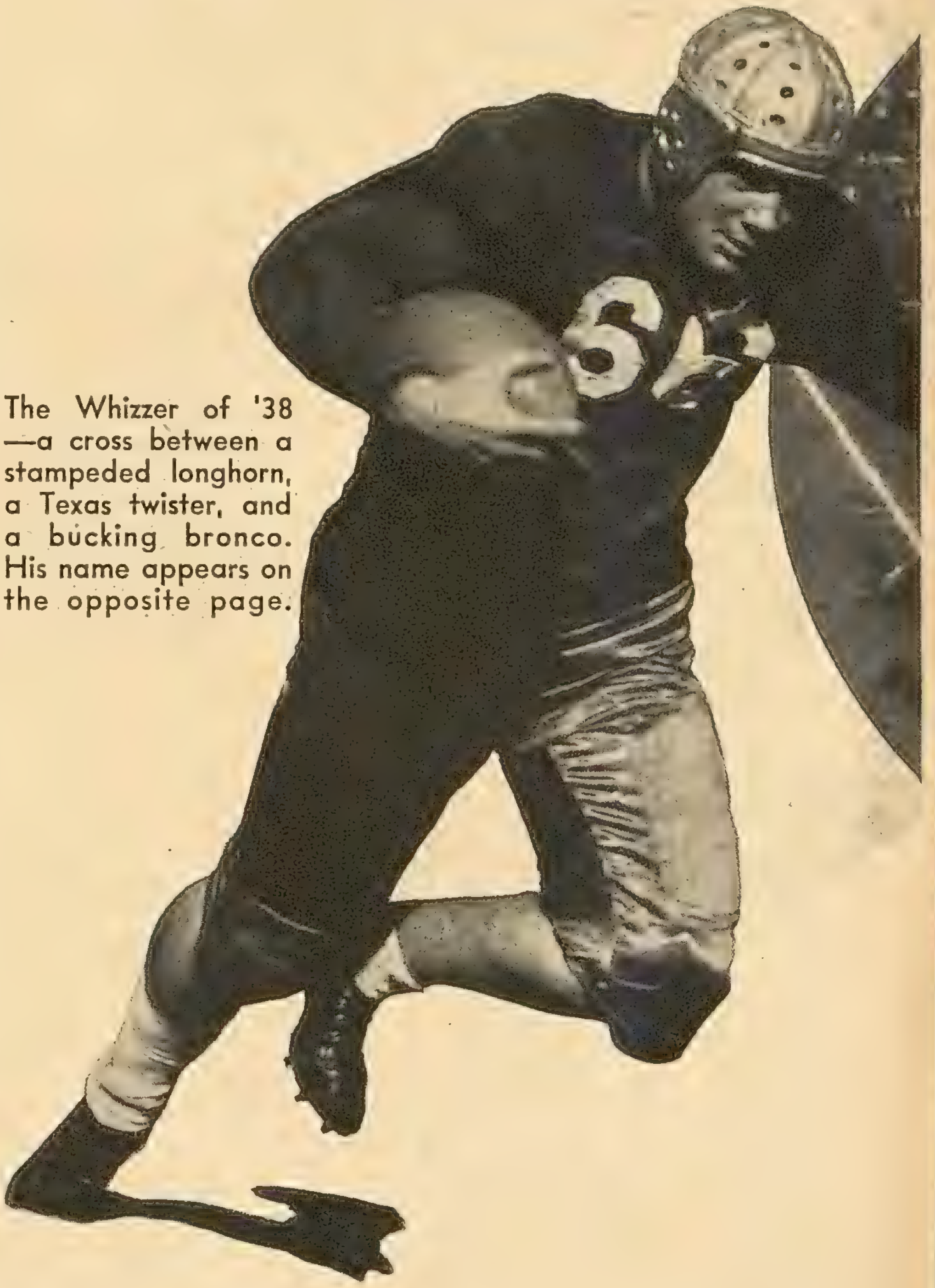
But, before mentioning his name, let us run over the entire field and see whether any one was overlooked.

The strong teams will be Dartmouth, Cornell, Harvard, Fordham, Temple, Pitt, West Virginia, Duke, Alabama, Louisiana State, Southern California, Purdue, Notre Dame, Minnesota, Southern Methodist, Ohio State, and Rice Institute, with Florida and Mississippi as possibilities.

The Ivy League has many good men, but they soft-pedal on exploitation of individuals. Dartmouth has Bob MacLeod, a magnificent runner who has developed into a triple threat. Harvard boasts Chief Boston and Torby McDonald, both of whom in different settings might be hailed as world-beaters—but Harvard, in spite of the Boston scribes, does not hold with synthetic additions to greatness. Princeton has Dick White, kid brother of the great Jack, Tom Mountain and Jack Daniel—all good, but all seniors, and all light, and neither Yale nor Penn possesses a Coy or a Hare this year. Army has Art Frontczak; Brown, old Tuss McLaughry's boy John, who ought to know football, having been raised on it; Cornell's pride and hope is Brud Holland; and Syracuse has Wilmeth Sidat-Singh, a remarkable passer. Holland, "the Black Duster," was All-America last year, and weighs more now.

Fordham presents Bill Krywicki and Dom Principe, fine players, but probably not rated All-America because the New York experts usually divide their ballyhoo and refuse to agree on who is greatest in that area.

The "Pittsburgh district," drawing heavily from mine, tipple, and mill, usually makes blatant claims for honors, but Pitt is reformed athletically. The team will be powerful, and one would expect Pitt to claim super-rating for "Biggie" Goldberg because he has been near the top for two years. But this fall they are planning to make him the blocking back, and put Dick Cassiano, another fine player, in the running role. Blocking backs are not nominated as national heroes. West Virginia fails to check in with any individual claims.

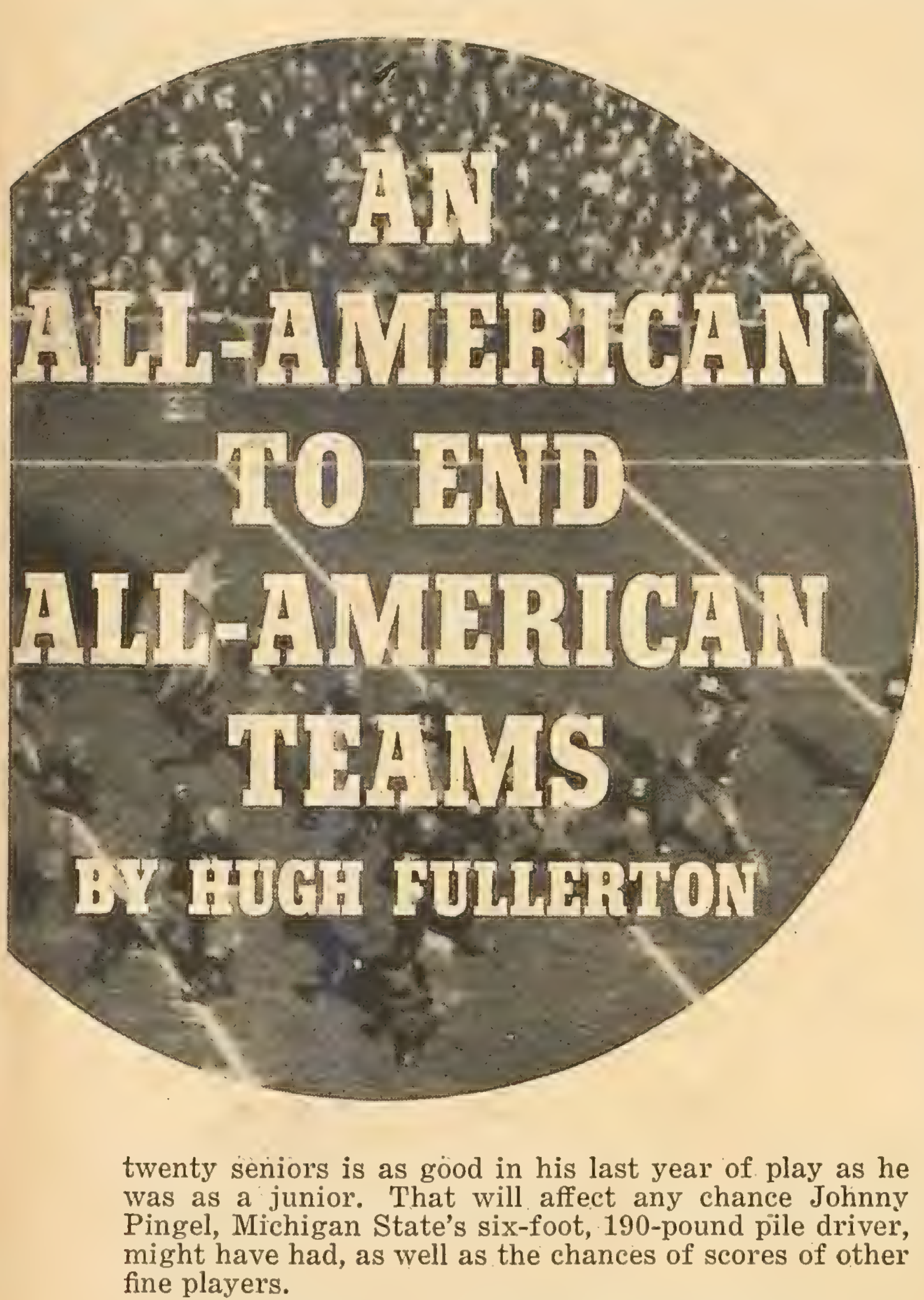


The Whizzer of '38 —a cross between a stampeded longhorn, a Texas twister, and a bucking bronco. His name appears on the opposite page.

The Western Conference (Big Ten), usually a happy hunting ground for stars, presents a vacuum. Minnesota has her usual powerful team, Ohio State is strong, Michigan improved, and Bo McMillin has revived Indiana; but none shows a Whizzer White. Northwestern is waiting for next season because her potential Whizzer —Bill de Correvont—is a freshman. Purdue, however, has one possibility in Lou Brock, a triple-threat man who is feared by the entire Big Ten. Iowa backs Nile Kinnick, a junior quarterback who is the best kicker in the Conference and a pass heaver par excellence, especially in tossing to Captain Jack Eicherly, another great player. Ohio State, with four fine veterans, need not be considered in the search for a Whizzer. The experts have come to scoff at Ohio because its feverish publicity department for years has claimed at least ten positions on All-America, and the experts, feeling their intelligence insulted, refuse to take even legitimate claims seriously.

Rockne taught Notre Dame that the team and not the individual counts, and although Mario Tonelli, a halfback who averaged nearly eight yards a play last season, and Ed Beinor, All-America tackle, are up to Rockne standard, the publicity department is not pressing their claims.

In canceling out leading players in the big-time teams of big colleges, it is easy to limit the field by arbitrarily checking off all seniors, except in rare cases. Not one in twenty seniors is as good in his last year of play as he was as a junior. That will affect any chance Johnny Pingel, Michigan State's six-foot, 190-pound pile driver, might have had, as well as the chances of scores of other fine players.



AN ALL-AMERICAN TO END ALL-AMERICAN TEAMS

BY HUGH FULLERTON

Paddlefoot Sloan of Arkansas will have much support if he is advanced as a candidate for the highest honors, but he may be canceled because of the minor character of the opposition. He was the leading ground gainer last year and completed half the passes he threw. Kansas has Elmer ("One-Man Gang") Hackney, who passes and runs. The Pacific Coast advances fewer candidates than usual. California has Vic Bottari; Santa Clara, Bruno Pellegrini; Montana, Milt Popovich; Southern California, Bill Sangster; and St. Mary's, Whitey Smith.

The deep South, where the game is newer and enthusiasm and recruiting more violent, is promising hunting ground. Alabama, tackling a terrific schedule of games, has Vic Bradford, 190-pound six-footer, and Herschel Moseley, artful dodger, who only weighs 160, and Charlie Holm, senior fullback. Duke might claim major rating for Eric "the Red" Tipton, senior triple-threat man who, but for Whizzer White, would have been the outstanding player last year. Louisiana State presents Jabbo Stell, who, they claim, is the end to end all ends, and Young Bussey, described as the Huey Long of football. But their schedule is against their claims, if all other things are equal.

North Carolina has a remarkable man in Steve Maronic, and it looked as if the search for the Whizzer of '38 might end there, if no greater superman was found. North Carolina State counters with Art Rooney, a stocky triple-threat man who has developed into a fine passer. Tulane has Ralph Wenzel, a bouncy 200-pound end.

Still not a Whizzer in sight—although Maronic of North Carolina, Beinor of Notre Dame, Hackney of Kansas, Brud Holland of Cornell, and Biggie Goldberg of Pitt might be built up into the role.

It is in the Southwest, where football reaches its wildest state, that the search ends. Southern Methodist has the great Jack Morrison and is ready to back him against the world. Texas Christian has Dave O'Brien, leading scorer of last year, and Spud Davis, who is its hottest potato. But to find the Whizzer of 1938 it is necessary to turn to Rice Institute in Houston, Texas.

Rice has Ollie Cordill, 175-pound back, who is the best pass "snagger" in the Southwest, catching the ball over either shoulder without losing stride. But the Whizzer of '38 is not Ollie Cordill.

Ladies and gentlemen, the Whizzer White of 1938 football is—Ernie Lain. (Loud and prolonged cheers, especially in Houston, but ringing throughout Texas.)

According to Rice (Rice Institute, not Grantland Rice), Lain is a cross between a bucking bronco, a Texas twister, and a stampeded longhorn. He is just past twenty years old, weighs 232 (reduced from 247 by working through this summer), and is faster this fall than he was at his peak form of last year, when he was conceded to be the best man in Southwestern football.

His home was in Mexia (pronounced May-ya) in the oil fields, although his dad, who is an oil worker, now works over in Humble, and Ernie was brought up among the derricks. He played football because he loved it. They say over in the oil fields that the only complaint the oil people had was that Ernie was likely to plunge through a line and wreck a couple of derricks before he could be stopped.

GOOD-NATURED, popular, a pretty good student, he doesn't take football seriously enough to permit it to worry him or take the fun out of playing, and he has been the spark plug of Rice's football team. His droll dry wisecracks at the critical stages of games send his teammates out of the huddle laughing. He rates, in spite of his size, as one of the best dancers in Rice.

Last year Rice's coaches did not use him heavily, saving and developing him for the coming season. He was held out of play until needed. He threw just 86 passes, of which he completed 43—for a total gain of 585 yards. He punts terrifically, averaging over 40 yards, even though his pal Cordill (known in Rice as "the other half of the team") is the regular kicker. This year, however, Lain has developed into a remarkably quick kicker, kicking unexpectedly from unexpected positions, which adds to the mobility of the attack and releases Cordill to throw passes as well as catch them.

Running from a deep fullback position, Lain, big as he is, gets up to the line fast enough to execute spinners in devastating manner, and opposing lines never know when he will spin and when he will crash through straight ahead.

Lain seems to prefer fooling opponents rather than to break through by sheer weight and strength. His forward passing is remarkable for its distance and accuracy. Texans claim he excels even Slinging Sammy Baugh in hurling the ball, and he has the coolness to wait and aim before firing the ball, which usually is to his pal Cordill. After throwing, he stands and grins, while chargers bounce off his Gibraltar-like form.

The big boy has ambition. He works to pay part of his college expenses, and this summer he was employed by the Houston Tool Company, which reports that he saved the company the expense of a truck and a derrick, because, when there was a hurry call for a ton of oil-well machinery, Lain didn't wait for mechanical help; he just picked it up and delivered it.

He is the toast of both his teammates and his opponents (those who survive his charges) and the envy of the pro football managers, who fear he will never play professionally. His ambition is boundless. "All-America?" he said. "I want to beat that. I want to be All-Texas!"

THE END

WHAT THE MIDDLE WEST

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

THANK Heaven for the sensible Middle West! This gargantuan land of industry and agriculture is an impregnable bulwark against any foreign ism. Of this I am quite sure after traveling more than 3,500 miles through it this past summer, visiting practically every city and all important areas. There is no more chance of the people who live in this great inland empire turning their fair land over to the followers of Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler, or Hirohito than there is of the crumbling of the Rock of Gibraltar.

Take Chicago as the diameter, and draw a circle 400 miles in circumference. Here is the richest industrial and agricultural area in the whole wide world. Within this area are Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, most of Iowa, Missouri, and Kentucky, part of Minnesota, and the western borders of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Within it we find iron, coal, steel, glass, rubber works, corn, wheat, oats, hogs, cattle, dairy products, fruit, oil, and dozens of other primary commodities.

In this bountiful region 35,000,000 people live. Here they were raised, went to school, were married, worked and played, raised their families, and here they will die. They are a proud people, descendants of virile pioneers. They *love* their country and are well satisfied with their lot. They stand for 100-per-cent Americanism. Before you could cram any foreign political philosophies down their throats you would have to kill them. There's not a chance to do it while they're alive and kicking.

But I wouldn't have known this if I'd stayed in New York this summer and listened to the disgruntled croakings of the greedy capitalists and the insidious cacklings of the never satisfied Communists. Instead, I hied myself out to the Middle West and crossed and crisscrossed those states, talking with hundreds of people in all walks of life, trying to find out what they were thinking and how they felt about conditions. Traveling in my trailer, Stardust II, I told no one what I was doing, and only a very few people recognized me as a magazine writer. The trip has been a revelation to me.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is the great enigma in the Midwest today. He and his policies are the question mark about which all political discussions revolve. He is a saint endowed with Christlike qualities. Or he is a devil turning loose all the forces of evil and destruction. There has ceased to be a middle ground. Your corn-belt voter knows where he stands about Roosevelt. He's for him or agin him. A third term frankly puzzles this voter. But when the boys and girls file into the election booths, you will find those who are for him will vote for him again, whether it's a third or fourth or even a fifth term!

Fear of dictatorship is swaying very few. My most recent survey shows that 62 per cent of the voters are still for Roosevelt and his policies. They are willing to break precedent and give him a third term. The percentage for him might be higher had not a bitter feeling against the WPA crystallized among small employers. They admittedly have never liked the WPA, but during the dark days of Roosevelt's first years in the White House they grudgingly accepted it as the "only way out." Now they say it's time for "people to stand on their own feet again," and that the government "cannot long continue to support millions." And small farmers and merchants claim it's next to impossible to secure men for temporary and seasonal jobs because the men prefer the short hours and security of WPA work, even at a considerably lower rate of pay.

One hears scarcely any criticism of Roosevelt's management of foreign affairs. The dominating thought in the minds of the people of the Midwest as I talked to them was that we should keep out of foreign wars, and they all seemed to think he was going about it in the right way. But for the first time since the armistice, I found that their almost callous indifference to Europe and its difficulties had been ripped wide open—by Hitler. On all sides one hears violent denunciations of his machinations. Also for the first time I noticed a real apprehension for the safety of these United States. The big navy and increased air force are meeting widespread approval. Repeated transatlantic flights have burned into the Midwest consciousness the fact that our isolation is no longer impregnable, and that our great cities are now within range of incendiary and gas bombs. A European war will hurtle F. D. R. into a third term without a struggle!

Toward all other democratic possibilities, whether followers of Roosevelt or enemies of the New Deal, I found no other feeling than total indifference.

In the little farm hamlet of Weedman, Illinois, in the very heart of the great corn belt, I stood chatting one afternoon with Farmer Pritchard. All about us as far as the eye could see were waving fields of green corn. Said he: "The American farmer is all right if they'll just leave him alone. We've had entirely too much government interference, and there are too many government employees telling the farmer what to do. I suppose they've got to make a living somehow. They certainly couldn't do it farming. But the farmer doesn't need them.

"Collectivize the American farmer? Why, man, you're crazy. It would take a war of extermination. You might wipe out of existence the five million Midwestern farm families—and that wouldn't be an easy job—but you'd never get them to agree to community farming."

Farmer Pritchard, who manages all the farms in the famous John Weedman estate, grew indignant when I mentioned the recession. "These aren't hard times," he insisted. "We've had *real* hard times before, and we've always gotten along. We didn't have government assistance then, and we don't need it now. All we want is a fair price for our crops."

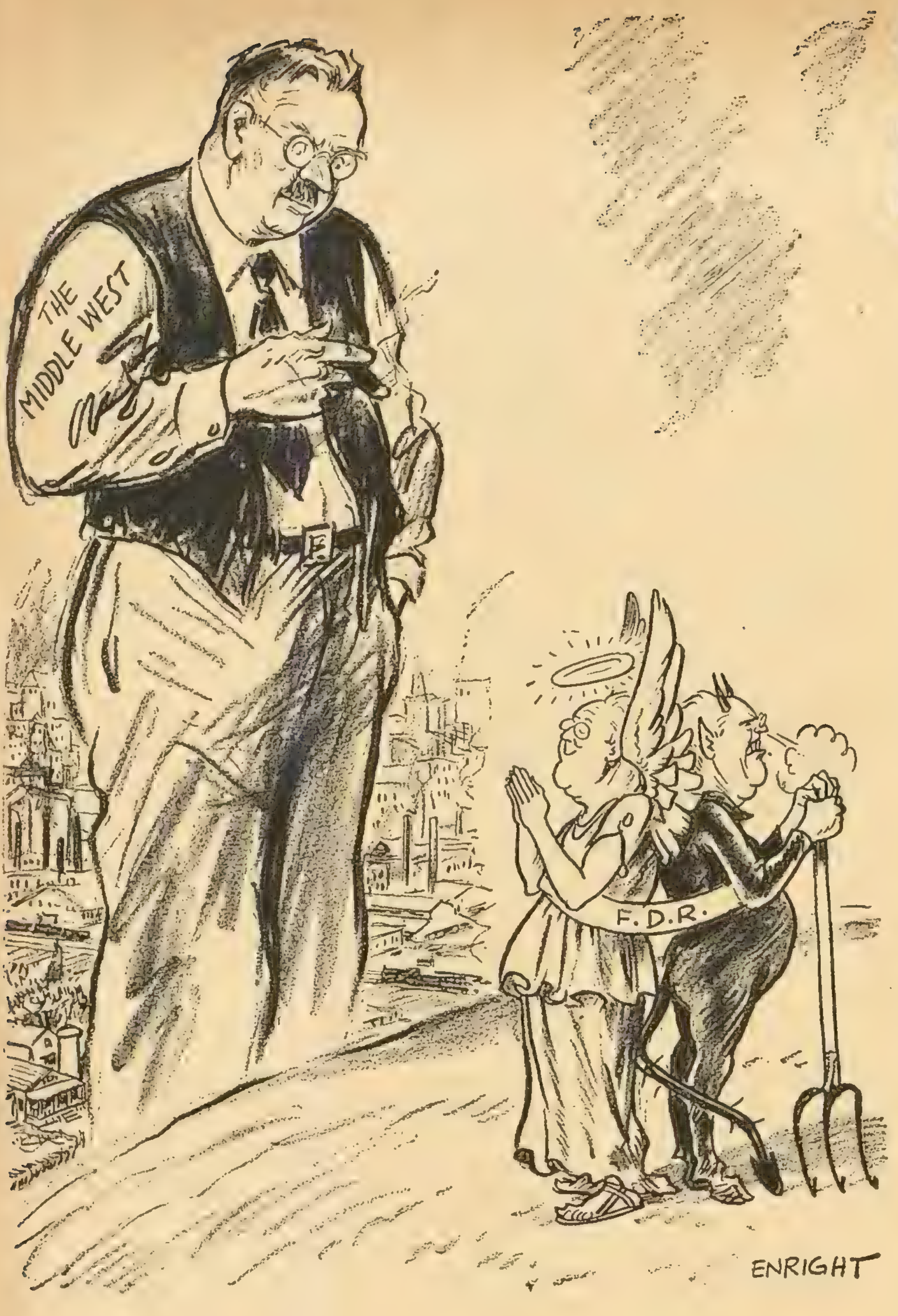
I found his opinions representative of scores of other corn-belt farmers', and I can't see where Communism or Fascism would have a ghost of a chance there.

As I was eating lunch in a roadside stand one Saturday afternoon during the rubber strike in Akron, Ohio, a car pulled up laden with fishing tackle and camping paraphernalia. A man, a woman, and three children got out and came in. The man was William Hudson, a rubber worker, taking his family for a 200-mile week-end fishing trip in the near-by Pennsylvania hills. I asked him what he thought of the trouble in Akron. He said he thought the tire companies were stubborn about giving the workers what was due them under the Wagner Act. He seemed to think the federal government hadn't taken a firm enough stand with the owners; but he felt it probably would, sooner or later.

When I questioned him about Communism, he laughed in my face and said, "You Eastern fellows have been reading the papers too much. All we're trying to do is to get a little more money for our work so we can keep up the installments on our cars and pay the rent or mortgage interest on our houses. We don't want any Communism. It's hard enough to get what you've got, without giving it away to some good-for-nothing bums."

Up in the Michigan fruit belt near Stevensville I spent half an hour with Ed White, a fruit farmer who had just come down a ladder with a large basket of black cherries. About the only thing on his mind was his cherry crop. Most of all, he was worried about his pickers. They were asking too much, were not picking the trees clean, and were quitting whenever they felt like it. "Relief has ruined the farm help," he said. When I replied that it

SAYS ABOUT ROOSEVELT



War in Europe means a third term, says a candid reporter in the land where foreign "isms" draw a blank

seemed to be necessary in cities, he was unmoved, possibly because those on relief didn't buy cherries. Fascism and Communism drew a complete blank.

The main highways this year are full of hitchhikers, as many going east as west. I haven't seen so many since 1932. They're a cheerful lot; don't seem to know definitely where they're going, except that they are heading in some direction where they think there might be work. In Greenfield, Indiana, one morning, two boys straggled in from the east and sat wearily down on the junk pile near which my trailer was anchored. Then two others appeared from the west and joined them. The westbound pair asked for cigarettes. These were produced and a conversation started. The two from the east were headed for California, where they had heard you got fifty cents an hour in the orange groves. The other two replied, "We've just come from California. They're paying fifty cents an hour all right, but there are a thousand men for every job. So we're going to New York to look for work."

"We've just come from there, but if that's so, we'll go back with you," the other two said. And the four got up and began marching toward the rising sun. I don't know just what these pilgrimages back and forth across the country mean, unless it is that we have a reserve of healthy, energetic young people for whom some useful work should be created. Why doesn't the federal government put them to work beautifying the very roads they are now trudging along so wearily?

At Follansbee, West Virginia, across the Ohio from the great Carnegie Mingo steelworks, I drove up to a rickety old garage to buy some gasoline. On the side of it was a crudely painted sign, "Marriage License Office. Drive in." I asked the elderly stoop-shouldered proprietor about that. He said, "Well, I worked in those mills 'cross the river for twenty-five years. When I was laid off, two years ago, I bought this garage. Things has been slow here, so I tacked on the marriage-license business. A fellow's got to make a living somehow these days." He wasn't whining. No sign of a revolutionary about him.

Ike Wiegans is a fisherman at Erie, Pennsylvania. As I was sitting beside him on the splendid beach in his state's great Peninsular State Park, he turned to me and said, "This is the life. There's nothing like this beach here. I was down to Atlantic City four years ago, but this has got it beat." He didn't seem to be interested in any type of politics. I could get no expression from him about Communism, Fascism, or Nazism, except that he thought Hitler was "nuts."

Up in Michigan's forest land I had a long chat with Evalyn K., a Scotch-Irish waitress. Evalyn's Jean Harlow hair and gorgeous china-blue eyes, plus her trim silk-sheathed legs, gave light and graciousness to a dingy little resort dining room. She became interested when she noticed my trailer's California license, and intensely so when she heard that I had met many of the movie stars. She told me many people had said she ought to go into the movies, but Al wouldn't stand for it and wanted her to marry him right away. Al turned out to be a lumberjack with a face like Wallace Beery and a physique like Victor McLaglen. She said the only trouble with Al was that he got a little rough when he was drinking. She was too much occupied with him and with the movies to have given any thought to Communism or any other ism. She had heard, though, that the men in the woods had some sort of union, which Al had told her would bring them more pay.

There is no place for religious intolerance in the Middle West either. The bearded members of the House of David, at Benton Harbor, Michigan, carry on their peaceful co-operative pursuits unmolested by any one. The Quakers of northeastern Ohio worship in a gentle and silent manner entirely without interference. The Methodists hold their revival meetings in tents and churches. The Catholics go to Mass and the Jews to their synagogue. All without let or hindrance.

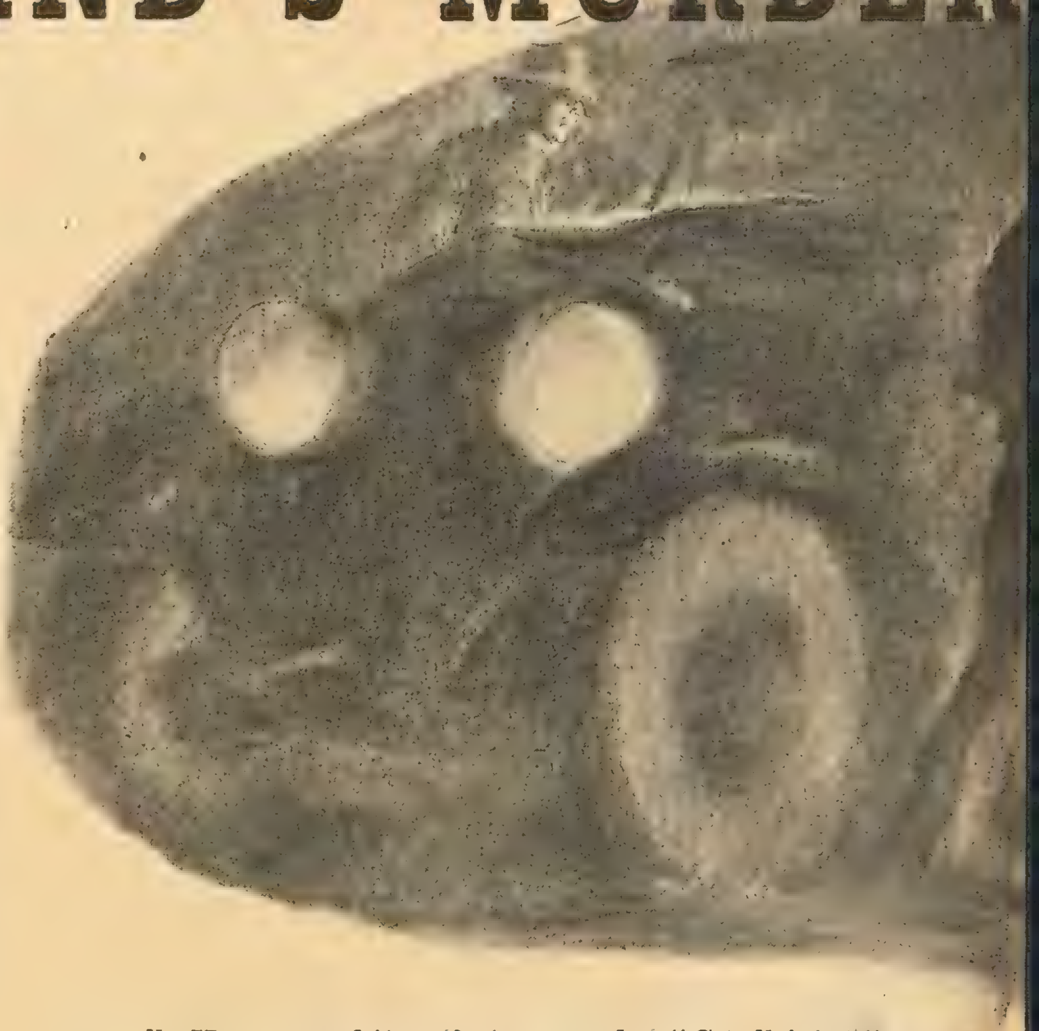
The Nazi *Bunds* are increasing in number in cities heavily populated with Germans, such as Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Milwaukee. But they are largely concerned with mass gymnastics and outdoor exercise, and, except in isolated incidents, are devoid of the religious and political implications of the movement in the Fatherland.

Communism may have a firm footing in New York City, where a majority of the population is foreign-born or of foreign-born parentage, and in a few other centers Fascism may have its adherents among industrialists and their paid hirelings. Nazism as expounded by the enthusiastic and patriotic Germans of New York's Yorkville section may seem threatening. But the Middle West will have no part of any of these movements.

The pioneer spirit still lingers there. The grandsons of pioneers are now in the saddle, directing the affairs of their states. They were raised in an atmosphere of independence, self-reliance, and God-fearing respect for the rights of others, and they haven't forgotten it.

THE END

RHODE ISLAND'S MURDER



BY U. S. MARSHAL

JOHN J. MURPHY

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Marshal Murphy explained in Liberty last week why he considers the Rettich gang America's very worst, and why, having had Carl Rettich and his lieutenants under guard and conducted them into prison, he has felt it a duty to put their whole story before the public. Rettich's rise in the underworld followed a somewhat obstreperous boyhood in Hoboken, New Jersey. His father, a reputable saloonkeeper, took him into the business in 1914. During the World War he was drafted and got as far as a training camp, and then prohibition outlawed saloonkeeping. He started learning the ropes of crime as a bouncer in a New York dance hall. Next he worked in a New Jersey "protected" brewery—and organized a gang that levied tribute on it and on speakeasies. In Hoboken he was suspected after a bank robbery and four killings, but in no case could the police get enough on him to hold him. In Chicago he served, under Al Capone, an apprenticeship in big-time racketeering.

Having looked over the Atlantic coast, he persuaded Danny Walsh, easygoing Rhode Island bootlegger and rumrunner, to take him in as partner. Results were a tri-state liquor syndicate with a fleet of fast boats, and many a headache for the coast guard. He added "Terrible Tommy" Dugan, machine gunner, to the outfit, and converted "Handy Gun" Harrigan, rival rumrunner, into his own right-hand man. Just before repeal, in 1933, Walsh disappeared. The underworld still maintains that Rettich had him sunk without trace in the sea. At all events, his exit left Rettich sole boss.

PART TWO—THE DEVIL'S OWN—AND THE O'CONNELL SNATCH

IF Carl Rettich had put a lot of headwork into the selection of Rhode Island for his Empire of Crime, he put as much into his choice of a crime castle.

On ultrasmart Warwick Neck he found the house he wanted. It was a twenty-room Dutch colonial with weathered shingles and gleaming white pillars. It adjoined the estate of multimillionaire United States Senator Peter Goelet Gerry; was within a short distance of the home of former Congressman Richard S. Aldrich, brother of Winthrop Aldrich, the financier. It was close by the Warwick Country Club, among whose members were John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Harold S. Vanderbilt.

Rettich's crime castle, his fiends, and a bit of their work: Inside light on the most satanic of all criminals

A Rhode Island show place, former summer home of the late Colonel Felix Wendelschaefer, one-time manager of the Providence Opera House, this house and its location offered Rettich the front he needed for the future.

What was more, its hilltop site gave a commanding view of the surrounding countryside. Its sloping grounds led to the water's edge of Greenwich Bay, where there was a boat landing.

Carl Rettich had not forgotten the lesson of bootlegging days—that, in this age of telephone and teletype and radio, escape by water is often the best way.

Under the alias of "Ryerson," Rettich bought the place. He had a wife now, a blonde girl from New York, and he installed her in the house. Then he set about converting it into a crime castle. He put his natural inventiveness and about $200,000 into the job. When he had finished, he summoned his right-hand man and first lieutenant, Handy Gun Harrigan, for a tour of inspection.

Harrigan followed from room to room, nodding approval of Oriental rugs and rich tapestries, expressing delight over Rettich's astounding wardrobe.

"A suit for every day in the year," boasted Rettich. "And not one of 'em cost less than a hundred bucks."

Harrigan said they were swell. He said everything was swell. He summed it up in two words: "Swell joint."

Rettich frowned. "Spit it out. What's wrong?"

Handy Gun hesitated. "Look, Carl," he said finally. "No offense, but when you were getting a house with all these rooms, why didn't you get one room where the boys could talk things over? You know—where the servants, maybe, or the missus couldn't walk in on us?"

Rettich roared with laughter. "Watch!" he said.

He fingered the bedroom doorframe, pressed a concealed button. A panel in the wall slid back.

"Like on the stage!" said Harrigan. He went over to look into the aperture. He saw two rifles with silencers and a revolver. "That's slick," he said warmly.

Rettich pressed the button again and the panel moved back into place, became part of the wall. He showed Harrigan more secret panels. He showed him a trapdoor in the kitchen, so neatly put into the floor that Harrigan had trouble finding it after it had been closed. He showed him machine guns hidden beneath the gratings of hot-air registers. He made him get up from a heavily upholstered chair, told him to reach under its seat cushion. Harrigan's hand came out holding a loaded .45 automatic.

"Every chair?" he asked.

"Every chair," said Rettich, and led him to the front door of the house.

"Look at that door," he instructed. "Look carefully."

Harrigan looked, scratched his head.

"I don't get it. All I see is a nail hole."

"And here's a nail," said Rettich. He inserted the nail in the hole. But no panels slid back.

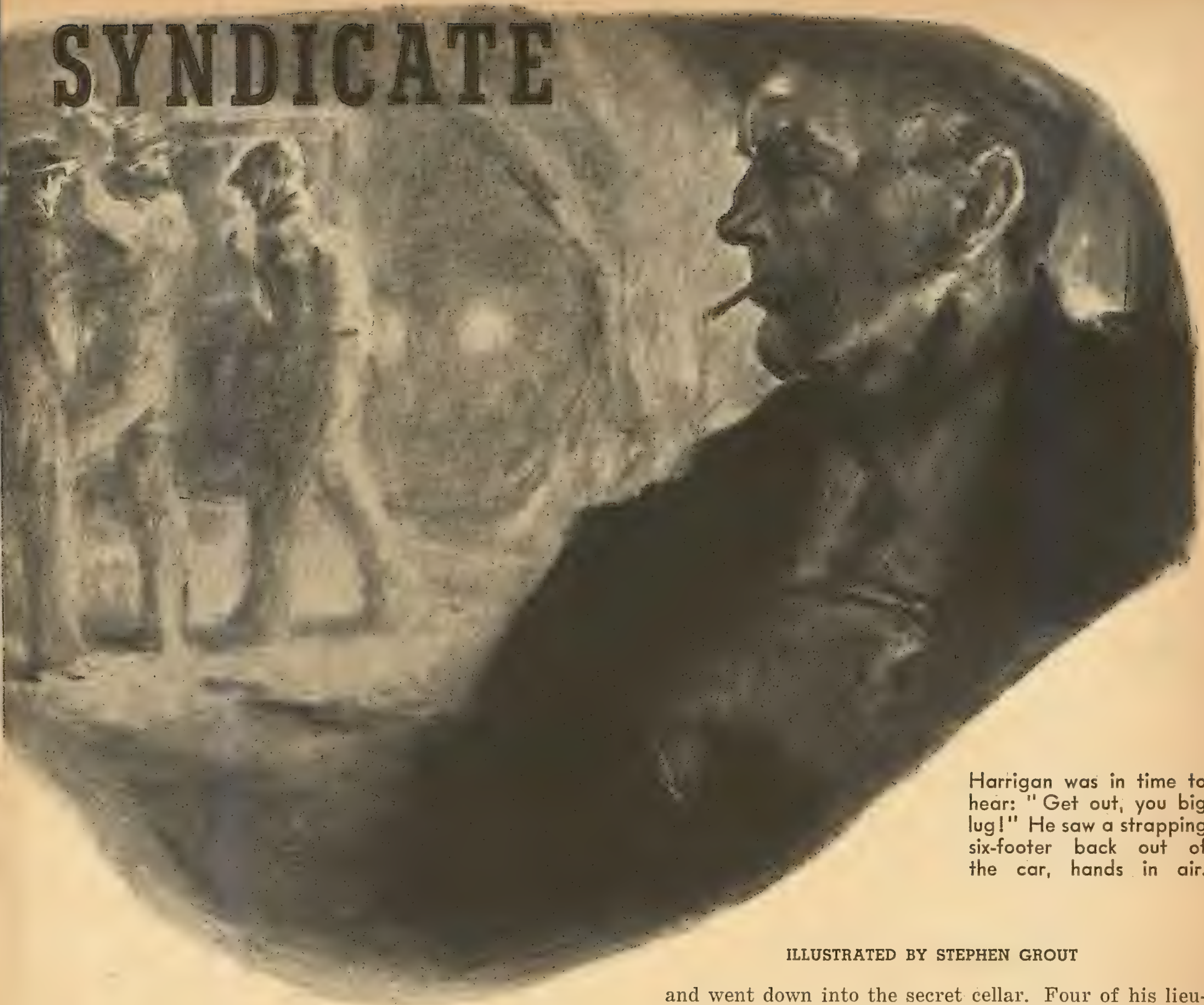
"I give up," said Harrigan.

"Come along."

They went down into the basement. Its concrete floor had a square block pattern. There was a large whitewashed post from floor to ceiling. Rettich moved a piece of white stucco to reveal a hole in the post. In the hole was a pipe. He produced a thing resembling a crank, put the end of it into the hole, and turned it.

Before Harrigan's amazed, admiring eyes a portion of

SYNDICATE



Harrigan was in time to hear: "Get out, you big lug!" He saw a strapping six-footer back out of the car, hands in air.

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT

the floor began to rise. It revealed a flight of steps leading to a subcellar. They went down. Rettich switched on lights. Harrigan saw a room fifteen feet wide, fully one hundred feet long. It was a virtual vault, windowless, soundproof. Electric vent fans could be switched on to supply fresh air. A hidden speaking tube connected the secret cellar with upper floors in the house.

The only furnishings were a long table and six chairs.

"Think we can talk here in privacy?" Rettich asked.

Harrigan's eyes gleamed. "It's perfect!"

"Remember the nail hole in the front door? When you put a nail in it up there, it sounds off the alarm down here. Just in case any one does try to disturb us."

"You don't pass up any tricks, do you?"

"I try not to," answered Rettich.

THE cab drivers who took him often from his Warwick Neck estate to his office in Providence used to wonder whether he was a wealthy retired doctor or a lawyer. He let them guess, although he did permit a rumor to circulate among his dignified neighbors that he was a shipping merchant.

When prohibition had collapsed, he had not been caught asleep. He had been ready with plans for a five-state campaign of crime that included occasional murders.

The vast interlocking affairs of his crime syndicate had made it necessary to open still another headquarters—an apartment in New York City in Central Park West. He returned from there one night to Warwick and went down into the secret cellar. Four of his lieutenants greeted him jovially. A fifth, Terrible Tommy Dugan, was down on the beach, they said—"shootin' at tin cans with that machine gun of his."

One of the four was George "the Gorilla" Garguilo, a short, squat, powerful man who owed his nickname to his build, complexion, and protruding jaw. The police had traced thirty-odd killings to him. Legally pinning them on him, however, had been something else again—consequently he was still at large.

Tall as Garguilo was short was Joseph Fisher. His face was dark, morose. The police of Rhode Island knew him as Public Enemy No. 1. The Rettich gang knew him as "Gloomy Joe." He was smart and useful. During bootleg days he had supplied Rettich with bombs, manufactured by his brother, Albert, in the back room of a drugstore the latter owned—until one day Albert was accidentally blown to bits.

Carl Rettich called the informal meeting of his lieutenants to order. Dugan appeared shortly, dressed now, but still fondly cradling a machine gun in his arms. The business before the board was crime.

Rettich's word was final. His men did not strike until he was satisfied that the time and the arrangements were right. They found him a stickler for minute details. But they obeyed him. He had one inflexible rule for them. He was careful to reiterate it at each meeting:

"Be sure the men you deal with are right. Don't get friendly—or talkative—with any young punks who can't take a squeeze. Is that clear?"

They nodded. Then possible jobs were discussed. Far into the night the six talked. Rettich summed up:

"Those Massachusetts bank stick-ups look good. I'll work out some angles on them. And that Jersey mail-truck job looks good. Anything else on the fire?"

From the end of the table a voice asked, "What about a snatch?"

Carl Rettich looked at the baby of his gang—John McGlone. "What's on your mind, Sonny?"

Sonny McGlone, still in his twenties, had dreamy blue eyes. He was cute. A lot of people had discovered—after Sonny had taken a few drinks—that it was the cuteness of a cobra. Not all of them had lived to pass the information along. And twice he had been arrested on rape charges.

He named the kidnap victim he had in mind—a New York man named King. Harrigan spoke up:

"Why not hold off on this and see if we can't get some one who will stand for a bigger touch? I was talking to Manny Strewl the other day. I think he and John Oley could finger us a nice fat mark up in Albany."

"How fat?"

"Maybe a hundred thousand, maybe more. That's *money*," averred Harrigan.

Sonny McGlone after the law finally caught up with him.

SO Handy Gun and Sonny McGlone spent Christmas Eve that year, 1932, at a table in the Little Palace Café on High Street, Albany.

Manny Strewl, dapper Albany bootlegger, met them there, bringing along his friends John Oley and Percy "Angel Face" Geary. As they drank, Harrigan, Strewl, and Oley chatted reminiscently of the days they had been partners in the liquor business. Geary listened.

Sonny McGlone poured raw liquor down his throat until it loosened his truculent tongue. He nudged Harrigan.

"Get to the point, Charley," he growled, "and let's get out of here."

"We'll leave when I'm ready, Sonny," said Harrigan very quietly. Sonny subsided. His dreamy blue eyes looked about the shabbily furnished restaurant. This was a lousy way to spend Christmas Eve! The voices of Strewl and Harrigan droned on.

"How's your brother?" asked Harrigan.

"Francis?" It was John Oley speaking now. "He's fine, Charley."

Sonny spied a white uniform, beckoned. Twenty-seven-year-old Helen Price, waitress, came to the table. She was tall, slender. Sonny let speculative eyes run slowly up to her blonde hair, ignored the discomfort in her eyes. He pushed his empty glass toward her. She brought him his drink and disappeared.

Manny Strewl had reached the point finally. "I've got a snatch figured right in this town, Charley, that's foolproof. Geary here and John and Francis and me can handle the collection when the job is pulled. We need a right mob to pull the snatch itself and hold the guy for the pay-off. Interested?"

"Maybe," said Harrigan. "Who is the guy?"

"One of the O'Connells," whispered Manny Strewl.

Harrigan pursed his lips, whistled. The four O'Connell brothers, brewery owners, were political powers in Albany. They numbered among their close friends President-Elect Franklin D. Roosevelt and his successor as governor, Herbert Lehman. As Democratic powers, they knew well District Attorney John T. Delaney and Chief of Albany Police David Smurl.

Snatching an O'Connell, Harrigan pondered, might be dynamite. On the other hand, the O'Connells wielded enough power to hold the cops off until the kidnap settlement had been negotiated.

"How much do you figure is in it, Manny?"

"I'd set an asking price of a quarter of a million. We could settle for half that. Coming in?"

"I'll take it up with the Boss after Sonny and I look the job over here. What will our cut of the ransom be?"

They were still discussing that question when the restaurant door opened. A girl came in. She was pretty. For the first time that night, Sonny McGlone found something outside his whisky glass to intrigue him.

"Umm!" he grunted—and nudged Harrigan.

Sonny saw the girl walk to a back table, where she sat talking to the waitress. Sonny beckoned. "Sit down and have a drink with us," he told Helen Price.

The proposed O'Connell kidnaping was tabled while he played host. They had a round of beers. He nodded toward the back table. "Who's the babe?"

"That's my sister, Norma," said the waitress.

"Ask her to join us."

The men and the two girls had another round of beers. Some customers came in and Helen left the table to wait on them. Norma, uncomfortable under Sonny's fixed stare, left the table too and made for the stairway, up which she vanished. Sonny sat silent a moment, his blue eyes bright. Then, like an automaton, he sidled from his chair and headed for those stairs.

Helen Price was waiting on customers, Strewl and Harrigan talking kidnaping, when screams were heard. Helen reached her sister first. She ran upstairs, pushed through a door on which was "Ladies," and came upon them.

"You would," snarled Sonny.

"You rotten beast! Get out of here or, so help me, I'll—"

McGlone pushed the sobbing Norma from him, faced Helen. The lust in his eyes gave way to something chill.

"You'll do nothing," he finished for her. He turned and strode a trifle drunkenly through the door, bumping into Harrigan and John Oley as they entered. Oley looked at the white-faced Helen and her disheveled sister.

"After all, Charley," he told Harrigan bitterly, "if Little Rollo can't behave, get him out of here."

"Now, now," soothed Handy Gun. "The kid's full of whisky. He didn't mean anything."

Helen Price came over to Harrigan. "Your friend's got worse in him than whisky! He's not human. But I'll remember that chubby face of his, and some day—"

"Easy, sister," said Harrigan. He turned and went downstairs. "I'll let you know what the Boss says, Manny," he told Strewl. "Come on, Sonny."

Outside, he and Sonny walked toward their car. In the distance church bells tolled. Harrigan looked at his watch. It was one minute after twelve. Pleasure came into his lean face.

"Christmas!" he exclaimed. "Merry Christmas, Sonny!"

Sonny McGlone belched. "What's merry about it?"

THE O'Connell kidnaping hung fire for six months. Manny Strewl, greedy and reluctant to accept a fifty-fifty split, shopped about for another mob. He made little progress. He met Harrigan once more, in an office Harrigan maintained in the Manufacturers Trust Company Building in Manhattan's Columbus Circle.

"An even split," Strewl conceded. "We figure Sol O'Connell's kid, young John O'Connell, will be the best mark. His uncles are nuts about him. They'll pay all right. But he's young and a six-footer and tough."

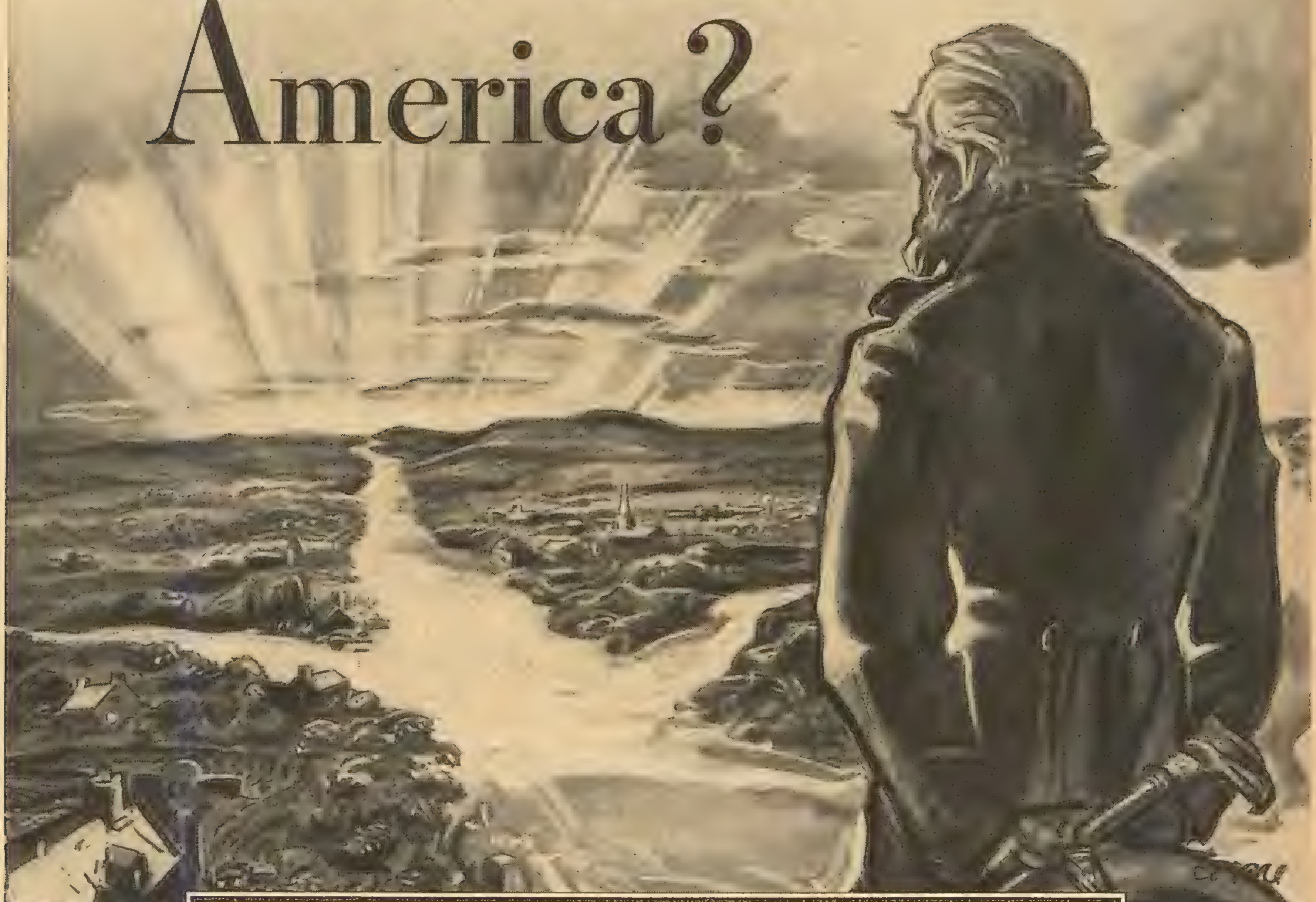
"So what?" sneered Harrigan. "We're tough, too."

He went to the Boss, who listened attentively and said, "Sounds good. The O'Connells should be able to pay pretty big money. Who do you want to take with you on the job?"

Harrigan tolled them off on

(*Continued on page 20*)

Which road, America?



> “Beer is one of the oldest and best of beverages; its use is widespread in every land; it is within the reach of every purse . . . The growth of its use in this country is bound to make for general temperance; for there is nothing more promising to combat the evil of too much alcohol than the opportunity of drinking good beer.”

IT IS NOT BLINDLY that we of today must choose our path. Many men before us have travelled each of the three roads...the dead-end road to excess, the harsh road of intolerance, the straight road ahead, which is the way of moderation and sobriety.

From time to time we of the Brewers Foundation plan to submit to you, the people of America, the facts about beer. We will show that beer *does* offer the right way . . . that this beverage is *in fact* the bulwark of moderation, according to the verdict of history, the weight of scientific evidence, and the everyday experience of millions.

And in thus uniting to give you these facts (and also to improve the conditions under which beer is sold at retail) the members of this Foundation believe they will perform a public service of genuine importance—and one which merits your understanding support.

Correspondence is invited from groups and individuals everywhere, interested in maintaining the brewing industry as a bulwark of moderation. Address:

United Brewers Industrial Foundation
21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 18) his fingers: "Tommy Dugan, the Gorilla, Joe Fisher, and Sonny. That's five."

"Better count Gloomy Joe out," the Boss advised. "He's casing a bank over in Massachusetts."

"O. K. Then I'll have to dig up four or five others. The kid'll have to be guarded day and night. He's twenty and big and full of vinegar. I can get some boys over in Hoboken who used to work for me in the beer game."

"That's all right," said the Boss. "But don't tell them any more than you have to. Tell 'em you're holding this guy because he owes you some money."

"That's an idea. But I do want to cut Jim Sweeney in on this job, Boss."

"You like Sweeney, don't you?"

"I liked him well enough to give him an alibi on the Elizabeth mail robbery. Sweeney's all right. He'd do as much for me."

"Then cut him in. Now, what's the set-up?"

"Snatch the kid, ask for a quarter of a million. We split two ways. Strewl acts as go-between. We supply the hide-out, pull the snatch—"

"Wait a minute, Charley. We pull chestnuts out of the fire for nobody. You superintend the job, but Strewl's boys actually nab young O'Connell. They're not going to leave us holding the bag if the job goes sour."

"You're right," said Harrigan. "I'll tell Strewl."

"Got a drop for the kid, once he's snatched?" Handy Gun Harrigan nodded. "I figure we ought to rush him out of the state. I got the whole floor of a five-story flat over in Hoboken that I've been using a long while as a beer-trucking office."

"Good. But how you going to get him over there?"

"Swipe a car just before we pull the job, lug him over in that, and then dump the hot car somewhere."

The Boss shook his head. "That trick has whiskers on it. Every young punk that sticks up a grocery does that. He steals a car. Maybe the owner misses it five minutes later and beefs to police. The police stick it on the radio—and if you run into a couple of cops in a radio cruiser they've got you nailed, maybe, before you even get to the O'Connell home. It's too dangerous, Charley."

"Yeah," admitted Harrigan. "But what do we do, then? We can't use one of our own cars."

"I'll figure an angle on it," the Boss promised.

ON the afternoon of July 6, 1933, George "the Gorilla" Garguilo went to the used-car lot of auto dealer Arthur Rose in Albany. He looked over many cars. He didn't have much to spend, he told Rose, who finally led him to an ancient green coupé, saying, "Fifty dollars."

"I'll take it."

Garguilo paid cash. He said his name was George P. Costello and signed it that way to the bill of sale. He went out to get his car and found William Stillwell, a mechanic, busy attaching license plates 3A-83-83.

"Don't take the time to tighten 'em," he told Stillwell. "I gotta get back to work. I'm late now."

Garguilo drove the coupé to an Albany garage. There was a green sedan there. He put the coupé's license plates on the sedan, the sedan's on the coupé.

He drove the coupé out to a deserted dump on the edge of Albany. He took the sedan's plates off it, wrapped them up, and walked swiftly away. Later, after the snatch, they'd go back on the sedan, where they belonged.

That night the stage was set for the O'Connell kidnaping. The "drop" in Hoboken was ready. The cars to be used were ready. On Putnam Street, more than a mile from the O'Connell home, Sonny McGlone was waiting in the truck with the secret compartment.

John Oley of the Albany mob had been sent on ahead to "keep a plant" on the O'Connell home. Every man had his instructions, knew what he was to do.

Toward midnight they set out. Garguilo drove alone in one sedan—a spare escape car Harrigan had brought to Albany, just in case things went wrong.

In the green sedan bearing the false license plates rode Francis Oley, Angel Face Geary, Harrigan, and Terrible Tommy Dugan.

They drove directly to the O'Connell home. Lights were on upstairs. They passed a strolling pedestrian, paying no attention to him, turned at the first corner and waited. The pedestrian, John Oley, joined them.

"The kid went out about three hours ago. To see his girl, probably. He ought to be back any minute now."

Harrigan nodded. The moon sailed up from behind a cloud and flooded the street with light.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Dugan. "It's suicide!"

Again Harrigan nodded. He'd forgotten about the moon. Even the Boss hadn't said anything about it.

"We wait awhile," he decided aloud. "If the kid doesn't show in ten minutes, the job's off for tonight." He turned to John Oley. "There's some bushes around the O'Connell house. You and Angel-Face and Dugan hide in them. Garguilo and I will have the cars ready.

"When the kid pulls into the driveway, Oley, you and Geary take him. If you need help, Dugan'll be right there. If it's more than ten minutes, I'll give you the high sign and we'll all blow."

Dugan, John Oley, and Geary hastened to obey. Harrigan swung the green sedan around, sent it, lights dimmed, slowly up the street toward the O'Connell home. Garguilo followed in the second sedan. They parked a short distance from the house, waited.

EIGHT minutes, and blinding headlights swung around the corner from a side street. The car turned into the O'Connell driveway. Harrigan shot the green sedan after it, saw Geary and Oley emerge from the shrubbery and catwalk across the lawn toward it.

Harrigan was beside it and out of his own car in time to see Geary shove his gun hand into the car and hear him order:

"Get out, you big lug, before I drill you!"

Harrigan saw a strapping six-footer back out of the car under the menace of Geary's gun. Young O'Connell's hands were in the air. As he backed out, his 200 pounds came down heavily on the foot of waiting John Oley. Oley cursed, slammed a fist into his back.

"Step on me, will you, you big baboon!"

Instinctively John O'Connell wheeled and swung his own fist at Oley. Geary brought his gun into firing position. Harrigan spoke crisply: "Nix! Clip him."

Geary shifted the gun in his hand and brought the butt down on young O'Connell's skull. O'Connell dropped. They half-carried, half-walked him to the green sedan, rolled him in on the floor. They drove away, followed by Garguilo in the second car. Dugan slapped wads of gauze across young O'Connell's eyes, bound them there with adhesive tape.

O'Connell rubbed his bleeding head, asked:

"What's it all about?"

"Easy does it, kid," said Dugan. "It's just a way for us to pick up a little easy money."

Ten minutes later found them at a near-by garage where Sonny McGlone sat in the van of a canvas-covered truck. They got O'Connell into that and taped his wrists and ankles. From the rear, over the tailboard, it would have looked like any other such truck. It was not, however. What appeared to be the rear wall of its van was really a wooden partition. Between the back of the van and the partition was a storage compartment seven feet high and three feet wide.

It was into this that John O'Connell was dumped, bound, gagged, and blindfolded. The truck thumped into action. O'Connell bumped helplessly. He threshed about, tried to sit up. His feet collided with something softer than boards.

The next moment he felt something round and hard and cold pressed against his forehead.

A voice, harsh and meaningful, advised him: "It's bad enough I gotta ride in this chicken coop with you, without you pushing me all around. Now lie quiet or I'll give you something to make you."

It was the voice of the killer George Garguilo.

How, in these devils' clutches, did young O'Connell fare until ransomed? What still blacker crimes did the Boss then devise for them? Can they have had a hand in that half-million-dollar armored-car stick-up in Brooklyn? Marshal Murphy knows the answers! You'll find them in next week's installment of his inside story.

I WANT A POLICEMAN

Your telephone *won't let you down*

A suspicious noise in the night—you quietly reach for the telephone—you call for help.

Your voice carries through a great network of telephones, wires, cables and switchboards—and your call is answered.

This equipment was designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories and supplied by Western Electric, manufacturing unit of the Bell System.

For more than fifty years Western Electric has been meeting the Bell System's standards for high quality service. Constant improvement in manufacturing methods, and rigid tests at every step of the way, assure telephone equipment you can depend upon.

Every wire in every cable made at Western Electric receives many tests before it is acceptable for your service. Here is one of the final tests after the lead covering is applied.

This skilled worker is performing a delicate operation on equipment for a new telephone exchange. He joins thousands of wires that will carry your voice wherever there are telephones.

Western Electric

. . . made your
BELL TELEPHONE

NEXT WEEK

Liberty 5¢
That's MY Story
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DOUGLAS "WRONG-WAY" CORRIGAN

Be sure to read the opening episodes of "THAT'S MY STORY"

. . . The self-told story of his life and heroic flight by

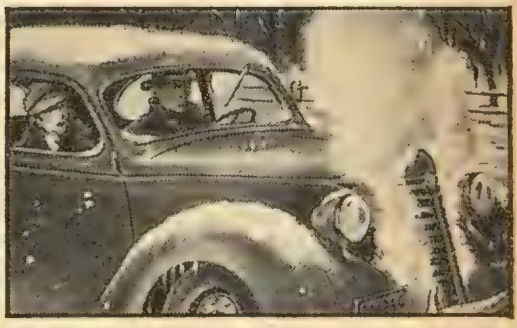
DOUGLAS "WRONG-WAY" CORRIGAN

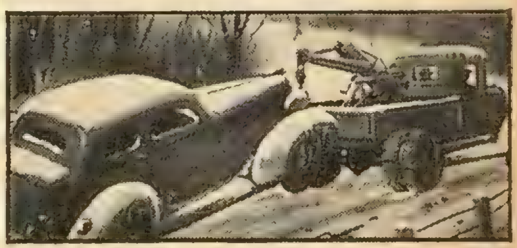
No more surprising personality has impressed itself so promptly, completely, and pleasingly on American consciousness in decades than this modest young pilot. You'll find in his own dramatic story of his life the background for his sensational achievement and the graciousness with which he has accepted sudden fame. A heart-warming biography you will understand and appreciate. Be sure to start it at the opening word next week in

Liberty

SMILE

...let others
BOIL!


Anti-freeze that boils away on warm days leaves you unprotected for the next cold wave.


Loss of radiator solution causes freezing, stops circulation. This in turn causes overheating which costs motorists millions every year.

Get out of the "Worry Class" this winter. Once you put in "Prestone" anti-freeze, there's NO MORE GUESSING!

WHEN YOU BUY "Eveready" "Prestone" anti-freeze, you buy all winter protection for your car. "Prestone" anti-freeze is more than just anti-freeze.

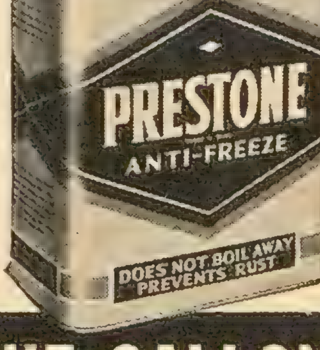
Most any other kind of anti-freeze will guard against freezing ... until it boils away. But "Prestone" anti-freeze protects your car against engine heat... the thief that steals volatile anti-freeze.

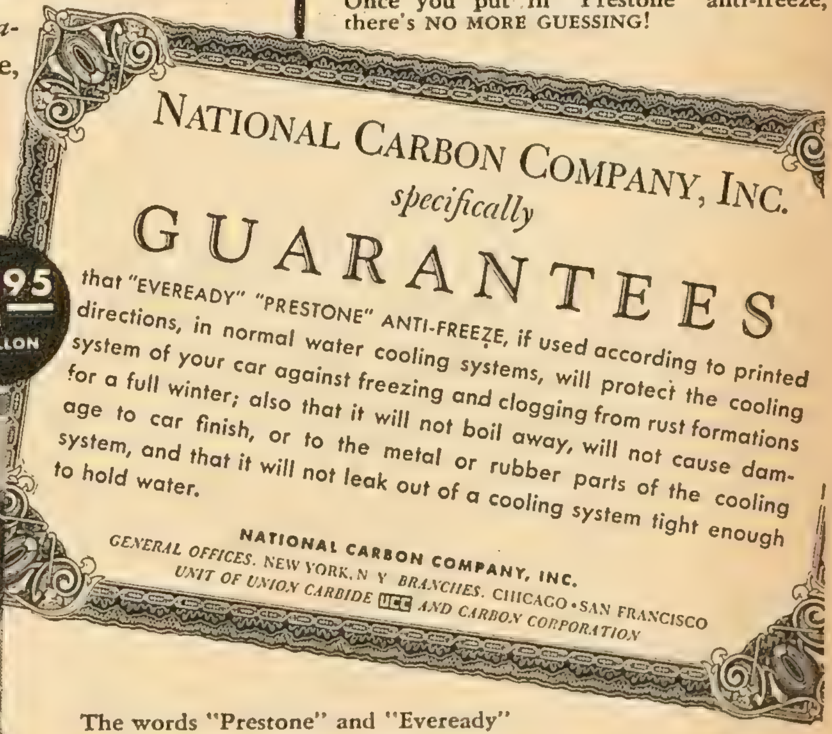
Have fun this winter. Cut driving worries. Protect your family, as well as yourself, from freeze-up caused by boil-away. Smile with "Prestone" anti-freeze ... *let others boil!*

YEAR AFTER YEAR, *more and more "Prestone" anti-freeze has been made and sold, yet demand has outrun production.* This *winter, we expect there will be enough for everyone, for early in the year tremendous new production facilities went into full-time operation. Still, to be* sure, *get yours* EARLY!

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARKS
PRESTONE
ANTI-FREEZE

$2.95 A GALLON




NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
specifically
GUARANTEES

that "EVEREADY" "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE, if used according to printed directions, in normal water cooling systems, will protect the cooling system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a full winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling system tight enough to hold water.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
GENERAL OFFICES. NEW YORK, N. Y. BRANCHES. CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO
UNIT OF UNION CARBIDE UCC AND CARBON CORPORATION

The words "Prestone" and "Eveready" are trade-marks of National Carbon Co., Inc.

COSTS MORE BY THE GALLON *LESS* BY THE WINTER

CAMEO

The vivid gripping story of a love that sped revenge across an ocean!

BY EDISON MARSHALL

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

A cameo is a gem carved in relief . . . usually having layers of different colors.—WEBSTER.

THE Conte Verde was passing through the Suez Canal. This is the actual gateway to the Orient, and as the expression of an idea—little man taking nature by the throat and uniting two oceans that the gods had separated by seeming desert—the Big Ditch is romantic in the extreme. But as scenery it is tiresome. The wake of the vessel washes against the banks, the sky is clear, the sand monotonous.

Hargrave and Dyment watched a few minutes, lost interest, ordered whisky, and leaned back in their chairs on the sun deck.

"So you've been out in China fourteen years," Dyment said thoughtfully.

"Yes, and I suppose I'll spend the rest of my life out there," Hargrave answered. "I'd at least like to go home to die—but will probably miss the boat."

"I know some one who died out there. A girl from my home town in southern California. I wonder if you ever heard of her. Her name was Mary Turner."

Hargrave raised his glass, sipped thoughtfully. "Mary Turner?" he echoed.

"I knew her when she was a kid. Bright-eyed, bright-haired, pretty little thing she was. I saw her dance at a high-school entertainment—darned good, too. Later she went to Los Angeles and danced at a cabaret. And then some chap who owned night clubs or something in the Far East gave her a fine contract to go out there and dance. And she never came back."

"The name doesn't sound familiar," Hargrave remarked.

"I've often wondered what happened out there, that she should do it—commit suicide, I mean. It's so unthinkable in a young, pretty, talented girl like her, apparently with a career before her. And she took such a ghastly way, according to the rumors that got back to our town. Hanged herself, they said."

"It *is* a ghastly way." Hargrave spoke in a bitter undertone. "The way people usually take in intolerable shame."

"I suppose the poor little thing thought it was the only way out. But it brought shame to others too, especially her mother. I know Mrs. Turner quite well. She sews for my wife. A very quiet, respectable woman, soft-spoken, a churchgoer, wears an old-fashioned cameo of a deer's head at her throat—you know the type. But she had encouraged Mary in her dancing—poor woman, she herself had had dreams of the stage—so the tragedy almost killed her.

"She couldn't face it. Left town, and no one heard a word from her for six years."

"But she's back there now?"

"Yes, and has got back all her old customers. Time heals all wounds, they say. To see her sitting there sewing—she's as good a sempstress as you'd find anywhere—you'd think she'd never known what sorrow meant. Goes to prayer meeting just the same, makes a cake for the minister now and then, is buying back the little house she sold during her absence—as though the joy and pride of her life doesn't lie in a suicide's grave halfway around the world. And of course no one ever mentions the matter to her."

"I can't remember ever hearing of Mary Turner," Hargrave went on with a strange insistence.

"I suppose not. It was just a chance."

"But I've heard of similar cases—they're all too common—and one of them involves a rather famous character in the underworld of Shanghai—a terrible old woman known as Frisco Sal. If you'll have another drink, I'll tell you about her."

And this was the story that Hargrave told Dyment as the Conte Verde steamed across the desert:

FRISCO SAL appeared in Shanghai about ten years ago. She was supposed to have come there from Singapore—can't say as to that. But no one needed to look at her twice to know what she was. None of the American colony ever invited her to bridge, and once when she had the crust to enter the Cathay Hotel she was quietly shoved out.

She must have been about fifty, and ugly. Hennaed hair, enameled cheeks, eyes painted so that they looked like wounds, cheap jewelry—the complete usual works. And swear?

Apparently she'd learned in the Far East, where profanity is a fine art. An army mule driver was a Sunday-school boy in comparison.

It was no time at all when we began to hear of her as proprietress of a second-rate music hall. And as time went on the place became first-rate—as such things go—and in two years was the most popular in town.

She must have been a genius in her way. The prettiest girls flocked to work for her. She seemed to know just how to manage them and how to encourage the customers.

There was something likable about her—her coarse humor and unfailing good nature, I suppose—and to give the devil her due, she wasn't quite so heartless and greedy as many of her kind. She let her girls save money, and helped several girls to get more decent jobs.

She did so well and cornered such a large share of the Shanghai business that she soon drew the attention of

Big Dan Ishman. Now, there was an extraordinary man. Every one knew that he was the czar of the white underworld of Shanghai, yet he worked from the side lines and seemed above the law. And he was so rich, so suave, so socially accomplished that he was accepted in certain circles of smart Shanghai society.

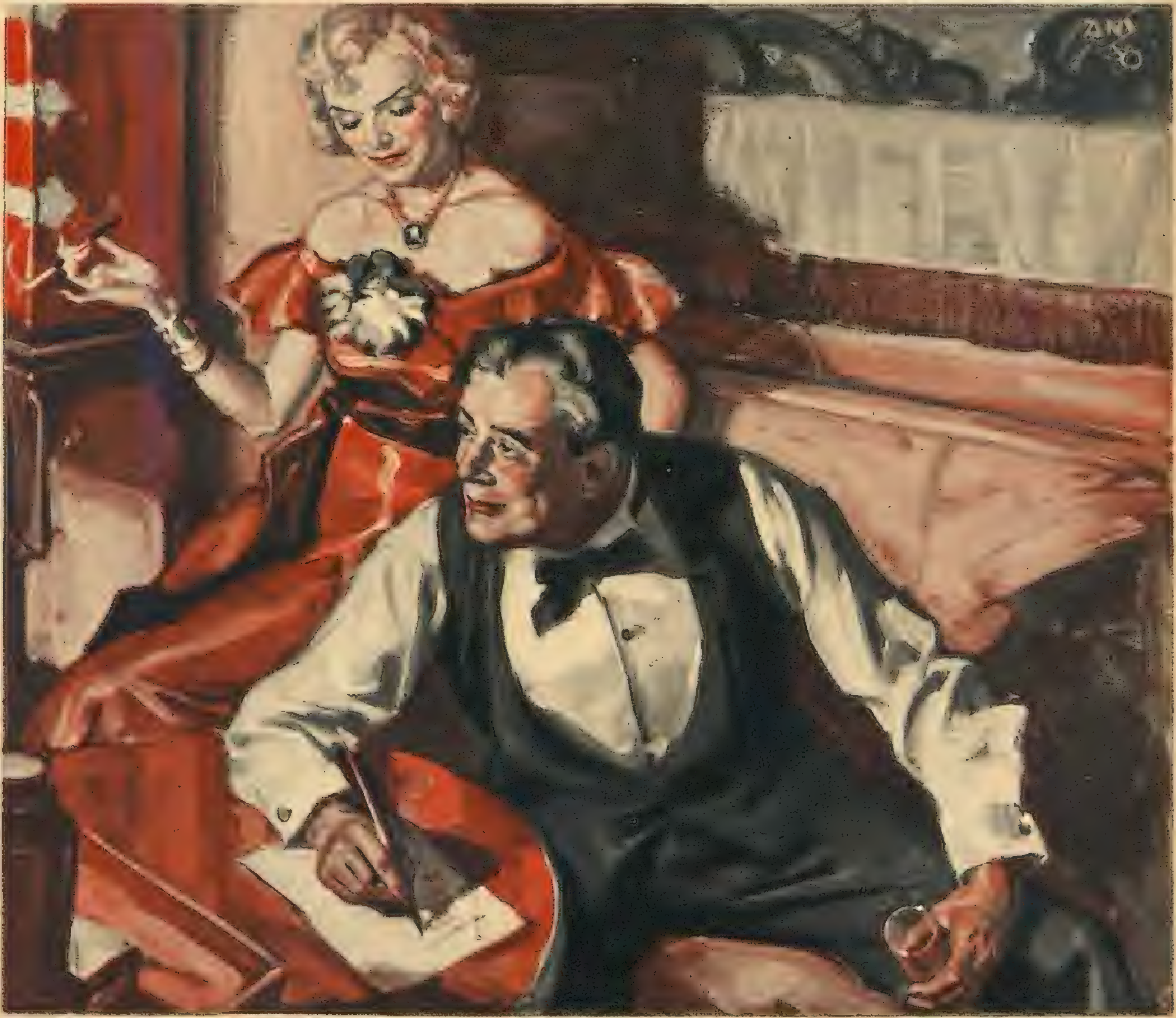
No one could picture greater opposites than Big Dan Ishman and Frisco Sal. Ishman was a notably handsome man for his fifty years, had a fine aquiline profile, dark hair respectably thin on top, dressed in impeccable taste, never raised his voice, and had quiet—you'd think natural—good manners. But he saw where Frisco Sal could make him money, and very cautiously and cunningly he cultivated her.

I can't tell you what favors they did each other. Evidently both profited from their acquaintance, because it ripened into what was as near intimacy as Ishman's lone-wolf life permitted. It wouldn't be correct to say that they were actually friends. His nature forbade friendship—or any other emotion except greed. But gradually he trusted her as he trusted no other human being.

Ultimately they agreed to go into partnership. Ishman bought a big residence on Hankow Road—grimly enough, it had been once used as a mission school—and with Sal's help planned to have the finest place of its kind in the Far East. You are thinking that a woman like Sal, cussing like a pirate in a voice like a foghorn, would be a fish out of water in a really luxurious place. You'd think they'd want some one who looked like a viscountess, silvery-haired and refined—God save the mark! But a gambling house and dance hall is not a refined business. Ishman, a realist, knew this. And he knew that old Sal was the lady for him. Her raucous good nature would make a hit with Americans, who always shy off from too much elegance, and would break the ice for inhibited Englishmen. Anyway, they went ahead and planned the venture.

This required several meetings. At first they met clandestinely around at holes and corners in the city; but at last he let her come to his luxurious apartments near the French Club. This was an enormous concession, the breach of Ishman's cardinal rule, and it showed how completely she had won his confidence. Ordinarily only ladies and gentlemen, so called, were ever inside his doors—even then he kept a smooth-looking bodyguard constantly within call.

He not only admitted Sal—of course with extreme secrecy, late at night—but made her his boon companion. I suppose she was the only human being on earth to whom he dared take down his mask. Possibly he was even lonely, although it is harder to imagine than loneliness in a cold-eyed octopus in his cavern under the sea. He even dared get a little drunk with her. Anyway, you can



ILLUSTRATED BY
A. N. SIMPKINS

Again she was stumped. "It was something about dying—or was it crying?—but I can't get it right. Give me a drink, Ish, to loosen my tongue. Then I'll get it, sure."

imagine those two old wolves sitting there at ease in his luxurious rooms, drinking, scheming, swapping stories that Boccaccio never dreamed.

One hot June night they were having an especially good time. They were quite alone—Ishman's bodyguard had gone out and his servants had set out drinks and ice and had taken the evening off. Ishman had removed his dinner coat and was lying back on a lounge, half drunk, but too entertained by Sal's anecdotes to yield to sleep. Sal was tipsy in her genial and noisy way.

"Had a little trouble with Peggy today," Sal confided. "You know, the little black-eyed one."

"So?" Ishman muttered sleepily. "What happened?"

"The little ijitt got a crush on that handsome young hellion from the Oil Company and was fixing to take rat poison."

"What did you do?"

"Spanked her and then let her cry on my shoulder. Made me weak in the gizzard just the same. I lost a girl once, Ish. Shot herself, she did." And Sal gave way to plaintive profanity.

"Bound to happen occasionally in this business."

"That was on the Barbary Coast. But Peggy told me that two or three white girls have bumped themselves off right here in China. One of 'em was your girl, Peggy thought—but I can't think what name she told me. Some fancy name. Mountain, or something like that."

Ishman's face took on a look that none of his gentlemen and lady guests ever saw. "Lola Montaine was her name. The little fool!"

BUT I bet they never got anything on you, Ish," Sal said in admiring tones. "I'll bet your name wasn't hardly mentioned. You old fox!"

"They have to get up pretty early in the morning to get anything on me, Sal."

"What was the matter with her? You always treat girls swell—"

"She went broke out here, so I advanced her some money. I gave her a chance to work it out in the old hall on Canton Street. But she didn't take to the business. The customers didn't like her iceberg ways and she couldn't catch up. Then I made a fine deal for her with old Ch'ien Mu Hai. He was one of the richest Chinese marriage brokers, and she could have got almost anything out of him if she'd played her cards right. But the little sneak bumped herself off."

"But I bet *you* got *your* money, you old slicker."

"I didn't lose out completely, Sal."

"But how did you get her to go to work for him? They got pride, some of them girls, and a Chink's a Chink, dough or no dough. Gee, Ish, I wish I had your brains."

"She didn't know she was going until she got there." And Ishman gave one of his rare short laughs.

Sal laughed too. "Was she a French girl? Her name sounds like it."

"No, an American. I saw her and hired her, the last time I was back there."

"Ish, you're one smart guy."

She poured him a drink, took one herself, and they fell into a long, cozy silence. But at last she looked up with a wistful gleam in her painted old eyes.

"Ish, you're an educated man too, ain't you?"

His fine lips curled in a self-satisfied smile. "I hold a university degree, Sal. And that's more than you can say for most of the people who swell around the French Club."

"You can spell anything, can't you, and punctuate?"

"That's elementary." And then, as Sal said no more, "What brought that into your head?"

"I wanted to write something to a gentleman I used to know. It's the words of a song I learned—a swell song that's the new hit in New York. But, Ish, you ought to see my writing. A Chink might read it, but no civilized person." And she bellowed with laughter.

"Do you want me to write it for you?"

"Gee, I wish you would! Make it just right, will you? Don't get up. I'll bring you pen and paper."

So she got the things out of his writing desk and put them on a little stand in front of him. Then she began to dictate to him the words of Old Man River.

You know the song. Naturally, it would appeal to Sal. In a way she was akin to that old darky standing on the bank of the Father of Waters, contrasting his futility and impotence and pain with the glory and power of the river. She had fought hard for life and her ignoble gains, and had dug in dirt that stuck to her hands far worse than the good loam where the old Negro planted his taters and cotton.

So shift that trunk
And lift that bale—
If you get a little drunk
You'll land in jail!
But Old Man River, he just keeps rollin' along.

When Isham finished copying the verse, Sal took the manuscript and admired it.

"Ish, that's swell. You're a ring-tailed wonder. I can see all the words are spelled right."

Ishman laughed indulgently. "If you know that, why didn't you spell them yourself?"

Sal slapped her thigh. "Ish, you're a card. But there's some more to the song."

Handing him back the paper, she dictated the first line of the next verse: "I get weary and sick of trying." But then her memory seemed to fail her. She was forced to take back the sheet and review the preceding lines.

"I've got part of it," she told him doubtfully. "Write it on that other page." And after muttering over the verse he had written on the first page, she dictated slowly: "I'm tired of living."

But again she was stumped. "It was something about dying—or was it crying?—to rhyme with this here 'trying,' but I just can't get it right. Give me a drink, Ish, to loosen my tongue. Then I'll get it, sure."

She served him a drink and poured one for herself. Monotonously she chanted Old Man River. Isham fell into a half doze.

"Lord!" she burst out. "There's another mosquito. Somebody left that winder open."

"Go shut it."

"There's half a dozen flying around here now, and they say they carry chills and fever. Where's that mosquito spray of yours, Ish?"

"Under the couch, I think. But the stuff smells vile."

"I'm going to shoot it around. You don't want to die of malaria, a young man like you."

So she got down on her scrawny old knees, fished under the couch, and brought out the sprayer.

"There's one lighting on your head right now," she told the sleepy man. "Lie still and don't mind the smell."

And, with the sprayer held at arm's length, she shot a cloud of pungent-smelling chemical full into his face.

"That's not the spray we've been using," Ishman broke out. "Cut it out, Sal! I don't like it—"

"It's a new kind, I guess." And she gave him another burst.

"Cut it out, I tell you!" And he started to spring up. But instead he fell back unconscious on the couch.

I KNOW, if the police do not, what was in that sprayer. It was not mosquito repellent but ethyl chloride. Whether Sal had secretly filled Ishman's machine with the drug, or whether she had substituted one already prepared, will never be known.

Perhaps you know that ethyl chloride induces instantaneous anesthesia. But the patient recovers in a minute or two, good as ever, unless more of the liquid is sprayed on. Although this is considered dangerous by the medical profession, Sal must have taken the chance and given Ishman repeated doses.

Otherwise she would not have had time to complete her arrangements. For they were very thorough. This fact dawned on Big Dan Ishman with the swift hard brilliance of a tropic dawn.

Only the imagination of an Edgar Allan Poe would dare try to penetrate Ishman's mind and heart and what served him as a soul when at last he opened his eyes. He found himself sitting on a tall cabinet, his feet well off the floor, partly supported by Sal's arms. But not wholly. There was some sup-

(Continued on page 28)

WHAT “The Railroad Problem” IS NOT!

A LOT of people in recent months have been trying to put a finger on the answer to the so-called "railroad problem."

That's fine. We welcome it. All this is a healthy sign that people are coming to recognize the railroads' problems as their problems—part of an unsolved *national* problem of transportation. But by way of keeping the discussion on the track, we'd like to point out a few things which the railroad problem is *not*.

It is *not* failure of service.

Freight moves faster than ever before. Freight schedules are more dependable. Freight rates are the lowest offered by any railroads in the world. Passenger schedules are faster. Passengers ride in air-conditioned comfort — and fares are below the pre-war level.

It is *not* failure to keep pace with progress.

Engineering advances in locomotives, to take just one example, have produced a notable step-up in power and speed — and an economy of operation which produces the power to haul a ton a mile with a glass of water and a handful of coal.

It is *not* lack of watchfulness for sound economies.

The serviceable life of cross ties, for instance, has been multiplied by three in the past twenty years by improved methods of treating timber—and this, plus improved metallurgy and better methods of track construction and maintenance, has *increased* safety and still saved $1,000,000 a day. Another $50,000,000 a year has been saved by softening the water used for steam.

It is *not* an increasing burden of debt.

The proportion of stocks and bonds and equipment notes in relation to total investment is far less today than it was in the most prosperous periods in railroad history.

It is *not* "watered stock."

The amount of railroad stocks and bonds outstanding is billions of dollars less than the investment in railroad property.

No, the real railroad problem is none of these.

It is due, at bottom, to the fact that railroads must operate under rigid regulations based on a fifty-year-old theory that they have a monopoly in transportation — and compete with three other forms of transportation subsidized or helped by tax money.

In the interest of straight-thinking, the American railroads have prepared a concise and clear-cut program for a public transportation policy. What it adds up to is this:

All the railroads need is an opportunity to run their business as a business, on a fair business basis—with reasonable freedom to "price" the only product they have, which is transportation service—greater freedom to adjust their rates to meet competition—and to adjust their expenses to the conditions of their business.

You'll find the whole railroad program interesting. Send for your copy today.

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

(Continued from page 26)

port from above, not strong as yet but palpable to senses razor-sharp. A rope was tied with a slipknot around his neck and fastened to a ventilating device on the high ceiling. There was very little slack in the rope now, and if he fell off the cabinet there would be none at all.

That Sal could have lifted him up there seems incredible. He was a very heavy man, she a thin and only medium-sized woman. But I suppose the human body is capable of gigantic feats under the drive of great passion.

Ishman's hands were free. At the first sensation of that abominable pressure around his neck they flew up to try to loosen the cord. It was his first instinct, of course, before he made a sound or had a thought to understand. But at the same instant Sal's supporting arms fell away, and as he was sitting so precariously at the very edge of the cabinet, he started to slip off. He knew what *that* meant. Sal did not have to tell him. So his instincts reversed their direction with lightning speed and made him clutch the table.

"Oh, God!" were his first words.

"Don't call on Him," Sal answered. She was tired and sweating, so she spoke in quiet tones and her hands hung at her sides. Ishman noticed that those hands were covered with black gloves. He did not like the look of them.

"No use calling on Him," Sal went on confidentially. "*He* ain't one of your mob."

"You she-devil! Why are you doing this—"

"I'll tell you in a minute or two. There's no hurry. We got plenty of time and I'm clean tuckered out. How's the rope? Feels a little tight, I reckon."

Very softly he began to edge back for a more secure seat on the cabinet. Then he might snatch loose the noose. But Sal gave a queer smile and shook her head.

"That's no use either, Ishman. The second you reach for the rope, I'll tip over the cabinet."

"But what have I done to you? What do you want? If it's money—"

"It ain't money."

"What then? Are you crazy? I'm Big Dan Ishman—"

"No, I'm not crazy. I was once, but I ain't now. And you won't be Big Dan Ishman very long, neither. You'll just be something hanging in the middle of this elegant room. Something with a long neck and eyes bunged out."

"You're just trying to put screws on me. Tell me what you want. You're not going to hang me, Sal."

"No, I ain't."

A gleam of desperate hope came into the staring eyes. "Then is this a joke? It's a bad one, Sal, but if you'll cut it out right now—"

"No, I ain't going to hang you, Ishman. You're going to hang yourself."

He opened his mouth to speak, but only a thin trickle of spittle flowed out.

"Your hands are free," Sal went on calmly. "When I pull out the cabinet you can grab the rope and hold yourself up quite a spell. It's just for you to say when you let go. Maybe soon, maybe late—suit yourself."

She wiped her wet face and the paint came off on her arm. "No one could hardly believe," she went on, "that Big Dan Ishman, rich and only fifty years old and a big shot, would go and hang himself—but that's what you're going to do when you get tired holding on to the rope."

And then the face white with horror turned slowly gray. For he knew that vengeance had followed him patiently and overtaken him at last.

ISHMAN loved life with an unholy love. And here was death in the room, coming not for some one else—it was all right to have it come for some one else—but for him, Big Dan Ishman.

Still he fought on: "Listen, Sal. If you'll let me go, I'll never say a word of this to any one. I'll give you money, all you want, and you can get out of town, or else I'll get out of town and you'll never see me again. But if you go through with it, you'll be hanged too. The police are mighty smart in this town. They'll know I didn't commit suicide."

Sal smiled. "Not after they read your note."

"My note!"

"'I'm tired of living,' on a page all by itself. I'll keep that other page you wrote to remember you by. And sometimes I'll sing that song."

And she sang it now, her voice croaking and hoarse.

"Stop it!" he interrupted. "*Stop* it!"

"Maybe you'd rather hear that other verse. Funny, I remember it all now. It goes this way:

"I gets weary,
And sick of trying,
I'm tired of living—

That's what you wrote, Ishman.

And skeered of dying—"

"But you hadn't ought to be scared of dying, Ishman. A lot of people have died before. Plenty of 'em on account of you."

"Don't hang me. Shoot me. Don't hang me!"

"I reckon it ain't a nice death. But that's the way Lola Montaine went. You know about that."

"Lola . . . Montaine."

"She was my daughter. But you'd never guess it, would you? She such a pretty little thing!"

Ishman made one last effort.

"Have mercy on me, Sal. Hanging me won't help that dead girl. And you'll have murder on your soul."

"It's lost anyhow, I guess. And murdering you isn't half so bad as what I've done to get a chance to murder you. But worst of all, being with you. Sitting with you in this room—drinking with you. I'll never be clean again, Ishman. Never in this world!

"You're mighty lucky, Ishman, compared to my girl," she went on at last. "When I take away the cabinet you'll hang on only a few minutes before you let go. But she hung on for weeks—maybe for months. And you're fifty, and she was only twenty-two. Only twenty-two."

She gave a little smile that somehow lighted her ugly painted face. Then, as he screamed, she slipped the cabinet out from under him, laid it on the floor to look as though he had kicked it out of his way, gathered up her belongings, and, apparently unaware of the jerking, creaking sounds behind her, trudged wearily out. . . .

Hargrave's voice died away. He and Dyment watched the wake of the Conte Verde.

"Was Sal ever charged with the crime?" Dyment asked.

"She was questioned, of course. She freely admitted being at his apartment, and said that he seemed cheerful. But the note was in his own handwriting and the verdict

RODNEY deSARRO

"I don't know where our younger generation is headed!"

of suicide was never really questioned."

"And what happened to her then?"

"She went away, and for all I know is running a music hall in some other part of the world."

"It's strange there would be two cases so similar," Dyment said thoughtfully. "This girl—Lola Montaine—and Mary Turner. Both decoyed out to the East. Both committed suicide by hanging—and about the same time too. I don't see how there could be any connection between the two girls. Different names—"

"Names mean nothing, of course. Lola Montaine is undoubtedly a stage name. The kind a country girl might take when she tried to become a dancer—"

"What do you mean, Hargrave? Mary Turner was the daughter of a quiet respectable sempstress in our town. She once had a small part in a church play and stole the show—and her mother went away for six years after the report of Mary's suicide—but if you are inferring—"

"My dear chap, I am inferring nothing whatever. But there was one detail I forgot to mention."

Dyment looked troubled. "What is it?"

"As I told you, Frisco Sal wore the typical cheap flashy jewelry you could expect. But she also wore one piece of antique jewelry that was really beautiful and in good taste. It was a cameo of a deer's head."

THE END

20 QUESTIONS

1—In his time he was something of a Dewey; appointed a special deputy attorney general for his state, he was Assistant District Attorney of New York County 1901-08, then (tut-tut!) turned to the pen for further jousts with the law and lawyers. Who?

2—Which novel was Dickens unable to complete?

3—What is remarkable about the Montreal Gazette?

4—A blow from which animal's tail is more powerful than the kick of a mule?

5—Where are the Ozark Mountains?

6—Among Denmark, Finland, Norway, and Sweden, which nation has a president?

7—Cinch, hasenpfeffer, Napoleon, and écarté are all names of what?

8—Why is Warren G. Harding's name omitted from the current Who's Who?

9—Where will the 1940 Olympic Games be?

10—Who in the Bible recommended that old women should not drink much wine?

11—Maria Marguarita Guadalupe Bolado Castillo Lederer is known by what shorter name?

12—Who, in the spring of '26, circled the North Pole?

13—Which poet wrote A Child's Garden of Verses?

14—Does the Philadelphia Fire Department respond to about 29, 43, or 90 fires a day?

15—Who was America's first furniture maker?

16—Which flies faster, a penguin or a wild goose?

17—Did Benjamin Franklin, Herbert Hoover, or Benjamin Disraeli say: "I shall never ask, never refuse, nor ever resign an office"?

18—Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Stanton started what movement?

19—Nova Scotia's Bay of Fundy is well known for its high what?

20—Who tells of her activities under the heading, My Day?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
FROM THE LOOKS OF OUR FRIEND'S FARMHOUSE THERE'S A REAL OLD-FASHIONED HALLOWE'EN IN STORE FOR US
TRAILER TRIP
HALLOWE'EN IN NEW ENGLAND
GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN. WE HAD SUCH FUN AT THE COUNTY FAIR TOGETHER
WELCOME, WELCOME---JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE GAMES THE BOYS HAVE GOTTEN UP FOR TONIGHT
LOOK AT CHUBBINS SNAP UP THOSE APPLES---- SHE'LL WIN SURE!
GUESS SHE CAN SHOW HER FATHER HOW IT'S DONE, EH JUDGE?
I'LL JUST HAVE TO STICK TO MY PIPE COLLECTING
CAREFUL, CHUBBINS, NONE OF US COULD PIN THE WITCH RIGHT IN THE CENTER
GOOD FOR YOU, CHUBBINS! IT'S PERFECT!
CONGRATULATIONS, JUDGE---YOUR DAUGHTER'S WON ALMOST AS MANY PRIZES TONIGHT AS MY FAMILY DID AT THE COUNTY FAIR!
REMEMBER UNCLE GEORGE'S PRIZE PUMPKIN? HE MADE IT INTO THIS HUGE JACK-O'-LANTERN
WE FOUND MISTER JACK-O'-LANTERN LOOKS EVEN MORE AT HOME WITH A PIPE IN HIS MOUTH--SO I MADE THIS BIG CORN-COB FOR HIM
HE DOES LOOK HAPPIER, UNCLE GEORGE
WELL, ANYBODY MAY LOOK HAPPIER WITH A PIPE, BUT WHEN THERE'S PRINCE ALBERT IN IT, YOU CAN BE SURE HE IS HAPPIER---EH, JUDGE?
YOU'LL GET AN O.K. ON THAT STATEMENT FROM ANY P.A. SMOKER--- THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!
SMOKING PLEASURE GALORE IN STORE FOR YOU!
THERE'S BETTER TOBACCO IN RIPE, FULL-BODIED PRINCE ALBERT—IT'S EXTRA RICH-TASTING, YET THERE'S NO BITE!
P.A.'S THE JOY SMOKE IN 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES, TOO—AND I GET AROUND 70 TASTY SMOKES FROM EACH TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

YES! YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copr., 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

Is the Roosevelt program adequate? Hard facts from an eminent authority for liberals with common sense

BY ADMIRAL HENRY A. WILEY (Ret.)

Formerly Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet

As told to Earl Reeves

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHY WE NEED A

THE chief facts about this nation's present naval needs can be summarized bluntly as follows:

In 1922 we threw away a fair-sized fleet then under construction. We were leading the world toward disarmament! For a dozen years then we tacitly threw away another fair-sized fleet, by letting our warships grow old without replacement. We waited for disarmament! It seems incredible now.

In the altered, and ominous, world situation we face today I am convinced that we should have a Navy *30 per cent* greater in total tonnage. These must be new, modern, powerful ships of all classes.

We need such a Navy not for aggression but *to preserve peace* for ourselves in a war-mad world. We need it in order that no Power, *or possible combination of Powers,* will dare attack us.

We are a pacific people, mostly "inlanders," and we have a national habit of giving little thought to the Navy. Until war comes; then demand is clamorous. The editor of Liberty asks me to analyze our naval needs and explain some of the things American citizens should know about our nation's first line of defense.

Do you realize that the present is the *fourth time,* in a little more than two decades, that we have set out to rebuild our Navy? Critics and opponents of all national defense do not tell you that. Some, instead, try to find something ominous in a proposal to build a Navy that can defend this richest of nations, which has the world's longest vulnerable coast lines.

First, it was that great proponent of peace, Woodrow Wilson who, in his scholarly fashion, proclaimed our need for "incomparably the most adequate Navy in the world." That was in 1916. We started building it. In a few months we entered the war. *For our allies* we sacrificed rebuilding our fleet; providing, instead, hundreds of destroyers and merchantmen.

Second, although Wilson had established a league he hoped would insure peace, he came home from Paris demanding a Navy "second to none." We started building it. But we were rich, Britain exhausted. Britain could not match our naval building. So she launched disarmament propaganda and *we* called the Washington Disarmament Conference. What resulted? Japan destroyed about half a dozen small ships. Britain junked 446,000 tons already fit for the junk pile. To comply with the 5-5-3 ratio, we destroyed 460,000 tons of a *new navy* then in various stages of construction. This was equal to about thirteen battleships. It cost us $220,000,000 in cash. It also cost us the supremacy on the seas which today we need to insure the safety of both coast lines.

I wish all Americans today could look back upon the years which followed 1922 and resolve, "Never again." We were a trusting, idealistic, wishful-thinking people. We hearkened to foreign propaganda, to radicals who oppose all national defense; to theorists. During more than a decade we were "throwing our Navy away" by letting it grow old, building nothing. "On paper," in tonnage figures, we had a first-rank Navy. But paper ships do not fight. *We let our Navy slip to third rank in effective strength.*

Our third start at rebuilding our Navy came in 1933-34. Do you recall what happened then? Statesmen of Britain and Japan—both of which nations had modernized their Navies *steadily* through replacement building—accused *us* of starting a "naval race"! And there were—then as now—some of our own citizens ready to view with alarm repair of national defense.

Now that we are making a *fourth* attempt at rebuilding our Navy, the clamor of critics arises again. But have you heard any of these clamorers give a size-up of the present status of our fleet? Some items from the not-too-pleasant record follow:

Half our battleships today are "over age." Half the rest will pass the senility line within six years. We have been retaining them in service through "modernization" changes that add five or ten years to their lives—*if* they do not meet a more powerful modern enemy.

A compilation of July 1, 1937, shows that of our destroyers, *four fifths* are obsolete, as compared with *one sixth* in the Japanese fleet.

Of our submarines, about one third are on the right side of the age line; of Japan's, *three fourths* are "fit." Of Britain's warship total, all classes, two thirds are right as to age, while she is *more* than replacing the older third.

Britain, in a single building program, is constructing almost "half a Navy"—in tonnage, as compared with her "Treaty Navy" strength. That is, nearly 100 warships; tonnage, almost 550,000.

On the record as known, Germany is increasing her small but *new* navy by 250 per cent! Her announced new building is about half of Britain's. But that is the incomplete story of a year or two ago. Maintaining secrecy, Germany hasn't permitted her building record to become public until warships are nearly or quite complete.

Secrecy surrounds Italy's plans also. Her "visible" program is about 50 new warships; tonnage, 150,000.

The *known* record for Japan is even smaller: 25 warships, 80,000 tons. But in that there is included *no part* of Japan's great five-year "Replenishment Program." It started April 1, 1937, and we know approximately nothing about it. But we have had apparent confirmation of one startling Japanese item: the proposed building of

TWO-OCEAN NAVY

three or four "super-battleships" of 43,000 tons. These were to be presumably able to outrange and outfight anything now afloat. The somewhat ambiguous "semidenials" which came out of Tokyo failed to carry conviction among naval men generally.

That the building plans of allied Japan, Italy, and Germany are very much greater than is publicly recorded is no guess. Russia knows this. And the Soviet openly proclaimed, last January 15, "a heavy program of naval construction to compete with the fleets of Japan, Germany, and Italy."

Does all this suggest that *we* are starting a naval race? Never, surely, have we had a stronger will-for-peace. We have a Neutrality Act. There was wide support for the Ludlow resolution providing that, except in case of invasion, war decision be by popular referendum. There was the Panay incident; in other days that might easily have plunged us into war.

But, looking out upon the world today, we see inflamed nationalism. Brutal ambitions for conquest. Wars which come without quarrel. If such war comes to us, the "declaration" may be attempted submarine attacks on our warships at their base.

Britain for a century had "incomparably the most adequate Navy." During that century—Napoleon to Wilhelm—Britain had no major war. Whatever its cost, her Navy was cheap "peace insurance."

Behind 3,000- and 7,000-mile oceans *we*, similarly, can insure peace by being supreme on the seas which any enemy—or *combination of enemies*—must cross if we are to be attacked.

Suppose, for example, that despite all our will-for-peace we are dragged into war with Japan at some future date. Would secret pacts instantly align against us also Germany and Italy? It is certainly conceivable, isn't it?

Altogether, realistic thinking dictates a summary of our naval needs as follows:

1. *A Navy more powerful than those of any three potential enemies': therefore, a 30-per-cent increase over present tonnage.*

(Britain is excluded from this calculation; it is inconceivable that we are in danger of attack by her.)

We need, in fighting ships: 20 battleships, 4 battle cruisers, 12 aircraft carriers, 40 heavy cruisers, 25 light cruisers, 150 destroyers, 100 submarines; total combat types, 351. What would this cost? Several billion dollars. But it might be a ten-year job.

2. We need many kinds of auxiliaries necessary to supply and tend warships and planes so they can fight anywhere upon the seas—however far from our shores.

For example, 4 destroyer tenders, 8 submarine tenders, 20 seaplane tenders. Tremendously important also—do not forget—are the merchantmen of peacetime trade which must help supply a Navy at war.

3. *We need to enlarge our naval Air Force by at least 40 per cent.*

We have the world's best naval air service. That leadership should be increased. The air arm is peculiarly important to us.

Now let us suppose that you have believed, loosely, and with many, that what Uncle Sam needs is merely a Navy big enough "to defend the coasts against invasion." War comes; or there is an ominous, strained silence, out of which war may strike in surprise attack. Quite suddenly and vociferously, you do not want the enemy licked in our own back yard. You want the Navy to go away out there and get him before he can drop shells and bombs on you!

But consider. The Atlantic is ten times and the Pacific more than twenty times the size of continental United States. Have you ever thought of the problem of locating even anything as large as an enemy battle fleet in such areas?

Giant seaplanes now have become the best solution to that problem. A single seaplane can scout more than 50,000 square miles between dawn and dark.

We have such planes now which have flown in squadron formation 3,000 miles nonstop. We have some of 50,000 pounds gross weight; and builders can produce larger and swifter craft. Such planes as these are a new element in our naval strength. Obviously their use makes surprise attack difficult. They can be used also as aids to attack. And seaplane development now makes it possible, one might say, to "move the coast line" thousands of miles outward for flight operations. Thus:

Seaplanes and tenders will move forward with the fleet. The "mother ships" will be established as bases at scattered islands. In the Pacific, for instance, the base line for seaplane operations need not be our coast line, but may be a line drawn through islands 5,000 miles distant. From such a base these new "eyes of the Navy" can scan all the Western Pacific.

This relatively new naval craft is also a powerful fighter and big bomber. Not far away is the day when it will count its bomb load in *tens of tons*. And such giants will be swifter than any flying today.

I am glad to report that we lead the world in naval seaplane development. However, many are trying to catch up with us. They are spending tens of millions. *Our* appropriation for *all* types of experimental naval planes is but $900,000. The figure was set ten years ago. It is woefully inadequate now. We *must* push research and experimental building. A competent expert tells me that in about fifteen years planes with *10,000-mile* flying range will be produced. We cannot afford to be lagging when that day arrives.

Zealous as I have been for increased air power *in* the Navy, I've been unable to agree with theorists who contend that aviation is making the battleship obsolete. The chief naval Powers—which are also the chief air Powers—do not believe this. To be sure, they are building a total of ten airplane carriers, in order to use planes *with* fleets. But even the part of the record which is known shows that twenty capital ships are building or authorized today. The only adequate defense against an attack which must cross an ocean is a battle fleet.

4. For the new Navy here discussed we'd need a personnel of 150,000. We should begin assembling and training the 40,000 additional men. Like a battle fleet itself, trained men cannot be taken down off a shelf when you need them.

The Navy which has been described here is merely the Navy we need, for defense, in two oceans; for preserving our peace in the kind of world we live in today.

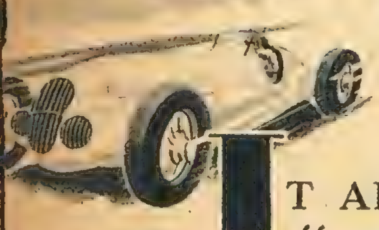
THE END

Come *SEE* why the Moderns

Star Performer ushers in new Style Cycle with stunning designs that keynote next year's mode

"Buick's

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



IT ALL started with "catwalk-cooling," on the costly racing cars of Europe.

They were shooting at better aerodynamics, not new styling—but they touched off something that will re-pattern cars everywhere before it's done.

What it means now to fresh loveliness of line and form you can see in the stunning 1939 Buicks, and listen: it's something *swell* to see!

Not that looks alone ever come first with Buick. What's *really* Buick is underneath all that, down deep in the good true metals, the split-hair precisions, the tough alloys.

But everyone goes for beauty, and you would be less than human if you didn't thrill to an eyeful of the smartest dressed automobile you ever saw.

So let your gaze take it in, all the lithe grace and radiant sweep of it—lines as satisfying as those that make the strength and swiftness of game-fish, the ease of the flight of birds.

See the lean chaste purity of its styling—its very "look" of action. Spot the radiator grilles. Down low. They're the key to new-day design.

They're also placed where air pressure's greatest—your engine cools under forced draft so to speak. That's just one improvement in a chassis distinguished anew by hundreds.

Under that comely bonnet streamlining back from its clean cut-water, is the engine with more abundant life—that quick quiet Dynaflash valve-in-head straight-*eight* — quicker and quieter even than before.

Under the luxury of that roomy Body by Fisher are the great slow spirals of BuiCoil springing, to give you the true "full float" ride. And in that body, is the new wide-paned outlook that means real *visibility* — up to 413 more square inches of glass.

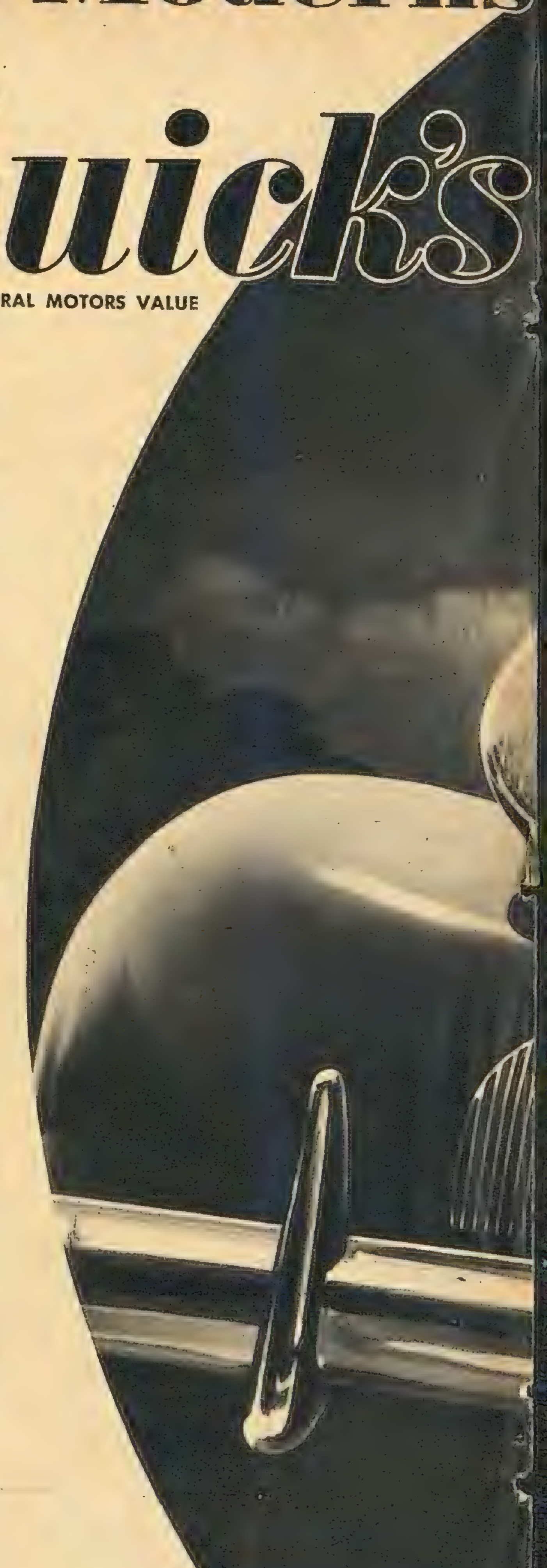
The whole staunch, taut, firm, beautiful car looks like what it *is* —keen and eager for the spurt or transcontinental run—a car to love and live with.

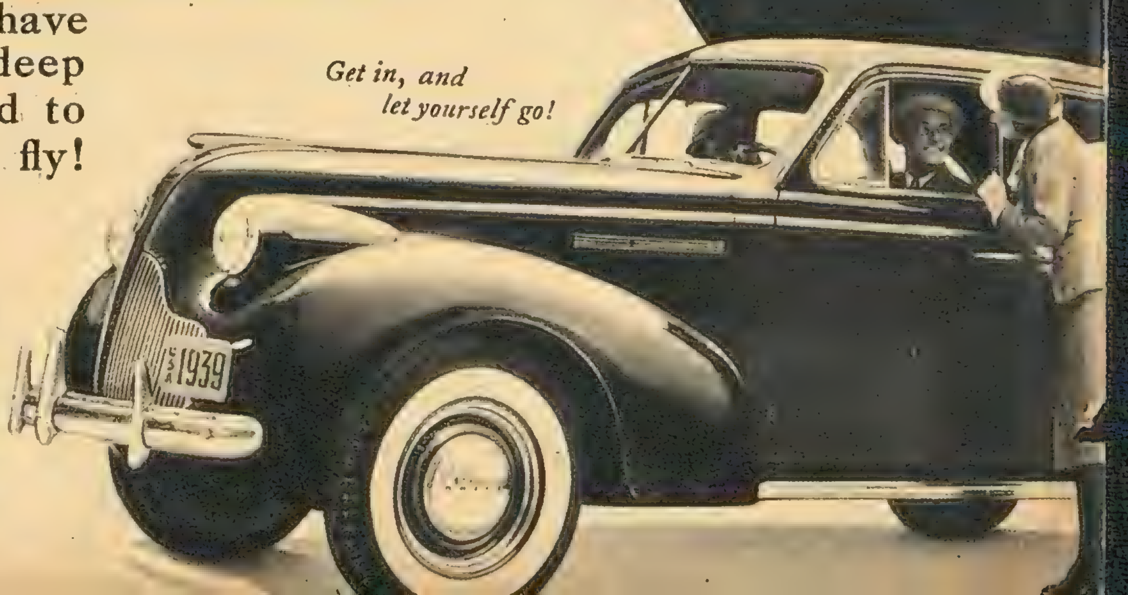
Come see it. Just as it stands there, tuned and poised for your service, it seems to have drawn a deep breath and to be ready to fly!

★ ★ ★ ★

IO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

★ DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE ★ BUICOIL ORQUE-FREE SPRINGING ★ GREATER VISIBILITY ★ HANDISHIFT TRANSMISION ★ ROOMIER UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER ★ TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE ★ IPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES ★ CROWN SPRING CLUTCH ★ "CATWALK-OOLING" ★ OPTIONAL REAR AXLE GEAR RATIOS ★ FLASH-WAY DIRECTION SIGNAL ★ SELF-BANKING KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING





Get in, and let yourself go!

are saying:

the Beauty!"

In every 1939 Buick you ge
the skilled engineering an
sturdy quality traditional t
Buick—enriched by all th
extra value which Genera
Motors science and Buick
workmanship can provide.

BUICK
EIGHT
USA 1939

Looks fine for '39!

WHAT: Four Series of ultrasmart new Buicks, the Special, the Century, the Roadmaster, the Limited—18 models in all.

WHERE: Any Buick Dealer's Showroom

WHEN: ***On display* NOW**

WHY: The most modern chassis, the ablest performer, the handsomest carriage, and

BUICK 1939 PRICES ARE LOWER

—lower than last year, lower than you'd expect

GENTLING EVERY JAR, BuiCoil Torque-Free Springing this year gives an even softer, smoother ride—with reduced skid risks and wear on rear tires.

ABLEST OF THE EIGHTS, this Buick I naflash Valve-in-Head Straight-Ei has a cyclone in each cylinder to more good from each drop of f

Magnificent

BY WALTON GREEN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

GLAD to get away from her guinea pigs and test tubes for a while, Patience Carmichael accepts an invitation to dinner aboard the Setsu, a racing yacht owned by Prescott Cheney and anchored off Woods Hole. Her school chum, Judith David, also a guest, is responsible for the invitation. Patience is introduced to the Cheneys, mother and son, and meets Dr. Minorcas Brown, a hard-boiled psychiatrist who gives his professional attention to the old lady's neurosis. That evening he also eggs on Patience to kiss him experimentally, and Cheney catches them embracing.

The girl chemist has attracted public attention for her discovery of what promises to be a revolutionary influenza formula, and Prescott Cheney, who is a wholesale drug manufacturer, is anxious to have her complete her formula for his company, which is in bad shape. Judith David, an advertising copy writer, abets the idea. But she is afraid that Patsy won't go " commercial " at any price.

However, the peculiarly persuasive Dr. Brown induces her to take time off and go sailing on the Setsu during the Astor Cup races off Newport. Patience is enthusiastic about boats and goes along. Prescott teaches her how to sail the Setsu, to her delight. But she won't listen to any suggestion of a job in the Cheney plant. Her desire, as Judith puts it, is to be " pure science."

Young Cheney permits Patsy to be at the helm of the Setsu during a race. Dr. Brown mocks at such folly, and it upsets the girl to such an extent that she fouls while turning around the stake boat. Prescott swallows defeat with a grin. It does something to Patsy. On her way back to Woods Hole, she stops off at Providence and wires him:

CHANGED MY MIND STOP WHEN DO I REPORT AT YOUR LABORATORY

PART THREE—AN APPOINTMENT AFTER OFFICE HOURS

WHERE'S my monkey? " glowered Patsy at the chief chemist. Then she laughed. It was a shame to tease the little man; he looked so frightened, and so literal. And he had been very nice to her.

" Monkeys? Monkeys? " Dr. Guzicka expostulated from the doorway. " Always she is asking for monkeys. Much money they cost, and we are here on a budget."

" Never mind, Dr. Guzicka," laughed Patsy. " I was only joking. I won't need monkeys for months yet."

The chief chemist looked relieved. He came into her room and stood by the window which looked out over the East River. It was a fine big room, partitioned off from the rest of the laboratory. Animal cages and refrigerators and incubators and file cabinets and closets lined the walls. Beneath the broad low windows stretched the black-topped continuous desk at which her three assistants worked. Patsy's own desk was in the middle.

Patience dropped her pencil on her open notebook and looked up at the bald-headed little chemist.

" How goes the work thees morning? " he asked.

" Pretty good," she said doubtfully. " Something went sour with that last culture and I'll need another batch of rabbits pretty soon."

Dr. Guzicka nodded.

" All you vant. And small monkeys too, when you need them, of course. But the anthropoids! Ach—it iss those great apes that cost so many hundred dollars."

" I know," agreed Patience soothingly. " I won't start killing those till I've stopped killing the cheap things."

" Mr. Cheney has ordered that nothing must delay your work," said the chief doubtfully.

Love and science struggle in a girl's heart in this brilliant and exciting novel of men, medicine, and marriage

Fool

Patsy frowned slightly. "We're doing all we can." She glanced sidewise at the technicians. "Mr. Cheney doesn't realize that this sort of thing can't be hurried."

"Of course, of course. And so I haf told him." He hesitated. "Mr. Cheney—he iss coming up here this morning. He brings Dr. Werfel, the president of Werfel Drug and Dye Corporation. To inspect the Cheney plant."

"Oh," said Patience noncommittally. Scott Cheney had brought around several visitors lately. She didn't like it. She felt like Exhibit A in a model factory.

Dr. Guzicka went out.

Later in the morning Prescott Cheney trooped in with Dr. Werfel and two other men. The two other men looked perfunctorily around as though going through the motions of a meaningless formula, but Werfel asked searching technical questions. Patience, absorbed in an interesting microscopic, was short to the point of rudeness.

The men trooped out. Half an hour after they had left, Prescott Cheney came back to the laboratory and beckoned to Patsy from the door. He smiled good-humoredly, but there was a touch of asperity to his voice.

"Next time I bring around important business men, Patsy, I wish you wouldn't bite their heads off," he said.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

Patience flushed. "I'm sorry," she said formally. "When I'm concentrating on something important, I'm apt to forget I'm just a paid hand."

Cheney's eyes got the cold hard look in them; but he controlled himself and answered quietly:

"The business end is important too. Dr. Werfel is one of the biggest drug men in the country. And the other two are bankers. I particularly wanted them to be impressed by you—and your work."

"I thought so!" flared Patience. "And you 'particularly want' Dr. Guzicka to see that my work is 'not delayed.' That's just what I was afraid of—when I came. Being hurried." She saw the hurt indignation in his eyes. "Oh, I know my work belongs to Cheney Chemical. That's all right. But it's got to be *my* work, in *my* way. And you promised me that. The trouble is, you and I want different things. I want to be *sure.* Sure of each step. I'm working for science—and the long pull. Don't you see, Prescott? And you're working for Cheney Chemical—and a quick commercial success: to beat some darned German patent-medicine house."

"Patent medicine?" repeated Prescott with dangerous calm.

"I meant Werfel—not you," said Patsy, a little frightened.

"And I've no apologies to make for Cheney Chemical," said Prescott with rising anger. "If the way I run my business isn't good enough for you—your remedy is obvious."

"Are you suggesting that I resign?" asked Patsy with great dignity.

"I'm not suggesting anything," he stormed, and turned on his heel.

Patsy, motionless, watched him disappear into the hall. She felt a lump in her throat. She walked back into her laboratory and put away her things. She was too upset to work any more. It was a Saturday half day, anyway.

Miserably Patience walked home. She and Judith David had taken a small flat together: a walk-up remodeled brownstone in the Eighties. Patsy swung up the steps with her loping stride and let herself in the old varnished street door. It always depressed her.

Well, she must make up her mind what to do. She hoped Judith would be home. She wanted to talk it over with her. Jude was a good sort underneath her hard-boiled advertising cynicism and modernism.

Patience trotted up the two flights of creaky, banistered stairs and unlocked the door of the flat. Judith was sitting on the couch before a tray with crackers and cheese and sandwiches and tea-things. Minorcas Brown was across the room with his back to the window. Dr. Brown was not talking, which was in itself suggestive. Judith, who had obviously started making tea, was also silent. Patsy felt that she had interrupted a rather tense silence. It irritated her.

"Hello, you two," she said shortly. "Can I have a hunk of that cheese?"

"Tea?" queried Judith, coming out of her daze.

"Beer," said Pat

After a moment Patsy got up from the couch and walked into her room without a word. "Why do you goad her so?" asked Judith.

BOY! THERE'S A TOUCHDOWN IN EVERY STICK OF TEABERRY

Teaberry does more than just keep your teeth white and sparkling, your gums pink and healthy, your breath sweet as a baby's. It gives you the *taste-thrill* of the year—the fresh, lasting flavor of real Teaberry!

REAL TEABERRY

ALWAYS PURE

LASTING FLAVOR

REFRESHING

Reach for the Bright Red Package!

You'll like

CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

laconically, and pulled off her hat.

"How's the beautiful scientist today?" smiled Minorcas.

Patience coiled herself on the couch beside Judith.

"The beautiful scientist is about ready to crawl back into her hole: her Woods Hole, to be exact."

"Patsy Carmichael! What *do* you mean?"

Judith's question was sharp.

"Um-hum," mumbled Patsy through her cheese.

"*Do* stop talking with your mouth full. Now—what's it all about?"

PATIENCE told them what had happened. Dr. Brown, teetering gently on his spread legs, listened with an air of smilingly detached omniscience. Judith with rising indignation.

"Have you finished?" she demanded when Patsy slowed down.

"Yes."

"Very well. Now you listen to me, Patience Carmichael. You're a fool! You've got a job and a salary and everything you want to work with, and you get on your high horse and act as though you were some Einstein where everybody had to tiptoe around outside your soundproof room. I think you've got a plain swelled head. If you'd just dig in to your work for a while, instead of mooning over your precious scientific dignity—"

"I *am* digging in," expostulated Patsy.

"The nerve of you! Telling Prescott Cheney he can't bring people to his own laboratory!"

"I didn't. I just—"

"And if he bawled you out, I don't blame him."

"I don't care to be bawled out," said Patience with dignity.

"Always thinking of *your* feelings. How about his? You act as though you were doing Cheney Chemical some great favor. It's the other way around. He's sinking money in you on the chance that you'll produce a marketable formula. He's grubstaking you. And you have the nerve to high-hat him!"

"What do *you* think?" Patsy looked at Minorcas Brown with challenging calm.

"I'm afraid I agree with Judith." His eyes had the distant mockery that came into them when he watched other people's excitement. "I'm frankly disappointed in you, Patience. I thought by this time Cheney Chemical would have made a barrel of money out of you—and that the estimable Mrs. Adelaide would be on Easy Street again: which is what interests me."

Patsy saw that he was laughing at her.

"You think I've behaved like a fool?" she persisted.

"Yes indeed," he said more seriously. "And rather selfishly, too. I don't especially like Cheney and he doesn't like me. But I'm bound to say I don't think you're giving him a run for his money. He's staking what may be his last throw on the success of your formula. With the German crowd trying to force him out of business—"

"What German crowd?" demanded Patsy.

"Werfel Drug, of course," snapped Judith. "Don't tell me you didn't know who it was you were snubbing this morning? Or why Prescott was so upset about it? Didn't you know that Cheney Chemical was shaky? That they'll have to sell out—or fold up—if they can't jazz up their sales?"

"No," said Patsy.

"Hasn't Prescott Cheney said anything to you?"

"No," repeated Patsy stonily.

Judith shrugged her shoulders and looked helplessly at Minorcas Brown.

"Can you beat it? First Prescott breaks his neck to get her down here—and then doesn't dare tell her why!"

"Has it occurred to either of you," said Patsy in a low voice, "that he is merely keeping his promise not to put pressure on me? That asking for sympathy would be poor sportsmanship?"

"Poor business, you mean," laughed Minorcas Brown.

"I think you're rather contemptible," said Patience.

Dr. Brown smiled tolerantly.

"Also, of course, he knew you'd hear about the Cheney Company troubles sooner or later. Just as you now have. Strong-silent-man-with-his-back-to-the-wall stuff. No woman could resist it. Hell and all its devils couldn't keep you from going back and working yourself to death for him."

Patsy sat bolt upright and stared at Dr. Minorcas Brown. Except for her heightened color, her expression was as inscrutable as his. It was impossible to tell what she was thinking. After a moment she got up from the couch and walked swiftly into her own room without a word.

WHY do you goad her so?" asked Judith in a low voice.

"I wish to goad her into sticking by her job," he said, almost impatiently. "Listen, Judith. If Werfel and his bankers were up there today, it means they've begun negotiations. Which may drag out for months, and then again may not."

"Yes," said Judith anxiously. "And if Cheney folds up it will mean a lot to me personally. Not just because I've known Scott and his family for so long: that's bad enough. But because Cheney Chemical is my biggest advertising account. Or was, until Scott cut their advertising appropriation this year. Why—it was bringing in the Cheney account that got me my job with Usher and Company. It would be awful! I've racked my brains. It's ridiculous, in a way, but it really does boil down to their hitting the market with something new, like Patsy's formula. Oh—I do wish I could think of something! If Scott weren't so old-fashioned and strait-laced—" She hesitated.

"Go on," he prompted. "Then what?"

"Well—if he'd play in with the politicians more: the way most of them do. Nothing unethical, of course. Just common-sense contacts. Joe Lucas says—he's a doctor at the Polydemic General Hospital, a pathologist or something—he says—"

"You know Joe Lucas?" asked Minorcas, frankly curious.

"Years and years," she smiled. "He's an old beau of mine and—"

"Never mind the rest," he interrupted. He walked over to her and spoke crisply: "Jude—you're a grand girl. In your own dumb sweet way, you may have hit on the answer."

"I'm not dumb," she protested, laughing. "But Joe Lucas? What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I'm off now. I've a busy afternoon at the office still ahead of me." He dropped his voice and glanced at the closed door of Patsy's room. "I'll tell you—later."

The color ebbed slowly from Judith's face. She nodded without answering and without looking up. Dr. Brown found his hat and walked out. When Patience returned presently to the living room, Judith was still staring at the tea tray.

"Well?" said Patience.

"Well?" returned Judith, with a touch of bravado. "Are you going to throw up your job?"

"I don't know," Pat answered quietly. "I'm going to think it over. But don't get the idea that anything that sneering doctor of yours said will influence me."

"Why do you dislike him so?"

"I don't dislike him. I did at first. Until I got over being afraid of him. You're afraid of him, Jude."

JUDITH tried to sound dispassionate. "No-o, I don't think so. I admire him. I think he's very brilliant. And I like his straightforwardness."

"Are you in love with him?" Patsy asked.

"No," said Judith, not quite so dispassionately. "And what right—"

"Is he in love with you?" Patsy was inexorable.

Judith stood up and lifted the tea tray and walked toward the kitchenette.

"He's not the kind to be in love—with anybody but himself. Anyway—I don't like this talk."

"Of course you don't," Pat called after her. "Because you're heading for trouble and don't dare face it!"

Judith banged the tray down on the kitchen sink and came back to the doorway. Her face was white.

"I'm quite able to take care of myself, thank you!"

Patience exhaled smoke and looked unconvinced.

"And if I weren't," Judith stormed ahead, "you'd be the last person to take care of me. You—with your heart and soul in a lot of smelly old test tubes! That's all very well for you. It's meat and drink and excitement and romance—for *you*. But I haven't got that. I want happiness. I want to lead my *own* life in my *own*

When you get your first taste of VELVET the smile's too big for the picture!

Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Velvet

—the MILDNESS **of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood**

—the FLAVOR **of pure maple sugar for extra good taste**

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both

Better smoking tobacco

Copyright 1938,
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Say it with a Clear Skin

NO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within.*

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improves digestion . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The larger size represents a price saving. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © The S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones

way. And to the full. So that's that!"

"Very modern, I'm sure," sniffed Patience. "Sounds just like a movie."

"Oh, *do* stop sneering! You know what I mean."

"I'm afraid I do," said Patience, suddenly serious. "If you mean anything more than a lot of blah words, you must mean that you propose to let Minorcas Brown seduce you."

Judith paled.

"What do you know of life? Or of men? You've scarcely seen a man since school—let alone make love to one."

"No?" demanded Patience calmly. "I made pretty strong love to Minorcas Brown that first night on the boat."

Judith David's face was ghastly. She reached one hand to the framework of the doorway.

"I found it rather tiresome," Patsy finished slowly, with her eyes on Judith's face. Then, a little alarmed, she got up and put her arms around Judith's rigid shoulders and held her tight.

"I'm sorry, Jude," she whispered; "but I had to find out if you loved him." She led the girl back to the couch and made her sit down. "We'd better stop trying to boss each other," she said contritely. "I'll lay off your love affairs and you lay off my lab business. Fair enough?"

JUDITH, still too shaken to speak, nodded stonily. Patsy went on, with a weak attempt at cheeriness:

"Let's go down to the club and play a couple of games of squash and have dinner. That will buck us up."

"I'm playing with—with Helen Stanhope," said Judith hollowly. "And dining with her, too," she added quickly.

Patsy stood up and rubbed out her cigarette.

"O. K., pal." She was trying hard now to be pleasant. "I'll take a hard walk downtown and back and do some shopping."

Judith nodded wanly.

"I won't be back till late, probably," she offered. "Helen said something about taking in a show."

Patsy got her things and left the flat. She had been gone scarcely ten minutes when the telephone rang. It was Prescott Cheney, calling Pat.

"I'm sorry, Scott," said Judith. "She's just gone out. Is there any message? And—oh—what's all this business about her resigning?"

"That's just it," groaned Cheney. "I lost my temper and blew up. I wanted to tell her so."

"I'll tell her," promised Judith.

"Tell her I'm sorry. I'm abject. I kiss her feet. I'll buy her all the chimpanzees in Africa, if she'll just forgive me. Tell her anything, Jude. Only fix it up for me—there's a dear!"

"You're a fool," laughed Judith. "You're a pair of fools."

She hung up. She dawdled around the flat for the next hour or so, doing inconsequential things with nervous indecision. Twice she went to the telephone and picked up the receiver—and twice, with nervous indecision, put back the instrument without calling a number. Finally, toward dinnertime, she took a bath and dressed herself for the evening with careful preoccupation. She left a note for Patience about Prescott's telephone call, and went out.

PAT finished her shopping and started to walk home up Park Avenue. She would go back to the flat and make herself a can-opener supper. Then she would sit down and think things out. And not just impulsively, this time. She and Prescott had both lost their tempers. That didn't matter—in itself—unless it was a symptom of an irreconcilable difference of standards.

Passionately now she wanted to help save Prescott's business: because she liked him, tremendously. But could she help him? Even if she managed to abandon her habits of scientific thoroughness, would hurrying do any good? Even temporarily? The trial-and-error method simply couldn't be hurried.

Patsy sighed and looked at her watch. It was unusual for Patsy to sigh. She was much more apt to meet trouble with a resolute frown than with the feminine sigh of resignation.

She walked on a few blocks more. At Sixty-sixth Street she glanced at the street sign. It brought Judith back to her mind. She felt too restless to go back to the lonely flat. She'd drop over to the club and play a few games with the marker, and perhaps run into Jude and say a word to take the curse off this afternoon's row. She'd been pretty rough with Jude. But she was really worried about her. The very qualities that made Jude tops in advertising made her too receptive to new and untested ideas of all sorts.

Patsy caught one of the markers with a free half hour, and had a good three-game workout. She took a shower and dressed, and came out feeling fit as a fiddle again. She looked through the glass peephole doors of the squash courts to see if Judith and Helen Stanhope were playing. Not there. Patsy thumbed over the court engagement book on the stand in the dressing room. No court reserved in either of their names. Well, they must have changed their minds. They were probably down at dinner now.

She took the elevator to the ground floor and stopped at the doorman's desk.

"Will you please see if Miss David and Miss Stanhope are in the club? They're dining here."

"Miss David hasn't been in today, ma'am," said the doorman. "And Miss Stanhope is in Florida. You can get the forwarding address at the office, ma'am."

"Oh," said Patsy, staring blankly. "Thank you. If Miss David comes in, tell her I'm in the coffeeroom."

She went up to the coffeeroom and glanced over the evening papers. But she could not focus her mind on them.

Every now and then she looked at her watch. Twice she went out and telephoned to her own flat. But all she got was the "Don't answer" report. Judith had not gone back there, either. Had Judith deliberately lied to her? If so—it was the first time in all the years they had known each other.

WHEN Dr. Minorcas Brown took his leave of Judith at the flat, he had not exaggerated when he told her that he had a busy afternoon ahead of him. He walked swiftly down the creaky old stairs, opened the street door, and trotted down the steps. His chauffeur, parked at the curb, had the motor going and the door held open.

"Back to the office," said Minorcas Brown. He lighted himself a cigarette and leaned back against the beautifully leathered but decently worn upholstery of the car. It was a very expensive Italian car, a good many years old, a good many times refinished; very expensive in upkeep and repair; very chastely indicative to those who knew—and those were the only ones who mattered to Dr. Brown—indicative of quietly assured wealth and position.

Dr. Brown was a self-made man hailing from Bangor, Maine. The bitterness toward all excellence and position above him, which he held and which might have warped a lesser man, had made Minorcas Brown—had turned him from a mere brainy man into a leading psychiatrist and a highly successful practitioner. He never lost his hate. He harnessed it into his technique. He had an almost simian imitativeness of excellence. But he did not stop at imitation. He strove to outdo. His taste was flawless. He outsnooted the snooty. He joined no clubs until he could join the best. But he never stopped hating.

The car drew up at his Park Avenue office. Dr. Brown hurried in. There were several patients in the anteroom. He stopped at his secretary's desk.

"Call Dr. Joseph Lucas at the Polydemic General and ask him if he could drop in to see me when he gets through at the hospital."

He went into his library, which was also his consulting room, and the first patient was ushered in. In two hours he had disposed of all those with appointments. He pressed the buzzer for the secretary.

"Dr. Lucas said he couldn't get here until around six thirty," she announced.

Dr. Brown pursed his lips reflectively. Six thirty would be cutting it a bit fine. Still, he could manage it. He nodded to his secretary.

"All right. We're all cleaned up, aren't we? You needn't stay any longer."

When Dr. Lucas came in, Minorcas was reading the evening paper with his feet up on the desk. There was a decanter of Scotch and glasses on a side table.

FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS...

We don't light THREE OFF-A-MATCH *Why?*

During the BOER WAR (1899-1902) the British soldiers started the custom of avoiding three lights from one match. They found it dangerous enough to light ONE cigarette at a time, foolhardy to light TWO, and to light THREE was sheer suicide. THREE lights gave the Boer sharpshooters time to set their sights and fire. Today this

HERE'S ANOTHER CUSTOM BASED ON FACT:

POUR GLENMORE ...YOU GET MORE
Glenmore
90 PROOF
ONE PINT
KENTUCKY Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

... that started in old Kentucky two generations ago. It's the preference for GLENMORE among those who insist upon a fine whiskey ... Distilled by the traditional GLENMORE formula ... Using only Kentucky's famous deep-well water. You can found a good custom for yourself. Pour GLENMORE ... you get more.

Glenmore
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON

Copr. 1938, Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.

Gold Label—100 Proof
Silver Label—90 Proof

• OTHER GLENMORE PRODUCTS •

GLENMORE'S
Kentucky Tavern
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.

Bottled in Bond—Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—100 Proof

A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskies — 90 Proof

GLENMORE'S
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.

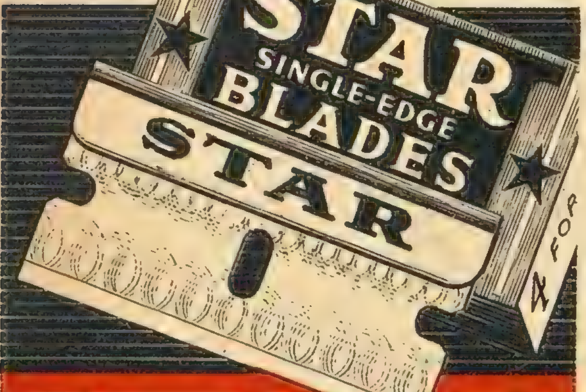
GLENMORE'S
Mint Springs
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—90 Proof

WHAT HAPPENED TO CROSS-PATCH?

★ **Folks call him "Smiles" since he discovered those keen Star Single-edge Blades. His tender skin is now happy. His lion whiskers march off like a lamb. Famous since 1880, there are 4 sharp Stars in every 10¢ package.**

Star Blade Division, Brooklyn, N. Y.



STAR *Blades* 4 FOR 10¢

FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

"Hello, Joe," he greeted him conversationally, as though he had last seen him yesterday instead of two years ago. "What do you know about Cheney Chemical?"

"I hear they're selling out to the Werfel crowd," said Dr. Lucas. He moved over to the whisky decanter and poured himself a generous drink. "What's on your mind, Min?"

"I want them to make a lot of money quickly."

Dr. Lucas raised sandy eyebrows over a pair of slightly bloodshot eyes.

"What's there in it for me?" he asked good-humoredly.

"Whatever is usual, I suppose," snapped Minorcas. "But it's got to be done without Cheney a party to it in any way. I want to help them in spite of themselves, and without their knowing it. And of course—nothing unethical. You understand that."

"Of course," echoed Joe Lucas, tilting his glass. "What is Cheney long of?"

"Long of?"

"Yes. Have they got a big inventory of some serum or drug they want to unload?"

"I don't know." Dr. Minorcas frowned in distaste. "That's up to you."

Dr. Lucas grinned disrespectfully.

"You never did like knowing what your left hand was doing, did you, Min? Now, me—I'm practical. And say, what put this idea into your head?"

"I saw Miss Judith David today," snapped Min. He seldom bothered to lie.

Joe Lucas covered his surprise with a look of mock alarm.

"What's she going to a psychiatrist for?" he demanded. "I hope she hasn't gone off the deep end and decided to marry me. I've been asking her for years. But you know how it is, Min."

"I think I know how it is," said Minorcas Brown gravely and with a touch of genuine compassion. He nodded toward the whisky glass in Lucas' hand. "Any better on that stuff, Joe?"

"No," said Lucas. He finished his drink and stood up. His bravado had gone. The hard-boiled hail-fellow veneer had fallen off. He looked, of a sudden, what he was: the gentleman who knew the better way and had taken the worse.

"I'll look into things down at the hospital," he said quietly. "I've got an idea. Couple of days be all right?"

"Yes."

MAY I have another shot?" asked Lucas. Dr. Min nodded. Joe Lucas poured himself a stiff three fingers and gulped it.

"Good night, Min. I'll let you know."

After Lucas had gone, Minorcas sat for a while lost in thought. He was sorry for Joe Lucas. The man was one of his oldest friends. Had given him his start here, really.

He felt no slightest squeamishness at the thought that Joe was still in love with Judith David. On the contrary, it added a sardonic zest to his anticipations. That, and an amused admiration of his own sang-froid when Joe had spoken of it: of the girl whom he, Minorcas Brown— He broke off the thought and roused himself. He looked at his watch.

He walked back into his private living room, that gave off his sleeping quarters, and rang for his man.

"Set out the stuff I ordered here in the living room, Richard," he said. "After that you may go. I shan't need you again tonight."

He went in, took a cold tub, and dressed in lounge clothes. When he came back twenty minutes later, the tray was set out on a low tea table facing the leather couch. The tray was laid for two. There were caviar and pâté sandwiches and cold fowl. On the floor beneath the table rested a champagne bucket.

DR. BROWN inspected everything with minute care. He looked at his watch. It would not be long now. He moved about, slowly, methodically—replacing a chair here and a screen there. He turned the wall lights on and off, studying the effect. He rearranged and patted into place the big soft pillows on the great leather couch—with almost a feminine delicacy of touch. He moved the shaded reading lamp on the table back of the couch so that it would bathe Judith's neck and shoulders in a soft pool of light.

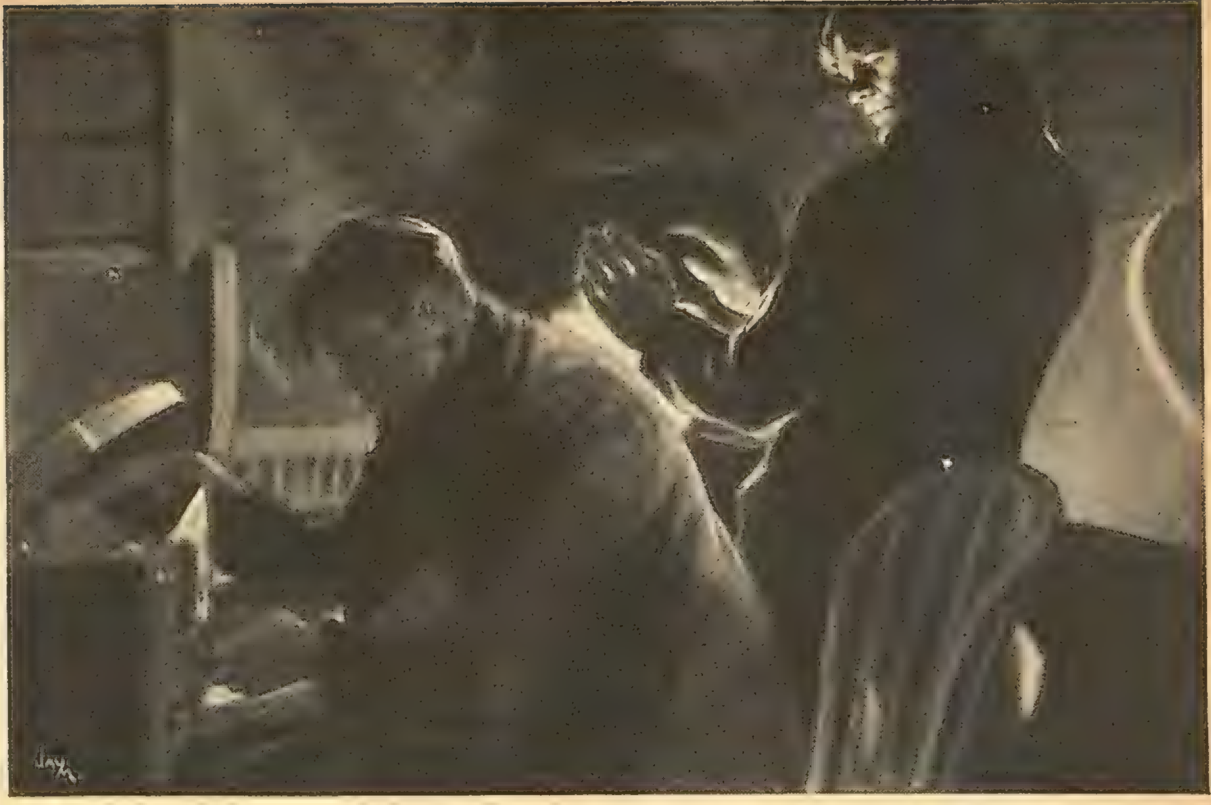
Only his unusual pallor betrayed his excitement: the excitement that he so loved and craved—the anticipatory excitement that belongs to the connoisseur of sex, and that is sometimes his keenest joy. To Judith, save as the means to his emotions, he gave but little thought. He had not succeeded yet. That part—the sadistic satisfaction of leveling down a Judith David to the Judy O'Gradys of the world—that part would come later. That cruel part, which he recognized in himself and neither deplored nor admired—that would come afterward. As it so often had before: the momentary appeasing of his hate for the Judiths and Prescotts and Patiences of that world to which he had not been born; the world he could never quite reach—though he knew himself to be above it.

He looked at his watch and gave a final pat to the pillows. As he straightened up, there was a low, steady tapping at the private door. Very deliberately Minorcas stopped to light a cigarette. He loved to prolong these last titillating moments. Then, with a contained half smile, he walked over and opened the door.

Patience Carmichael walked in.

Is the cynical and urbane Minorcas Brown equal to the situation? What will he do when Judith walks in upon them in another moment? And which of the two women will come out on top? Dynamite is in the air, and you may expect the explosion in next week's Liberty.

NO PICTURES



Liberty's Short Short

BY JAMES R. WEBB

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BILL limped in and grunted, "If you was a man you'd go help those guys, instead of messing around with them wires." He blew on his hands and held them over the stove. It was about ten below out there. "If I didn't have this game leg I'd go myself," he said.

I just turned my back and went on trying to fix the radio. The receiving part worked, but the rest was on the fritz.

"What's the announcer been sayin'?" Bill asked.

"That the searching planes are sunk until daylight, unless the lost plane can send up flares."

The announcer spouted on in his phony English accent:

". . . rawther definitely established the plane must be down somewhere near the Canadian border, probably between Beaufort and Port William. Dick Bennett, pilot of the chartered plane, is a veteran, but it is feared he may have attempted a landing on some lake only partially frozen over, as the freeze-up has been very late this year. The plane is equipped with skids, but as it is a land ship . . ."

Bill says, "He ain't missed it far."

". . . However," the voice continued like a breath of Oxford-on-the Bronx, "any one sighting the plane is warned to approach cautiously. The ship refueled at lonely Three Pines airport, near where the escaped convicts from Brinkley Prison were reported seen a week ago, and they may have stowed aboard and forced it to land at some lonely spot . . ."

"How do you like them apples?" Bill grunted.

I didn't say anything. I was thinking of the plane nosed over on that little submerged island, wondering if anybody was still alive. It would have been a cinch to haul them out if the ice hadn't been thin in some places and the night pitch-dark.

"If anybody's alive out there," Bill mused, not looking at me, "he's froze too stiff to harm a fly."

"What of it?" I flared up. "A bunch o' lousy millionaires goin' to a cushy huntin' camp in a plane!"

Bill nodded. Then, after a minute, "It's funny. A guy—a trapper, say—can shoot somethin' an' think nothin' of it, but he'll risk pneumonia to keep even a mean varmint like a fox from dyin' slow in a trap, like them millionaires are doin' — if there's any still alive. . . ."

"A guy wouldn't live ten minutes if he broke through that thin ice an' fell in. You know he wouldn't, Bill."

"Yeah," Bill said. Then he rubbed his game leg. He says, "Y' know, that old sled wouldn't break through. A feller lyin' on that sled an' pushin' himself along with his hands—"

"Yeah," I said. "But how would he bring them guys back, huh?"

"Well, I figger if a feller put a man or so on that sled an' then lay down flat on the ice himself an' pushed it or pulled it— O' course he'd have to be real strong in the arms an' legs. He'd have to be a *big* moose. Take two-three trips to get 'em all."

Bill sitting there so innocent, like he don't know I stand six foot one and weigh one ninety. It made me mad. And finally I got up and took a snort from our only bottle. "All right, damn you," I said. "I'll go!"

Bill didn't say anything. I put on some clothes. I went out and got the sled. I looked back once as I pushed myself along, lying face down on the sled, and I could see Bill standing there in the doorway.

When I reached the plane, nosed over in the mud of the little submerged island, I was pretty bad off with the cold and I had a terrible time getting the door open. With my flashlight I could see the pilot was plenty dead. The nose had crumpled up on him. But three of the five millionaires seemed alive. I guess they had been too dazed to get out, and then the cold had got them.

It was hard work snaking them out of there and making all three millionaires stick on the sled. I knew I couldn't make but one trip in that cold, sliding on my stomach that way.

Bill came when I yelled and helped me haul them inside. "What, no escaped cons?" he asked, sort of grinning. "That'll sure burn up that radio announcer."

When we had worked over them till they showed signs of life, I said, "These guys will be needing a doc."

"It's O. K.," Bill grunted. "I got the sending set to working—just a wire loose. A rescue plane will be here in an hour."

I just looked at him, wondering if he knew I'd pulled that wire loose, and then we strapped on our packs. We didn't say much for a while after we started. Bill was having more trouble on snowshoes with that bum leg than when we tramped in here two days before. It would be at least ten miles before we could camp. And I felt pretty bad about leaving that swell summer cabin with the two-way radio. We'd have been safe there till spring if that lousy plane hadn't crashed in our front yard.

"Gee," Bill says finally, stopping to rest, "we been saps all our lives. If we wasn't cons, we could've been heroes. With our pictures in the paper an' everything."

"Yeah," I said, and I felt pretty bad.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

MICKEY ROONEY GOES HOLLYWOOD –

An eye-opening look at the private life of an astonishing young man

BY HOWARD SHARPE

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

MICKEY'S the man of the hour in Hollywood, and I don't mean Mickey Mouse. This one's last name is Rooney, and when you first talk to him you feel that there has never been any one quite so grown-up at seventeen.

Then you look closely at his eyes, and realize he is laughing a little at you for taking him so big, but more at himself for his solemn maturity. For Hollywood in general he has a special secret guffaw that may eventually get him into trouble. At last, after twelve years of hard work as a child actor, he's in a position to have some fun with the make-believe town which he sees from the disillusioned detachment of his great age. He's a fabulous adolescent with a five-feet-two-inch wiry body and a bitter intelligence that spews the wisdom of middle age from the mouth of youth.

If you've a critical eye for art you will readily admit that he's one of the finest actors on the screen today. And if you've any sense of humor you've got to love as well as admire him. Outside of his work, which includes making about ten superb pictures a year, leading a swing band, and composing quite creditable popular songs, he finds time to hold a reflecting mirror up to Hollywood. The mirror is brutal but Mickey's cheerful grin softens the shock.

The awareness that little tough nut Mickey (Himself) McGuire had grown into the still little but far-more-subtle-about-it-all Mickey Rooney—seventeen—began to hit his associates between the eyes about the time Metro assigned him the role of Andy Hardy in the Judge Hardy series. He began wearing a hat then, usually at an outrageous angle, and bought himself a roadster. People began seeing him at an occasional night club, dancing with one young cutie or another.

His language had a new keynote. "Dames," he remarked to several people, "are the nuts. But they do you wrong, and then where are ya?"

He had long observed with a critical quirk on his mouth (and a touch of envy in his eyes) the smart dark men in white jackets who waited within earshot of star contemporaries like Franchot Tone and Clark Gable on the set. At an almost unnoticeable movement from Franchot's wrist, his Oriental would slither up, proffering expensive cigarettes or ready with a whisk broom. Gable always bawled the name of his man, but got the same results.

Hollywood was startled when Mickey appeared insufferably one day with a Negro named Sylvester in tow. "My valet," he explained with casual inflection. After that, whenever Sylvester was in use, Mickey's accent became a little British.

Shortly after the acquisition of the gentleman's gentleman, word went around that Mickey was going to buy a large house in the manicured Bel Air district. There he would live with his mother. The dispatches hinted that there would be an unpretentious swimming pool, a tennis court or two, and a Duesenberg extension on the garage.

The town frowned at this. It was going a little too far—striking home too sharply.

Allowing time for full digestion of his meaning, Mickey announced that he had found nothing that suited him. "For a while," he explained to me, "we'll be content with the apartment. Then I intend to build—nothing extravagant. Just twelve or fourteen rooms. Cozy and comfortable." His face was inscrutable.

The apartment is in the highly swank Montecito. There Mickey has Cornelius Vanderbilt for neighbor.

While we talked I remembered his background, his story. His real name is Joe Yule, Jr., born only son of Nell Brown and Joe Yule, Brooklyn burlesque team.

At eleven months they dressed him in a miniature tuxedo and put him in the act. By the time he was old enough to read there was nothing he did not know. Precocity was forced upon him—that and the need for personal brass, the inadvisability of letting anything faze him, ever.

When he was five years old, pictures grabbed him from the Will Morrissey Revue to play an adult midget. He was a cinch for the part. No grown-up real midget could have been so convincingly world-weary.

You saw him after that in Tom Mix's My Pal the King and in Clyde Beatty's The Big Cage. Your children went to matinees as well brought up respectful kids and came swaggering home as horrifying brats, after seeing Joe Yule, Jr., play Mickey (Himself) McGuire, boss bully in the kid comedy series. It was about then that cinema's little tough guy became Mickey Rooney.

It was amazingly many years before Hollywood and America discovered the kid was a fine artist. Then they chose him to play Puck in Midsummer Night's Dream. After that he made forty pictures in a year and a half.

About that time the Judge Hardy series started, with the Rooney as Andy Hardy. And that cinched everything. It was a beautiful portrayal of a character with universal appeal, and America saw and wrote its approval, and Metro beamed, and Mickey had a new contract.

Here, Betty Jaynes, young singer, is the lucky girl.

"Being Andy is just relaxation," he said to me. "It's scenes like the one I have to do today . . ."

Just then his call came. I watched the take—a highly dramatic sequence for Boys Town in which he had to break down before a large audience of other kids and cry on Spencer Tracy's shoulder. He came back to the dressing room with his eyes red, still snuffling a little. His face, drawn and pale, was strangely incongruous under the shock of wheat-colored hair. He held out his hand, which was shaking. "You see?"

I had come to see him with the thought of what was supposed to be his latest—and most frantic—escapade in mind. A famous columnist had recently voiced what Hollywood had been whispering: that Mickey had secretly married the girl he had been dating for the past year.

Mickey himself brought the matter up a little later. "Do you know what I have to face?" he asked. "Yesterday a member of my own publicity department came to me and wanted to know the truth—if I—I . . ." He appeared to choke. "If I had gotten *married!* Secretly *married!*"

"I'd heard it."

His face wore a scornful expression. "So I'm seventeen, and the law says twenty-one," he snorted sarcastically.

ONE BETTER

Top: Maestro Rooney, band leader, takes a Stokowsky-like pose. Below (in center): as Mickey (Himself) McGuire.

"So wouldn't it show on the Marriage Bureau records?"

"They've got an answer for that. Mexico."

"I've had time to drive to Mexico, haven't I? Sundays 've been my only time off in two years." He scowled. "So, say I'm married. Could I live with her? Would it do me any good?"

Mickey's energy is nervous, apparently inexhaustible. He gets up at seven o'clock instead of six, because he doesn't have to worry about make-up. He rushes through the day at the studio, playing his scenes with unerring finesse. Between scenes he sits at a piano and works up melodies in the popular vein—and he's just done something so good Alice Faye has promised to plug it.

Incidentally, Alice is one of his passions. When she was in the hospital, ill, a box of flowers arrived bearing his card. She saw him later, thanked him.

He waved her gratitude away. "Think nothing of it. I do it all the time."

But she is in a different, an adult world. His consists of the baseball teams he organizes on the lot, the endless work he does, the evenings he spends in his own way. Until recently they consisted of dancing or driving with one particular girl.

He now has a more catholic choice, but when you ask him about the girl who apparently held his heart for such a long time, his eyes, for once, cease to meet yours. "Aw, that's over," he says, embarrassed. His scattered statements, containing a new cynicism about girls—"They're out now," and "Dames are the bunk, as far as I'm concerned," and "I've a career; no thought of romance or marriage till I'm at least twenty-five"—all may imply a far greater tragedy than broken love can bring to older, more seasoned amorists.

Booth Tarkington's Seventeen portrait does not fit Mickey. He's a 1938 edition of the age. He says detachedly, "Necking's all right, but it ain't necessary. It's nice, of course, to kiss your gal good night." He says, "I like 'em older. I've lost out on childhood, I'm too old for my age. So I play smart, see? Besides, it gives me prestige."

His weekly allowance is thirty-five dollars, and he doesn't always spend it all. He takes care of his own finances, scorning the services of a business manager. He probably would have hired one, to match the valet and the projected house and all his other satirical gestures at Going Hollywood (one better)—but he'd have to let the man do something, and that would stop Mickey.

He has been smart. He has now, through his own investments, a number of annuities. One will pay him $750 a month when he's twenty-one, $1,000 when he's thirty. He probably won't need the money. If he is not making ten times that in pictures, he can keep himself going by writing songs, by running a swing band, or by simply organizing things. What is more likely is that he will do all these things as side lines to being a successful Hollywood producer, which is what he is training himself for.

"I believe you can do a lot of things well, if you've got ambition and intelligence," he told me seriously. "I've got a head start, and I'm lucky. I want, uh, the people who have become my public since I've, uh, become a little more—ark, shall we say 'well known'?—to think of me as just a good guy working hard to get somewhere. Not cocky or conceited."

In his deep sincerity, he got up to pace his tiny shabby dressing room; and he knocked the clothes tree, with his three suits on it, to the floor. Instinctively he bent to right it—then, halfway down, he paused.

He straightened. He went to the door. His voice cracked with authority—and with amusement.

"SYLVY!" he roared. "Come here!"

THE END

LOSE THE WOMAN!

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

TO forget Trudie Bechtel, who is married to a rich and brutal husband, Lawrence March, a young writer, flees to the little Mexican town of Acapulco. Six weeks after his arrival, Trudie and Ben Bechtel turn up, and on the same day Curtis Frazier, a cold-eyed soldier of fortune, flies down in his own plane. March is sure that Bechtel has found out about his and Trudie's affair and has hired Frazier to help him kill them both. He also suspects that Trudie, driven to desperation by Ben's cruelty, is planning to murder her husband.

On the advice of Glenda Neil, a young poet who is in love with him, March decides to leave town. But he discovers that his car keys are missing. Immediately he jumps to the conclusion that Bechtel has had Frazier steal them.

That night, with Glenda, Norma Considine, her prim and domineering friend, the Bechtels, Frazier, Durham Phillipson, a drunken English photographer, and Maida del Roche, a down-at-heel ex-movie star, March goes to a dance hall. Bechtel offends a Mexican, who leaps toward him with a knife, but Noel Hawkins, a half-Negro, half-Mexican guide, saves his life. Another Mexican attacks Noel and March hits him with a beer bottle. The next day he hears that the man is dead and that his friends are bent on revenge. Acapulco is no longer a safe place for him or Noel. Because of this, he accepts Bechtel's invitation to go on a hunting trip to Chacahua. Noel is hired as cook.

In the meantime Glenda has found March's keys in a bag belonging to Norma Considine! Is Norma in league with Bechtel, March wonders, or has she some reason of her own for wanting to keep him in Acapulco?

Glenda again urges him to leave; she even offers to go with him. But he is now determined to go on the hunting trip in order to be near Trudie if she needs him.

Later Trudie tells him that Glenda and Norma have accepted Bechtel's last-minute invitation to join the hunting party. And she also informs him that friends of the dead Mexican are downstairs, getting uglier with every drink. He wonders how he is going to leave the *pension* and board the Chacahua-bound freighter without their seeing him.

PART SIX—BECHTEL DROPS HIS MASK

PACKING a small Gladstone with the things I might need on the trip, I piled my other luggage beside the door and put a note on it asking Don Manuel to take care of it for me. Then I settled down to wait, chain-smoking cigarettes and working myself into a swell case of jitters.

Along about five o'clock there was a quiet knock on the door and I heard a husky whisper: "Mr. March! It's Noel."

I opened the door and the kid came in; he was grinning, as usual, and seemed excited.

"How'd you get here?" I asked quickly.

"I come over the hill and slid in through the kitchen."

"There are some men on the terrace laying for me."

"I know. I heard about it in town. That's why I come out. I was afraid you might bust right into 'em."

"Well, what's your plan?" I asked.

"I got a friend comin' for us in a canoe. I ain't looked, but he ought to be over by the rocks right now. We'll sneak out of here by the back way, circle around through the brush, and when we spot him we'll make a quick run for it. Even if these Mexicans see us, we'll be too far away for them to do anything."

"That part of it seems all right, but we'll never make it from here to the dock in a canoe by six o'clock."

"We ain't goin' to the dock. The first mate of the Merida is a friend of mine and I sent word to him to pick us up out in the channel."

We got out of the place without any trouble, and when we came down off the hillside we found an Indian boy waiting for us in a dugout canoe near the rocks at the east end of the beach. We piled in, grabbed paddles, and fell to work. Noel looked back after a while, said:

"Them guys never even seen us."

I knew he was disappointed but I didn't say anything; it was the kind of disappointment I liked.

The sun, already behind the island, sank fast. Almost before we knew it there was a canopy of stars hanging close under the blue-black dome of the sky.

The water grew steadily rougher as we drew away from land; nearly every wave threw spray over us and we were soon drenched. The young Indian in the stern finally shouted a long string of staccato Spanish.

Noel tossed half a coconut shell back to me.

"He says bail."

As I was already sitting in six inches of water I was willing enough. Noel and his friend paddled as though their lives depended on it, and I bailed in the same way.

The short choppy waves gave way at last to a long ground swell. The canoe shipped no more water and I was able finally to stop bailing and pick up a paddle again. When the lighthouse on top of the island was dead astern I knew we were in the middle of the main channel.

The Indian boy ordered us to stop.

We laid our paddles across the gunwales and looked back across the wide harbor. Fully a mile away there was a light with red and green running lights below and to either side of it.

"The Merida?" I asked.

"*Si*," the Indian boy said.

When the dumpy little freighter was only a hundred yards away Noel started to yell. Almost immediately we heard the jangle of her engine-room bell, the chug-chug-chug of her Diesel died, and then started up again as the engine went into reverse.

The Indian expertly put our canoe alongside and Noel leaped on to the deck, which was less than three feet above the water. I handed him my bag and followed. The engine-room bell jangled, the canoe sheered into the darkness, and we were off for Chacahua.

The mess boy appeared out of the darkness, took my bag, and said something to Noel.

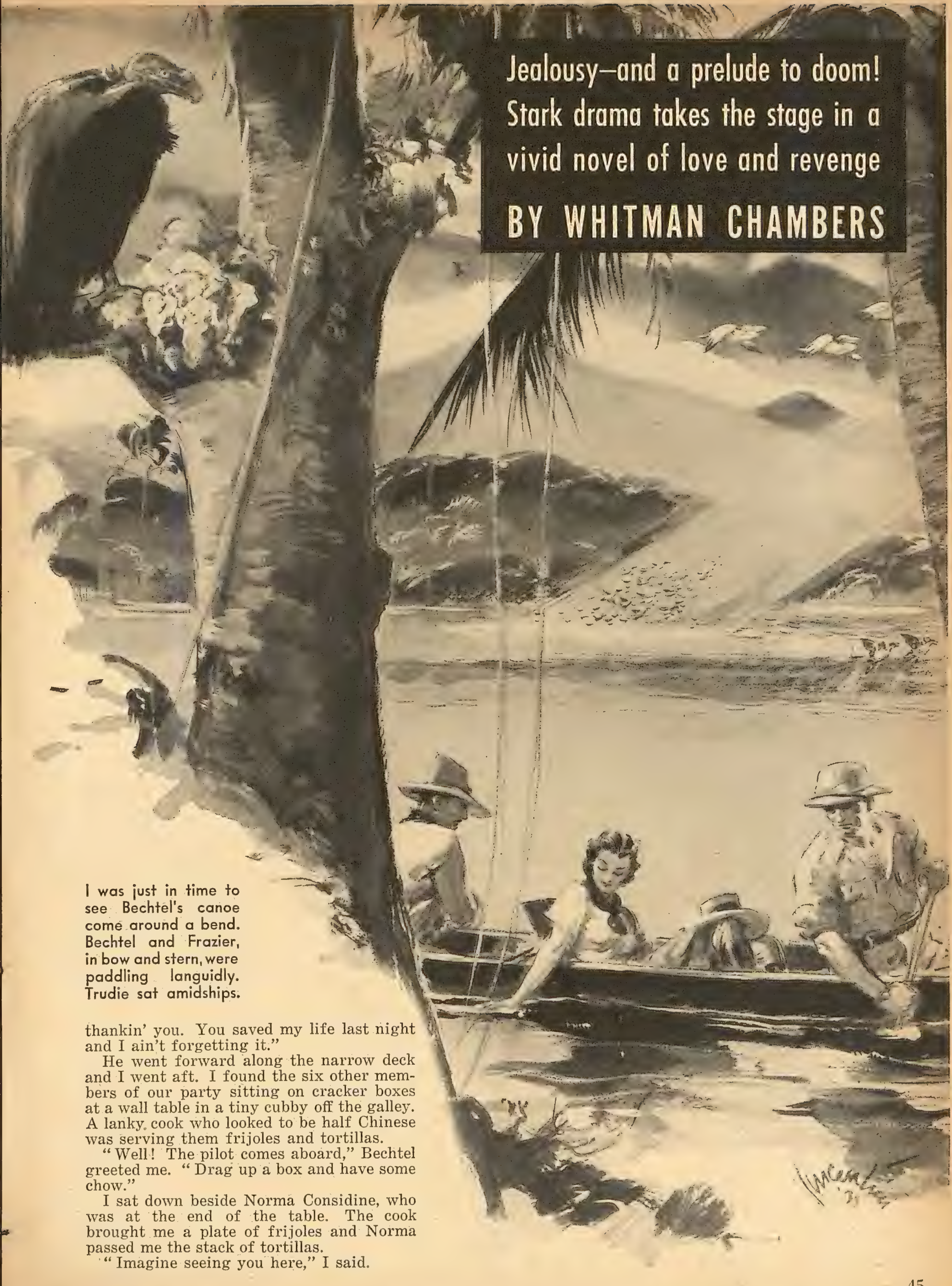
"I'm goin' forward and see my friend the mate," Noel told me. "This boy says all your friends are aft, eatin' supper."

"O. K., Noel. Thanks again."

"Don't thank me, Mr. March. I'm the one to be

Jealousy—and a prelude to doom! Stark drama takes the stage in a vivid novel of love and revenge

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS



I was just in time to see Bechtel's canoe come around a bend. Bechtel and Frazier, in bow and stern, were paddling languidly. Trudie sat amidships.

thankin' you. You saved my life last night and I ain't forgetting it."

He went forward along the narrow deck and I went aft. I found the six other members of our party sitting on cracker boxes at a wall table in a tiny cubby off the galley. A lanky cook who looked to be half Chinese was serving them frijoles and tortillas.

"Well! The pilot comes aboard," Bechtel greeted me. "Drag up a box and have some chow."

I sat down beside Norma Considine, who was at the end of the table. The cook brought me a plate of frijoles and Norma passed me the stack of tortillas.

"Imagine seeing you here," I said.

She managed a slight smile. "Are you surprised?"

"Not at anything."

"Mr. Bechtel asked us if we'd like to come along, and it was such a wonderful opportunity—"

"To get off the beaten track. I know the patter by heart, Norma. Pass that pot of coffee, will you?"

I poured myself a cup of coffee and went to work on the frijoles.

"You must have had a rough ride out in that canoe, Mr. March," said Trudie Bechtel. "Aren't you soaked?"

"I'm more than damp," I admitted, "but wet clothes in this country are no great inconvenience."

"Can't I lend you something, old man?" Bechtel offered. "It wouldn't be a bit of trouble."

"No, I'll be all right. Thanks just the same."

His friendliness, along with the fact that he appeared to be cold sober, was surprising and in a way disconcerting. Seeing him now, amiable, evidently enjoying himself, I found myself almost liking him—until I thought of those bruises on Trudie. And then I hoped it wouldn't be too long to a showdown.

After we'd all finished eating, Bechtel said:

"Come on, March. I'll show you your quarters."

He led me to the three staterooms on the starboard side. The first, he said, was his and his wife's. The next would be occupied by the two girls and Miss del Roche. The last was Phillipson's and mine. He reached in and switched on the light. The room was almost exactly four by six feet and had three narrow berths along the wall.

"Well, make yourself comfortable, March," he said. "I'm going to turn in. Had a hard day and a worse night. Certainly glad you're with us."

Oh, yes? Just how glad are you? And just why are you glad?

I watched him walk down the pitching deck to his stateroom. There he paused, peered back at me through the darkness, called: "The field is yours, March. A moon, a tropic sea, and a flock of lovely ladies. Make the most of it, old man."

I heard him laughing as he disappeared into his cabin.

WELL, I found the field to myself, all right. Maida got seasick and retired to her berth. Phillipson began to feel squeamish and went to his stateroom. And within an hour after dinner Norma turned a bit green and decided she'd better lie down.

We sat on the deck, Trudie and Glenda and I, with our feet hanging over the side only a few inches above the phosphorescent foam that rushed past with a swooshing hiss. Dead ahead the round yellow moon hung low on the dark horizon. Right above us, in the pilothouse, we could just make out the face of the helmsman, swarthy and inscrutable in the dim glow of the binnacle lamp. The breeze was warm and fresh and clean-smelling.

It was pleasant sitting there in the darkness, breathing deep of that fine salty air, swaying to the motion of the sturdy little freighter.

"Pretty nice," I said, after a long silence.

"It's grand," Glenda agreed.

"I think I love it almost as much as you do, Larry," Trudie said softly. "And I know how you like it. You've talked about it so much—your own good sturdy boat and the wide sea, night, and the stars— It's a beautiful dream, dear. . . . I suppose, Miss Neil, he's talked about it to you?" There was a slightly rising inflection and the gentlest of sarcasm in her tone.

"Yes, Mrs. Bechtel, he has," said Glenda.

"I've been talking about it since I was five years old," I said. "And talk is all I'll ever do, I guess."

"Don't be bitter, darling," said Glenda.

"No—*dear*," Trudie rejoined, "don't be bitter. You'll get a break before long."

"Only one writer in a thousand ever makes enough to own a yacht," I said.

"But you'll write a best seller one of these days," Trudie remarked, "or sell one of your stories to the movies—or something."

"Or something!" Glenda echoed softly.

And right there the spell, the mood of the night, was broken and I came jolting back to earth.

Or something! Sure! Cinch! All I have to do is kill Ben Bechtel, and marry Trudie, and then I can buy six yachts if I want them.

I felt some one tap me on the shoulder. It was Noel.

"I wanna see you a minute, Mr. March," he said.

I caught hold of the rail and pulled myself to my feet. Noel led the way aft to the dining cubby. Two members of the crew were playing a card game and the cabin boy was sound asleep on the table. Noel picked up a magazine and handed it to me; it was one of those sensational picture weeklies, printed in Mexico City on the cheapest of slick sepia paper. The picture of a man in uniform stared at me arrogantly from the opened page.

"You reco'nize him?" Noel asked, grinning.

"Certainly," I said. "Translate that caption."

"Well, it says, 'Franco's ground strafer. After a year's fighting with the Spanish Rightist Army—Captain Curtis Frazier—has returned to the United States. Frazier is credited with downing—sixteen government planes—and gained a—a reputation as—as the most vicious—ground strafer in the Rebel army.'"

"A ground strafer, huh? Well, I can't think of anybody lower than a man who'd specialize in that kind of slaughter in somebody else's war. Killing for fun."

"And for dough," said Noel, no longer grinning.

"And for dough," I echoed. "Well, a man like that wouldn't have any compunctions, would he, Noel?"

"Huh?"

"I say, having killed hundreds of people, he could readily be hired to kill a couple more. For a price."

"That's right, Mr. March. A guy like that just ain't got no heart."

"Well, where would you like to go from here, Noel?"

Noel shrugged, grinned. "It don't make no difference where we'd like to go, Mr. March. We're goin' to Chacahua whether we like it or not."

AND at nine o'clock the following morning the Merida rounded a rocky point of land, pulled into a sheltered cove, and dropped her hook near a rusty can buoy a few hundred yards from the mouth of a shallow river. The chain was still rattling through the hawsepipe when we saw the natives putting out of the mouth of the river in their big cargo dugouts.

We all lined up along the rail to watch them run the high surf, and it was a fine sight to see those Negritos stand to their long sweeps and fight through the smoking combers. In their high-water cotton pants and their red head scarfs, every man carrying a knife in his belt, they looked like a cutthroat crew off the Spanish Main.

We were ferried ashore, one or two at a time, with our equipment and supplies, on top of sacks of flour and cases of gasoline consigned to a village up the river. In a grove of stately coconut palms a few hundred yards back from the beach we found a shady and reasonably cool site for our camp.

Bechtel, very much the big-game hunter in a pith helmet, gave his orders for making camp and departed up the river with two native boatmen to mark out the landing field. By the time he got back, just after noon, Phillipson and I had pitched the tent, slung the hammocks, and got the camp in shape, while Noel had turned out a passable lunch.

I think we all enjoyed that meal; we were hungry, we were exhilarated by the strangeness of our surroundings, and everybody seemed in a cheerful mood. Bechtel was good company, Phillipson was amusing, Maida was her gayest, and even Norma managed a smile once or twice.

We were just finishing lunch when Noel called, "Look!" and pointed at the beach. We saw a huge shadow swooping along over the white sand and almost immediately heard the singing note of a plane gliding down with a dead motor.

"He's going to land on the beach!" Maida exclaimed.

"The fool!" Bechtel cried. "That sand is soft! He'll crack up!"

Then we heard the motor roar as Frazier cut it in. We all ran out of the palm grove just in time to see the big red ship bank sharply and come back over the camp. Frazier circled us twice at an altitude of a few hundred feet, waved, and finally headed up the river.

The change that had come over us was as sudden as a tropic dawn. That great gray shadow sweeping along the beach had marked an end to laughter. I, Bechtel, Trudie, all of us, were abruptly taut.

I found myself standing beside Glenda. As the others walked slowly back into the shade, she said: "I see we have them down here too."

I looked up. Three vultures were circling lazily over our camp.

"They must have come down from Acapulco with the Big Shot." I laughed, though there was nothing amusing about those big black bald-headed scavengers.

"The Merida is going," Glenda remarked breathlessly.

The freighter, looking unbelievably small and frail, was heading out of the cove.

"Yes," I said; "she's going on to Salina Cruz."

"We're so—so—cut off," she said, looking out over the brown hills that swept down to the blue water.

"Except for Frazier."

"Yes. Except for Frazier."

AS we strolled back to camp I stopped beside Trudie, who was sitting, unrelaxed, in a hammock.

"Well, how do you like camping, Mrs. Bechtel?" And in a lower tone: "Do you realize we haven't been alone a minute today?"

"It's a lot of fun, Mr. March. . . . You've been alone — with *her!*"

"It's quite a change from Acapulco, isn't it? . . . I wasn't with the girl two minutes."

"Yes, quite a change. . . . She has that dying-calf look on her face again. She has it every time she's been with you."

"I hope Mr. Bechtel won't be disappointed in the shooting. . . . I wish you'd get your mind off Glenda and think about ourselves."

"I'm *sure,* Mr. March, he is going to *enjoy* the shooting."

Good heavens, haven't I got enough on my hands without having to contend with a jealous woman?

At that moment I chanced to glance around. Ben Bechtel, striding out of the tent, saw me bending over Trudie. His face twitched, his lips turned sullen, and all at once there was red rage in his bloodshot eyes. He started toward us. He didn't look at me but there was no mistaking his hostile, truculent attitude as he snapped:

"There's a canoe down there on the beach, March. Take it and go up the river and get Frazier. . . . Move, will you?"

His right hand moved in a significant gesture, and for the first time I saw the .45 Colt slung low on his hip. I knew then that Ben Bechtel had dropped his mask for good. And it was time I dropped mine.

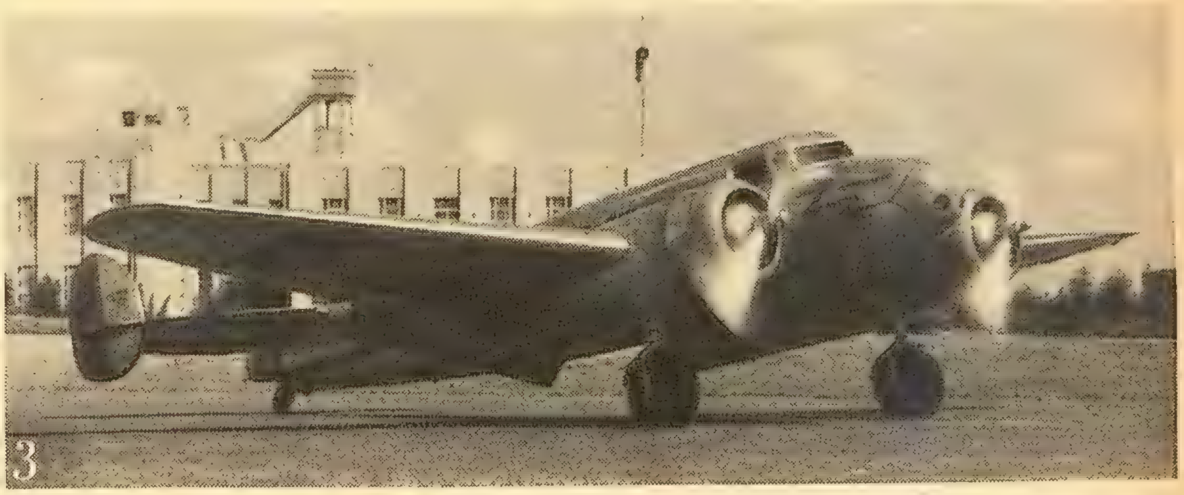
"Are you going to get started?" Bechtel shouted angrily.

"No," I said. "If you want your man Friday ferried down, you can go after him yourself. . . . Move over, Trudie. I'd like to sit down."

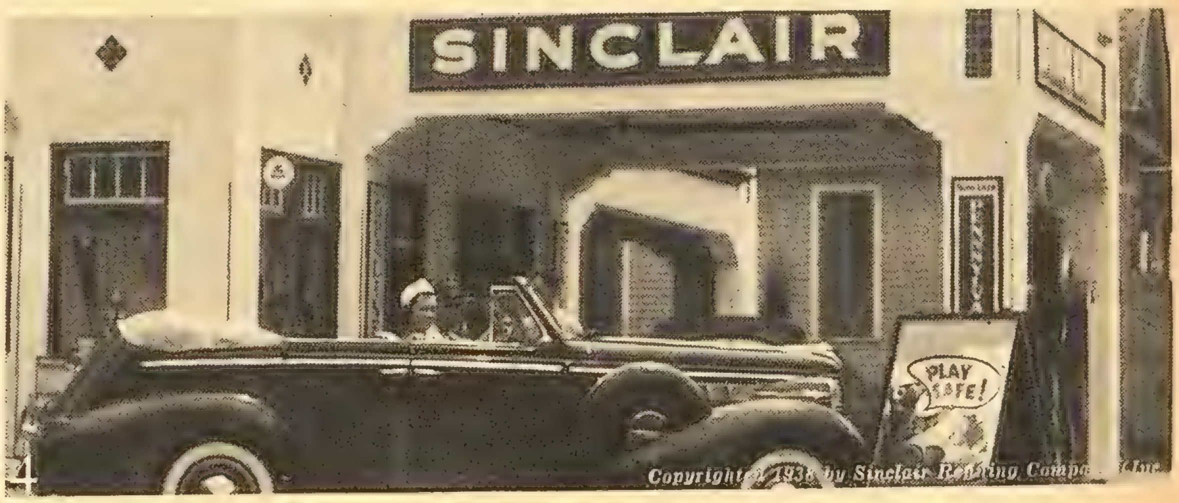
The little clearing in the deep shade of the coco palms was abruptly taut.

Captain Ben Catlin and Captain "Skip" Sterling take time off for . . .

. . . a fishing trip between their regular runs as officers of . . .



. . . Chicago and Southern Air Lines. This is one of the important air transport companies which rely on Sinclair lubricants exclusively. You can . . .



. . . get the same brand of lubricants for your car at your nearby Sinclair dealer's. Right now he is offering a special "Sinclair-ize for Winter" service, which prepares your car for winter as its manufacturer recommends. Ask him about it.

Phillipson, telling one of his tiresome anecdotes to Glenda and Norma, had stopped with his mouth open. The two girls stared incredulously at Bechtel. Maida del Roche, who had seen plenty of tumult in her time, was watching us with a quizzical eye. Noel, squatting over his charcoal fire, grinned at me and winked.

Trudie sat frozen in the hammock, her worried dark eyes darting back and forth between her husband and me.

I said, "Trudie, would you be kind enough to move over. Or, Mrs. Bechtel, don't I know you well enough to call you Trudie?"

Ben Bechtel's face was apoplectically red. "You know her too *damned* well!" he blurted. And then, as though to pull up the mask just a little for the benefit of the others, he added: "You kissed her at that taxi dance."

"I took my cue when I saw you kissing Miss del Roche," I said pleasantly. "I suppose we both went a bit too far that night. It must have been the moon."

Bechtel was so mad he was practically sputtering. I, on the other hand, was enjoying myself. I knew he didn't dare turn the cards face up on the table—not before all these witnesses anyway; and I was confident the gun he'd buckled on was pure bluff. If it was his idea to haze me a bit before Frazier polished me off, he was making a bad start.

WHEN Trudie saw that I was determined to sit down, she edged over in the hammock and I moved in beside her. She was trembling.

"You're a pretty tough guy, aren't you, March?" Bechtel blustered.

"On the contrary," I denied. "I merely don't like to take orders unless they're given pleasantly."

"A pretty tough guy," he repeated. Nothing but his voice was aggressive now; you could see he wanted to back down and didn't know how. He fumbled in his voluminous pocket for a cigarette, brought it out and lit it with unsteady pudgy fingers.

"Well, it's a great note," he growled, "when a man can't get a little co-operation around here. Somebody has to go up the river and get Frazier and"—the man was almost whining—"and I've been up there once today. It's hot out in the sun on that river. All I want is a little co-operation to make this trip a success."

"Haven't you had it?" I retorted. "What do you think the rest of us did all morning while a couple of Negritos paddled you up the river to stick four flags in the ground?"

"I know you worked, March. All of you, but—"

Trudie stood up abruptly. "Some one, certainly, should get up the river and see if Frazier landed all right. For all you people know, standing around squabbling, he may have cracked up. He might be injured."

I stared at her in amazement. *All right, Trudie. Suppose he is injured. Suppose he's killed. Who cares?*

"I c'n go up for him, Mrs. Bechtel," Noel offered.

Trudie looked at her husband; stood waiting. Ben shrugged, said: "You'd better stay here, Noel, and clean up the lunch things."

"Ben, how far is it to that field?" Trudie asked.

"Less than a mile."

"All right, let's go. You and I together. I can handle a paddle. Come on, Ben."

They walked away without another word.

When they were out of earshot Phillipson began to laugh in that hoarse, peculiarly offensive way he had.

"By Jove, I never saw a man go big-game hunter so fast. That hat! That gun! That coat! And giving orders like a safari leader six months on the trail."

Glenda looked at me. Her gray eyes were worried.

"It was odd," she said, "the way he changed as soon as Frazier flew over."

"Nothing odd about it," Norma asserted. "The man is an insufferable bully, and seeing another one of his kind about to join us, he was suddenly full of confidence. I think Larry put him in his place very neatly."

"Such praise, Norma, is praise indeed," I said. "You don't seem to like our Mr. Bechtel."

"He's a stupid boor," she declared flatly.

"Then why did you come on the trip?"

"It was a chance to—"

"I know. A chance to get off the beaten track. Well, we're a long ways off it now and we'll get back on it only by Frazier's sufferance. So be nice to him, baby, be nice to him."

"Be nice to Frazier!" Maida del Roche laughed. "You might as well try to warm up to a refrigerator coil. The man has no nerves, and, if you ask me, no heart."

"You've characterized him neatly, Maida," I remarked. "Curtis Frazier, you see, fought with the Spanish Rebels and became famous as a ground strafer."

"Not really!" Glenda gasped.

"Of course he doubtless killed his share of the women and children of Madrid," I went on, "but the ground strafing of troops was his forte."

"Nice fellow!" said Maida. She stifled a yawn. "But let's forget him for a while and take a siesta."

Phillipson yawned and lay back in his hammock. "I'm all for that, old girl."

We all lay down in our hammocks, which we had strung from palm to palm in a circle in front of the tent. It was now the hottest time of the day. There was no breeze. The palm fronds hung limp and dejected, the boom of the surf was muted. I felt sorry for Trudie, out there on the river, but not too sorry. It had been her own suggestion to go with Ben.

Lying there half asleep, I wondered vaguely why she had gone. Finally I dozed off and woke up a little while later drenched with perspiration. I sat up, saw the others were all asleep. Sliding quietly out of my hammock, I strolled toward the beach. Out of the deep shade of the palms, the sunlight was blinding, though the air was cooler with a breeze that was already lifting spindrift off the combers which thumped dully on the white sand.

Walking over to the mouth of the river, I was just in time to see Bechtel's canoe come around a bend. Bechtel and Frazier, in bow and stern, were paddling languidly; Trudie sat amidships.

Clouds of water birds rose off the mud flats as the canoe came downstream. But the three bald-headed *zopilotes*, perched in a dead tree across the river, watched with red-rimmed evil eyes, and did not move as it glided past them.

I WAS waiting on the muddy bank when the dugout grounded. Bechtel was red-faced and soaked with sweat, but Frazier, as usual, looked cool and unruffled. I said, as Trudie started to rise: "Let me help you. The mud here is ankle-deep."

"Thanks. I can make it all right."

Her voice was reserved, vaguely hostile, and she didn't look at me as she stepped over the side and waded ashore.

Bechtel snickered. "If you insist on playing Sir Walter Raleigh, you ought to have a cloak."

"And if you insist on playing the smart guy," I retorted, "you ought to have a smack in the nose. Have any trouble finding the place, Frazier?"

"Not a bit," the pilot returned pleasantly. "The field was a bit rough, but I didn't have any trouble."

"I guess a lot of the fields you used in Spain were not too hot."

He never batted an eye. "Some were terrible."

Bechtel glanced over his shoulder at Frazier, then looked back at me, glaring.

"What are you talking about, March?" he demanded.

"I suppose you wouldn't know," I returned. "I suppose you didn't hire this lug in the States and arrange to meet him in Acapulco."

Bechtel flushed deeply. Frazier stiffened a little, then quietly laid down his paddle. There was a pile of duffel at his feet and I saw the butt of a rifle sticking out of it.

Trudie, by this time, was a hundred feet away, picking a path through the scattered brush toward the clump of palms that hid the camp.

"Where are the others?" Bechtel asked shortly.

"I left them taking their siestas some time ago, though I imagine they're awake now, with the racket these birds are making. Some of them may have started over here to see what all the fuss is about. So-o-o-o"—I looked Bechtel straight in the eye—"I'd hardly say this was a particularly propitious time to carry out your little plan. You might, you know, have witnesses."

Bechtel's heavy-lidded eyes became slits in his puffy scarlet face.

"I don't get you," he blustered.

"Oh, you get me all right. So does Frazier. Don't you, captain?"

The pilot was watching me with narrowed ice-blue eyes. I'd have given a lot to know just what he was thinking, but his face was inscrutable.

"With a dead pan like yours you ought to go a long way in Hollywood, Frazier," I said.

"I am going a long way, March," he pronounced flatly.

"I question that," I replied. "I'm afraid you don't realize it, but agents of Franco aren't welcome in Mexico. They come, quite often, to unpleasant ends. Think it over, Frazier."

I turned and started toward the camp. I felt a prickling sensation running up and down my back, but I didn't look behind me. When I'd taken a dozen paces I heard Frazier's voice; what he said was indistinguishable because of the noise the birds were making, but I got a definite impression of a rising inflection.

For an instant my spine was water. It was all I could do to keep from fleeing headlong. Then I heard Bechtel's angry voice, caught two words: ". . . Phillipson . . . pictures . . ."

That was all I heard, just those two words. They had, at the time, no particular significance.

You see, I still didn't realize that I was dealing with a man gone craftily mad.

Are Frazier and Bechtel preparing to strike? And is Phillipson, too, in the plot? Next week danger hovers over the camp while surprises come thick and fast, and love takes a strange detour.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—Arthur Train.
2—The Mystery of Edwin Drood.
3—Founded 1778, it is the oldest newspaper in the Dominion.
4—A whale's.
5—In Arkansas, the Wonder State.
6—Finland.
7—Card games.
8—Because he is dead, and the volume is "a biographical dictionary of notable *living* men and women."
9—At Helsingfors, Finland.
10—Paul: "The aged women likewise, that they be . . . not given to much wine." (Titus 2:3.)
11—Margo, screen star and wife of Francis Lederer.
12—Roald Amundsen.
13—Robert Louis Stevenson.
14—About 90.
15—John Alden.
16—A wild goose, for a penguin flies not at all.
17—Benjamin Franklin.
18—Woman suffrage.
19—Tides.
20—

Eleanor Roosevelt

TRUE-or False?

Here are three statements about coffee, the world's most popular drink. Which are true—which are false? You hear many things about coffee. Many sound, sensible, scientifically established facts. And oceans of notions that are silly and absurd. Here's a chance to test your knowledge about the beverage you drink every day.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE? Put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below—then compare your answers with those at the end of each statement of the facts.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS—References to the medical authorities for the following statements will be supplied on request.

COFFEE IS SOMETIMES PRESCRIBED TO RELIEVE INSOMNIA.* True? ☐ False? ☐

There are certain unusual cases—types of people so highly nervous, so lashed by anxiety, that doctors prescribe coffee to relieve their disquiet, thus enabling them to sleep. Obviously this does not mean that all doctors prescribe coffee to all patients for insomnia. If you are like most people (97 out of 100) coffee has no influence on sleep two hours after you drink it.

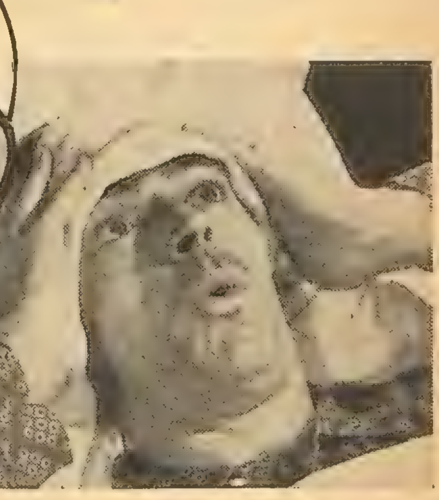
Statement in the headline above* is True.

WHERE THERE'S LIFE - THERE'S COFFEE!

COFFEE PROMOTES REGULAR HABITS.* True? ☐ False? ☐

"Coffee tends to increase intestinal peristalsis" (the gentle wave-like motion of intestine which carries waste out of the system). See "Dietetics for the Clinician," by Milton A. Bridges, M.D. Good hot coffee is a definite aid to regularity.

Statement in the headline above* is True.



COFFEE GIVES YOU A HANGOVER.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Coffee, unlike alcohol, doesn't pick you up only to let you down later. Coffee does invigorate you, induces a pleasant sense of well-being, chases fatigue, and generally makes life more pleasant, but the stimulation lasts only two hours, leaving no depression afterward, no "coffee hangover."

Statement in the headline above* is False.

To make good coffee use enough—a heaping tablespoonful for each cup!

Copyright 1938, Pan American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall Street, New York

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

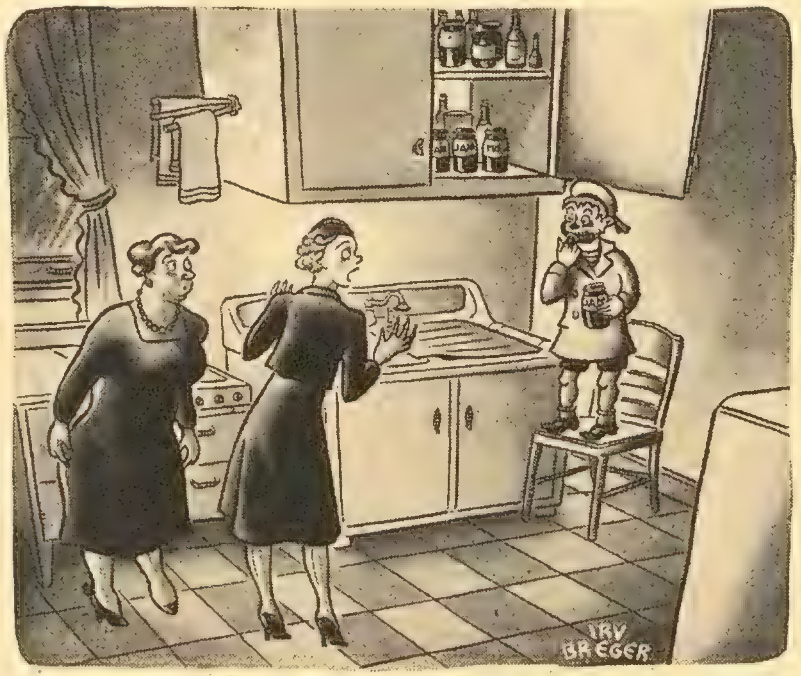
READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

RUNAWAY husbands, says Daniel Eisenberg, are victims of henpecking in nine cases out of ten. . . . While in hiding they seldom grow beards, shave off mustaches, dye their hair, or attempt to disguise their appearance in any way. . . . On the other hand, runaway wives nearly always sprint for a beauty parlor to have themselves dashingly remodeled along younger lines.

I wouldn't know *a thing* about such matters if I hadn't had a recent talk with Mr. Eisenberg, who for fifteen years has been in the business of catching escaped husbands and wives (mostly husbands). As a skip-trace expert he also hunts disappearing debtors, lost children, unknown parents, missing heirs, etc.; but it was his work on marital refugees that interested me particularly. . . . "Wives chasing truant husbands," he said, "rarely tell the whole truth about their domestic troubles. Generally they are too sentimental, or too vindictive, to present their case realistically. The same applies to husbands chasing vanished wives." . . . The average runaway husband hides in a big city. Eisenberg operatives usually get him by inquiring about him through other men in the same trade as his. That's because few runaways are able to manage a change of occupation.

Here's the story one runaway wife related to Mr. Eisenberg, who had been employed by her husband to find her. She said: . . . "My father gave me ten thousand dollars as a wedding gift. My husband wasted every cent of it on gambling and drink. Not only that: he went around with other women. Not only that: he used to beat me. One time he knocked me down and broke my arm." . . . Mr. Eisenberg admitted she had good reason for not going back to the brute.

"But that wasn't everything!" she exclaimed. "What *actually* made me leave him was his habit of chewing up fishbones and swallowing them—champing up *fishbones* and *swallowing* them, if you please!"



"Naughty boy! Now kiss Mrs. Lovelace so she'll forgive you!"

☆ Wagner's music will sound more resplendent than ever to my ears from now on because of a memory conveyed to me from an elderly lady who saw him when she was a little girl. She is Mrs. Grace Schirmer, widow of Gustave Schirmer, founder of the United States music-publishing firm, G. Schirmer, Inc. In girlhood she was taken to pay her respects to the great Richard Wagner at his home. . . . "When he was composing new work," she recollects, "it was his habit to have a magnificent *Hausrock* (lounge robe) of brocaded satin made especially for the occasion, with an Oriental headdress to match. I remember him in a marvelous pink gown and turban.

"He would prowl around the house, feeling the fabric and preening in front of the mirrors. Then all of a sudden he'd shut himself in his study and get on with his job."

☆ Now we are on the brink of a gold crisis unforeseen by the finance writers. Gold, as a color, will be extra fashionable this winter, both in home decoration and in clothes. Latest gold novelties are the following: . . . Iridescent gold serving trays and flower bowls of a new aluminum alloy. . . . Wallpaper in gold and white stripes, a Victorian pattern that harmonizes nicely with most modern furnishings. . . . Table mats of gold paper in cut-out designs—very festive for parties. . . . A flock of tiny gold-lacquer birds to adorn your new velvet hat. . . . A gold lamé slip under your black lace dress.

☆ Astounding it is to see what simple triumphs can transport the masculine mood from gloom to sunshine. The other day I motored some hours with a manufacturer whose business had just been tied up by a strike. At the outset he was worried blue, convinced that nothing but ruin lay in store for him. We called on friends, who happened to be playing ping-pong in their game room. They persuaded the downcast manufacturer to take a hand. He defeated the lady of the house, then her adolescent son. On the ride back he was a changed man, full of resurgent optimism . . . all because he had bested a woman and a boy at ping-pong!

☆ Two new books of sound advice for unsound sleepers: You Can Sleep Well, by Edmund Jacobson, M. D. (published by Whittlesey House); and Sleep! by Ray Giles (published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company).

☆ Modified from a Chinese recipe, this *California fried rice* makes an excellent dish for buffet suppers, being convenient to prepare in generous quantities and also easy on the budget. For 6 portions have ready 6 cups cooked rice, 2 cups chopped roast pork, 1 cup minced ham, and 4 scallions cut in half-inch lengths, using green part of scallions as well as white. Heat 2 tablespoons olive oil or (preferably) peanut oil in large skillet with 1 tablespoon salt. Gently fry meat and scallions about 4 minutes; add the rice and a pinch of sugar; mix well while getting all ingredients thoroughly hot; drop in 2 eggs and stir until eggs are set. Sprinkle a dash of soy sauce on each portion when serving.

☆ In a suburb not far from where I live, a young woman of property fell in love with the young bachelor next door. He owned his place, too. They quarreled, and at considerable expense she planted a row of tall *spite trees* to conceal her house from his. She knew nothing about arboriculture, but he did. When her spite trees began to wither, he sneaked out at night and took care of them. One evening she caught him at it—then, of course, they made up.

WHEN KING LOUIS RULED

Francois Villon comes to the screen in a lavish picture that catches the glamour and intrigue of the French court

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

IF I WERE KING

3½ stars on seeing the film. Ronald Colman has the rich role of François Villon, Basil Rathbone almost steals the picture as the wizened Louis XI. The plot has a musical-comedy flavor —but you'll like it.

Ronald (François Villon) Colman and Frances Dee in If I Were King.

FRANÇOIS VILLON was the poet who thumbed his way to a throne. From frequently lacking a quarter for his meter, he became Grand Marshal of France.

Those were the days—lusty, full of brawls and sly murder, when a dark alley was something to pass with care at night, when grimy troubadours played roundelays under my lady's window, when silks and laces covered their human measure of dirt.

For the graceful, handsome Ronald Colman they have romanticized the fifteenth-century ballader. Villon was a vagabond, a cutpurse, a scoundrel —as Liberty readers well know him through John Erskine's delightful series. In the film he becomes a magnificent rascal with a few noble moments.

Here the crafty and erratic Louis XI lifts the mischievous Villon—who wrote at least one haunting, never-dying question, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"—to the post of grand marshal for a few brief days. It was a royal whim, but it gave Villon time to win the heart of the queen's lady in waiting and to forget the beggar girl who loved him in the Court of Miracles.

The film does this Court of Miracles of the Paris slums in a big way. It occupied over 75,000 square feet of space on the Paramount back lot, showing fifteen buildings of this stronghold of beggars and thieves, as well as a bit of the Seine. There is another big scenic moment in the great hall and throne room of the palace with its ratty splendor. These were the days of medieval Paris, when wolves prowled in the outskirts, when the city was emerging from Gothic influence into the Renaissance, when the spires and gargoyles of the town were taking on new form.

Colman is a striking, appealing writer of rhymes and doer of mischief. Frances Dee is the lovely lady in waiting. Basil Rathbone steals a real hit as the King of France. The film is so loaded with feature players —there are twenty-nine—that fourteen stand-ins were on the set at one time. There were more high-priced English accents than any film since the depression.

Ellen Drew is Huguette, the gamin who loved Villon. You saw her in Sing You Sinners.

Do you like little details? In the battle scenes cobblestones are hurled at random. In reality they are loaves of bread shaped like paving stones. Real armor is too heavy for effete moderns. Special armor—thin, light weight, and padded — was made, even for the horses. Equines have gone soft too.

If I Were King celebrates able director Frank Lloyd's twenty-fifth year in films. This is one of the year's big pictures. *Produced by Paramount.*

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, November 2. The winner will be announced in the issue of December 10.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER

3 stars predicted. Bob Burns, the bazooka man who rides the kilocycles, has a solid honesty about him. If the story is as good as Bob, this might even achieve 3½ stars. But Beverly Hills stands on the 3-star prediction.

THAT celebrated musician, Bob Burns, becomes a star in this yarn of a tramp printer, one of those restless souls who set type on a small-town paper until the wanderlust gets him again. Then he puts his worldly belongings in a package and catches a freight to new fields.

Here Bob sticks on to save the small-town paper, owned by a widow, from a pair of crooked rural politicians. There is a Mark Twain flavor to the affair, helped along by Burns' homely philosophy and casual acting, as well as by Humorist Irvin S. Cobb as a village constable.

Present, too, is Jeff Davis, self-styled King of the Hobos.

Paramount built a typical small town for the picture in the hills forty-five miles from Hollywood. This was a bustling community for two weeks while the company worked, with the temperature over 100 degrees.

Not so long ago Bob Burns was playing his bazooka at small clubs for

The Greatest RADIO VALUES in CROSLEY's 17 Years

RADIO and PHONOGRAPH

PORTABLE COMBINATION

is a clever Crosley developed self - starting phonograph and latest development in Crosley push button radio.

$24.95

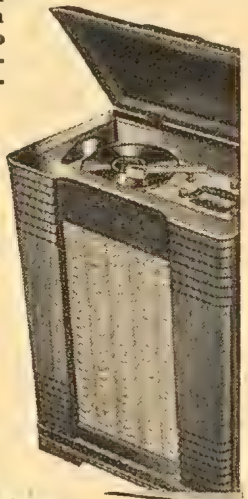
Separate switch changes from radio to phonograph. Efficient pick-up with volume control provide unusual performance in record playing.

Cover with carrying handle. Cabinet includes space for record carrying.

CONSOLE COMBINATION

is a full size console. Plays all modern records with great beauty and fidelity. A flick of switch shifts from newest push button radio to self starting phonograph.

$49.95



Crosley engineers learn much in putting programs on the air through WLW that guides them in designing Crosley radios to take programs off the air.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI POWEL CROSLEY, Jr., Pres.

Prices slightly higher in South and West.

YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSLEY

Incredible Crosley radio values this season include push button radio at $9.99 and 6-tube superheterodyne at $19.99.

PLEASANT PARTINGS AND HAPPY LANDINGS

When you pay your bill at the St. Moritz you'll find the summing up a pleasant surprise. Our mode of living is luxurious, but we are glad to say our rates are not. Perhaps that's why we have so many happy return landings. Delightful rooms overlooking the park (yet near Radio City) from $3.50 single; $5 double.

Famous for its Restaurant de la Paix and Rumpelmayer's

ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
NEW YORK

Personal Direction:
S. Gregory Taylor

For Sonny's Cough
(due to a cold)
PISO'S
Pure and Pleasant

HERE ARE THE WINNERS
IN LIBERTY'S $2,000 STARGAZING CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE, $500

Mrs. Charles Greenlee
Davenport, Ia.

SECOND PRIZE, $200

Mildred A. Bradley
Sheldonville, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE, $100

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Peacock
Norfolk, Va.

20 PRIZES, EACH $10

Gordon Bennet, Glen Ellyn, Ill.; Homer T. Carter, Atlanta, Ga.; Lucy Duray, Denver, Colo.; Theresa V. Hayward, Middletown, Conn.; Gertrude Humphrey, Charlotte, N. C.; Dorothy L. Johnson, Belmont, Mass.; Anna G. Klein, Baltimore, Md.; John D. Kohlmann, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. T. R. Mafit, Albuquerque, N. M.; Mrs. E. R. McGinn, Houston, Tex.; Charles J. Miller, Cleveland, Ohio; Adelbert M. Nelson, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mary O'Brien, Chicago, Ill.; Arminda Shaw, Spokane, Wash.; H. Simmons, Racine, Wis.; Mrs. Fred Tallman, Omaha, Neb.; Myrtle J. Thompson, Springfield, Mo.; Helen S. Townsend, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Andrew Valler, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Helen Walton, Schenectady, N. Y.

200 PRIZES, EACH $5

David Adams, Prescott, Ariz.; Mrs. Raymond D. Andrews, Albany, N. Y.; Harriet R. Alvord, Kenosha, Wis.; Mrs. H. A. Arnold, Cottonwood, Ariz.; Lynolee Atwood, Richmond, Va.; Alice Babin, Pueblo, Colo.; Helen Barker, Philadelphia, Pa.; Helen L. Barton, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. A. B. Battaglia, Corpus Christi, Tex.; Philip Bauer, Hollidays Cove, W. Va.; Louise R. Baxter, Rock Island, Ill.; Jet Bentley, Prescott, Ariz.; Eleanor Berndt, Wilmette, Ill.; Dora Jane Berry, Shreveport, La.; M. M. Bland, Queens Village, N. Y.; Florence G. Bluestone, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Louise Boetwin, Columbia, S. C.; Robert E. Braun, Relay, Md.; Greta Brennan, Lincoln, Neb.; Rose S. Brennan, Stamford, Conn.; Sgt. C. G. Bridwell, Fort Thomas, Ky.; Anna Browning, Bronx, New York, N. Y.; Loraine M. Brummeler, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Alberta F. Bryant, Cleveland, Ohio.; Ted Burge, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Lora Burton, Franklin, Ind.; Augusta K. Bush, Southampton, N. Y.; M. O. Carson, Hartford, Conn.

(To be continued in an early issue)

ten dollars a night plus dinner. Now he's America's philosopher. This film has Bev Hills' best wishes.

Produced by Paramount. A $250,000 Greater Film Year Quiz Contest picture.

MR. WONG, DETECTIVE

3 stars after seeing the film. Boris Karloff is an interesting Chinese sleuth. The film—of mysterious murder and poison gas—is tight and compact.

HORROR Man Boris Karloff, Hollywood's current Lon Chaney, is starting a new series for Monogram, playing Mr. Wong, the Chinese detective created by Hugh Wiley. The fellow is a crafty Celestial sleuth who lives in a San Francisco home with an old servant and six beautiful birds. He's a Charlie Chan *sans* Charlie's velly synthetic philosophy.

Karloff goes to great pains with his make-up. It took him four hours every day to fit himself for the role of Frankenstein's monster. The entire make-up weighed sixty pounds. Sleuth James Lee Wong is a little easier. It took two hours each day to transform him into the slant-eyed Sherlock Holmes. One item: Part of the upper eyelids was glued to the lower section. Heavy wax was attached to the lids. The thing was painful and Karloff had to quit each day at 3 P. M.

The current yarn is of a strange poison gas and of four men mysteriously murdered by it. But Mr. Wong gets his man, I assure you. Incidentally, Karloff's bodyguard and valet, Joe Smallwood, one-time middleweight fighter, plays his part in the film. He's the bird voices in Mr. Wong, Detective.

For all the chills he produces, Karloff, by the way, is a model family man. He's been married for eight years, raises chickens and turkeys.

Produced by Monogram. A $250,000 Greater Film Year Quiz Contest picture.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

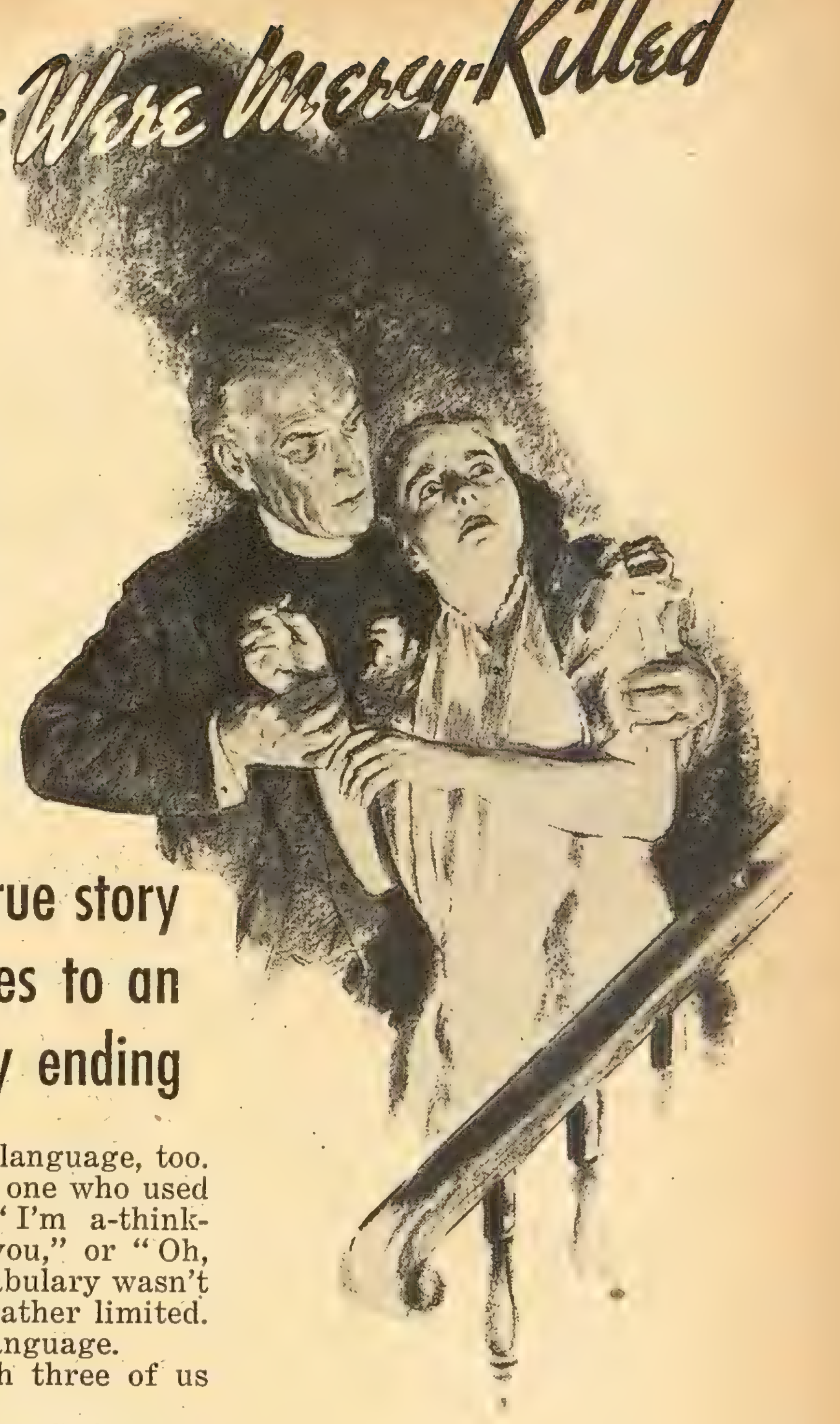
★★★★—You Can't Take It with You, Men with Wings, Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—The Great Waltz, The Sisters, Spawn of the North, Four Daughters, Letter of Introduction, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer.

★★★—There Goes My Heart, Service de Luxe, Room Service, Garden of the Moon, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living.

I WAS FIVE GIRLS

How Three Of Me Were Mercy-Killed



By October, Margaret had to be helped up and down stairs, for she clumped and stumbled when she walked.

The weirdest true story ever told comes to an amazing happy ending

by "DORIS"

in collaboration with

THE REV. DR. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES

I HAD to lose three of my lives or I would have died! The conflicts between the different personalities so injured my health, physically and mentally, that I was literally a dying girl when I went to live at Dr. Prince's house. So Dr. Prince had to perform a sort of mercy killing on each of three of my personalities in order to save my life.

But first he had to find out which of me was which, and what each personality was like, before he could know which ones to destroy.

On the evening of March 2, 1911, I moved from the home of my real father, who had abused me so, to my new home with Dr. Prince. Yet the girl who arrived with the two bird cages was not really I; it was Sick Doris. I knew nothing about the change until the next day.

The better environment soon caused me to improve. The night of March 8, for the first time in nineteen years, I, the Real Doris, slept at night. It had always been Margaret or Sick Doris who did the sleeping. That was because it was at night that my drunken father had thrown me to the floor when I was three years old, causing my first personality split. It had so firmly fixed in my mind the association of nighttime with fear, especially fear of my father, that the coming of night always drove me under.

In my new home, with dread of my drunken father removed for the first time, I ceased to fear. The 8th of March I told Dr. Prince how happy I was in my new life, saying, "It is like heaven." The morning of the 9th Margaret, who was much pleased with my improvement, reported to him: "The Real Doris slept last night—almost without moving!"

Before he could eliminate the bad personalities, Dr. Prince had to be sure which ones were bad, and before that he had to know how to tell them apart. It was wonderful how he did it. Margaret had a lot of fun by mischievously trying to get him all mixed up. But he was helped by the fact that none of the rest of us tricked him.

It was not long before Dr. Prince learned how very different we all were. In a few weeks he was expert at telling us apart. He could usually do it by just looking at us. Even our rate of heartbeats differed greatly. One morning when Sick Doris and Margaret and I alternated, Dr. Prince took our pulses in turn, and found that Sick Doris' was 60, Margaret's 80, and mine 76.

He could tell by our language, too. Margaret was the only one who used such expressions as "I'm a-thinking," or "I'm telling you," or "Oh, gee!" Sick Doris' vocabulary wasn't as slangy, but it was rather limited. I used more dignified language.

He decided to banish three of us and leave two.

It was easy to see that Sick Doris was surely one who had to be mercy-killed, for she was the sickest and most miserable.

And it was plain that Sleeping Real Doris would have to go, for she was just a part of my memory which had sort of got dislocated.

It was more difficult for Dr. Prince to decide to do away with Margaret, for she was often very lovable and charming. Nobody could be more winsome when she tried to be. She was bright and full of fun, and she was wonderful company. How did he know but she was one who ought to stay?

But she had to go, for he soon saw that it was her life or mine. At times, when she was angry and excited, Margaret was anything but lovable and became positively vicious in her attacks on Sick Doris, which of course reacted very badly on me.

How about Sleeping Margaret? Well, she was different. She not only never did anything to harm me but was always doing things to help. She claimed to be a guard sent to take care of me.

Evenings when I was asleep she would speak through my lips and have long talks with Dr. Prince, telling him the incidents of my childhood and giving him advice about how to help me get well.

How did Dr. Prince eliminate three of my personalities? By cutting off their interests. That was the principal part of the technique he used, but along with it he also used every possible means of strengthening me, the Real Doris, both physically and mentally. And, strange as it may seem, he got a lot of co-operation from both Sick Doris and Margaret, although they knew it meant their own disappearance.

It was March 2, 1911, when I went to Dr. Prince's house to live. By June 28 he had made Sick Doris disappear for good. April 15, 1912, was the last appearance of Sleeping Real Doris, but Margaret hung on until April 19, 1914.

Sick Doris didn't co-operate very

FREE INFORMATION ON 3¢ A DAY HOSPITALIZATION PLAN PAYS UP TO $325 HOSPITAL AND SURGICAL FEES

Learn how hospital and surgical bills are paid for every member of your family, in case of sickness or accident, for trifling cost. Plan permits you to go to any hospital in U.S., select own surgeon. Even provides for Confinement Expenses. No medical examination required.

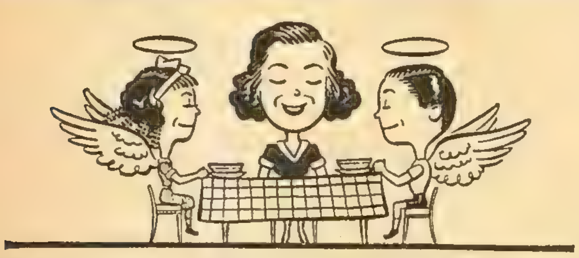
PAYS UP TO
$150 Hospital Bills
$150 Surgical Fees
$90 Sanatorium
$20 Operating Room
$10 X-Rays
$25 Recuperation

This coupon brings complete details—without obligation. No agents will call.

MAIL TODAY.

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE CORP.
Dept. L Wilmington, Delaware 10-29
Please send, without obligation, complete information 3c A Day Hospitalization Plan.

Name
Address
City State



• We don't promise they'll suddenly start acting like "little angels,"—BUT—if your youngsters are peevish and upset due to constipation—give them FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious, chewing gum way to relief. They get all FEEN-A-MINT's famous benefits simply by chewing it—just like their favorite chewing gum. No wonder folks say: "FEEN-A-MINT seems like magic!" Try it for *your* family!

FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

MONEY FOR YOUR TRIP TO THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Another fair may never be held in New York during your lifetime. Most everybody else is planning to see this magnificent spectacle. Why not you?

The money? Why, we offer you an opportunity to earn $50.00 or more toward your trip by acting as our special representative in your community. The work is easy, pleasant and interesting. No experience or investment is required.

A few hours a day of your spare time for the next few months will help make possible a trip to New York—a trip you will remember as long as you live!

Don't delay. Write today for particulars.

Send your application to

WORLD'S FAIR CLUB
Sub. Dept. L-K298, Macfadden Publications, Inc.
205 East 42 Street New York, N. Y.

BUNION PAIN

Instantly Relieved with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These soothing, healing, cushioning, protective pads stop the cause—shoe friction and pressure. THIN and THICK for all conditions. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

well in the process of her own dismissal. She had to be watched whenever she was out. As the days went on, she rebelled more and more. Sometimes he had to shake her hard or even spank her; but it didn't hurt her much, for she was losing her feeling. After a time you could prick her with a pin and she wouldn't even notice it.

She often didn't know Dr. Prince, and when he was slapping her to make her go under and to bring me, she would say, "Why do you hit us, mister? I never did anything to you."

In May, Sick Doris failed rapidly, growing more childish every day. Her vocabulary decreased and she gradually lost her reasoning power. Soon she couldn't stand, nor see beyond five feet. By the 10th of May she knew no one at all but Dr. Prince, whom she called only "papa." The last time she appeared at all, we were on a vacation visit to Marlboro, Massachusetts. She was out only a few minutes and had no idea where she was.

I think Margaret knew that Sick Doris was really gone for good sooner than Dr. Prince did, for she suddenly said to him:

"Where do you suppose we will go? Into somebody else?" (By "we" and "us" she meant "I" and "me.") Dr. Prince answered by suggesting that perhaps she would go into him.

"Oh, no; we would have to go into some girl."

"Perhaps you would go to heaven."

"Why, papo! What an idea! No heaven for us."

"Why not?"

"Why, how could two go to heaven from one person? If we got in and the Real Doris came afterward, it would get God mixed. He would say to the Real Doris, 'Skiddoo! You're here already.' And so the Real Doris wouldn't get into heaven at all. Oh, no; no heaven for us! I guess we will just go up into the air."

AFTER Sick Doris made her last appearance that June in Marlboro, Margaret had a burst of activity. But it didn't last long. By the last of July she was losing some of her memories. In August she began to act more childish. She knew what it all meant, and confessed to Dr. Prince that she was "beginning to go."

The middle of August we went back to Pittsburgh. The fact that Sick Doris had gone and Margaret was going made it possible for me to stay out during the entire twenty-three hours of the train trip.

By October, Margaret had forgotten Dr. Prince's name: he was only "papo" to her. She remembered easily only what had happened within four days. Her taste and smell were almost gone; her sense of touch was very limited; and she had to be helped up and down stairs, for she clumped and stumbled when she walked.

October 1, she very nearly went altogether, for she found and swallowed a large black opium pill, left from some that had been prescribed for Dr. Prince for severe pain. She almost passed out, but he worked over her from ten in the evening until three, and just barely saved her life—and mine. Strange as it may seem, Sleeping Margaret, using Margaret's hoarse weak voice, directed him what to do, warning him to keep her awake until the danger was past.

Dr. Prince worked hard all that October, "pushing back" Margaret and keeping me out in consciousness as much as possible. By the middle of November, Margaret had lost so much strength that I began to have a new sense of mental and bodily well-being.

She was going fast, but Sleeping Real Doris went before she did. The last time Sleeping Real Doris appeared was the day when Dr. Prince got a call to go to a church in California, and he said that my joy over the prospect of going was what blew out the flickering candle of her life.

Margaret waned, receding to childhood, then to babyhood. She had become totally blind by October, 1913. It was significant that the very day she became so, I told Dr. Prince, without knowing anything about what had happened, that I could see perfectly clearly for the first time since I could remember.

BY March, 1914, Margaret was only coming in the evening for a half hour, and about all she would say would be, "Hu'o, papo!" over and over, and chuckle, and go to sleep again.

April 19 was her last appearance, although none of us knew it then. She came in the evening at ten minutes to nine, said, "It's Margaret," and repeated a few of her simple little baby sentences, laughed gently, and fell asleep. She has never come back since, and that was twenty-four years ago.

She left a long will, nearly five pages, which she had written some time before, and to which she had added two codicils in January and December, 1913. She left most of her little treasures to Dr. and Mrs. Prince and me, but she didn't forget Dr. Walker and "Jim." "Jim" was Dr. James H. Hyslop, the famous psychologist, who had visited her and with whom she had enjoyed quite a correspondence.

The most touching thing about the will was that she left a number of things, including dolls and a "fan—Japanese," to be held in trust by Dr. Prince until he found "somebody that's got a Margaret. If you don't find a Margaret, you can keep them."

On the day she passed away I became a well young woman after twenty-two years of the hectic existence of a multiple personality. In the California sunshine, caring for my chickens, I led a happy life, although I did miss Margaret occasionally.

Sleeping Margaret, my helpful fifth personality, was still with me—but I still didn't even suspect that she existed!

Of course Dr. Prince knew about her. He had depended a lot on her for information and advice.

She didn't mind bawling him out,

either, when he did something which she didn't think was good for me!

She would come and say in her quiet voice, "I'm here." Then they would have a long talk, and she would tell him what mistakes he had made that day in dealing with any of the personalities. He would ask questions why some one of us had acted in a way he hadn't expected, and she would explain it all, for she had seen and heard everything from down underneath. You see, she had a reserved seat for the whole show.

There were a few echoes of the Imp for a while. If I got excited or nervous, I would laugh her funny laugh or make up a face the way she used to. But she never came out into consciousness again.

Sleeping Margaret still watched, however, lest I have a relapse. Evenings she and Dr. Prince had lovely visits talking over the whole history of me and my personalities. She had been rather stiff with him when she first revealed herself to him, and had never been as friendly with him as the Imp and I had been. But those summer evenings in 1914 she unbent a lot and got real chummy. One evening she confessed:

"I was the last to love you, but even *I* love you now. Don't you regard *that* as a compliment?"

He said, "Why do you love me?"

And she answered simply, "Because you are so good to Doris."

Once Dr. James Hyslop asked her, "Where do you go when you are away?" She answered, "I go into the air, I guess. It looks like space." Then he gave her a long questioning. But about all he got out of her then or later was that she was a guard sent by some one higher up to take care of me, and that she could see my thoughts, which looked to her like what a moving picture seemed like to me. What I was thinking at any given time seemed to her on one level and what I had thought before appeared on a lower level.

Having at last found out about Sleeping Margaret myself, and having been reassured about her by Dr. Prince, I wasn't too much startled when she began to talk to me with my own lips. And in California she would wake me up in the morning at six thirty, the time I had to waken in order to take care of my chickens. Her calling me started the habit of waking in me, so after two weeks she didn't have to do it.

I have heard several persons remark that they could get up in the morning at any time they decided to the night before. If Dr. Hyslop was right in calling Sleeping Margaret my subconscious, then perhaps a lot of people could throw away their alarm clocks if they only knew.

She seemed to think that now her task was practically done, and told Dr. Prince that she would leave any time he said. But he saw no harm in letting her stay. So she has been with me ever since. We came to New York, where he was in charge of psychiatric work in the famous St. Mark's Church in the Bowery. Then he was research officer for the American Society of Psychical Research at their New York office. From there we went to Boston, where he was executive officer of the Boston Society for Psychic Research. Mrs. Prince died after a long illness when we were in New York, and I became his housekeeper-daughter.

For ten years I kept his house, was his chauffeur, his typist, and his hostess when famous men visited him. After ten years of that he died, and now I am alone except for Sleeping Margaret and my dog.

Evenings he would have long talks with Sleeping Margaret on all sorts of subjects. Learned men would come to the house, and I would go to sleep and they would talk with her, and Dr. Prince told me that they were all amazed at her knowledge of psychology. And you would be surprised if I told you how she helped psychiatrists diagnose and prescribe for their difficult cases. She had helped cure me, and she helped cure others.

People sometimes ask, in polite roundabout ways, if I am "normal" now. Well, just at present I own and manage two houses, drive my own car, do all the work in the house I live in, and go out occasionally and help my friends when they need some one. Recently for weeks I took care of a sick woman, her baby, and a houseful of children.

If they mean, Am I different?—well, you can't have been five girls within one body without having learned some things that most people don't know.

Looking back over my life, I can honestly say that I have lived a full life and on the whole a happy one. In these later years I have been surprised occasionally to see my old personalities in other people. I swear to goodness that I saw several people down in Maine, when I was on a vacation trip, who were the image of Sick Doris. Sometimes I see flashes of Margaret the Imp in my young friends.

And I know too that every one has a wise Sleeping Margaret deep down inside whom they can call on for help when they really need it.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **PRIVATE VIRTUE, PUBLIC GOOD** by Henry Morton Robinson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A stimulating and inspiring analysis and defense of the twin institutions of Private Enterprise and Democracy as opposed to Federal Socialism under the New Deal theories and policies. In the last chapter the author effectively pleads for a return to the private virtues of Responsibility, Self-Reliance, Initiative, Tolerance, Charity, and Justice in the present social and political crisis.

"ENJOY A FRIENDLY SHAVE—
DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER"

BARBERS DON'T USE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAMS. MOST BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER . . . THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

SIGNED A. A. Buck.

HEAD BARBER, STEVENS HOTEL, CHICAGO

Barbers know from long experience that lather gives a smoother, easier shave than brushless creams, because it wilts whiskers softer and faster. And most barbers use Colgate lather. So change to Colgate Rapid Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather . . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard . . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube. Brushless creams cost far more per shave! Buy Colgate Rapid Shave Cream today. 25c and 40c.

BUY COLGATE SHAVE CREAM TODAY!

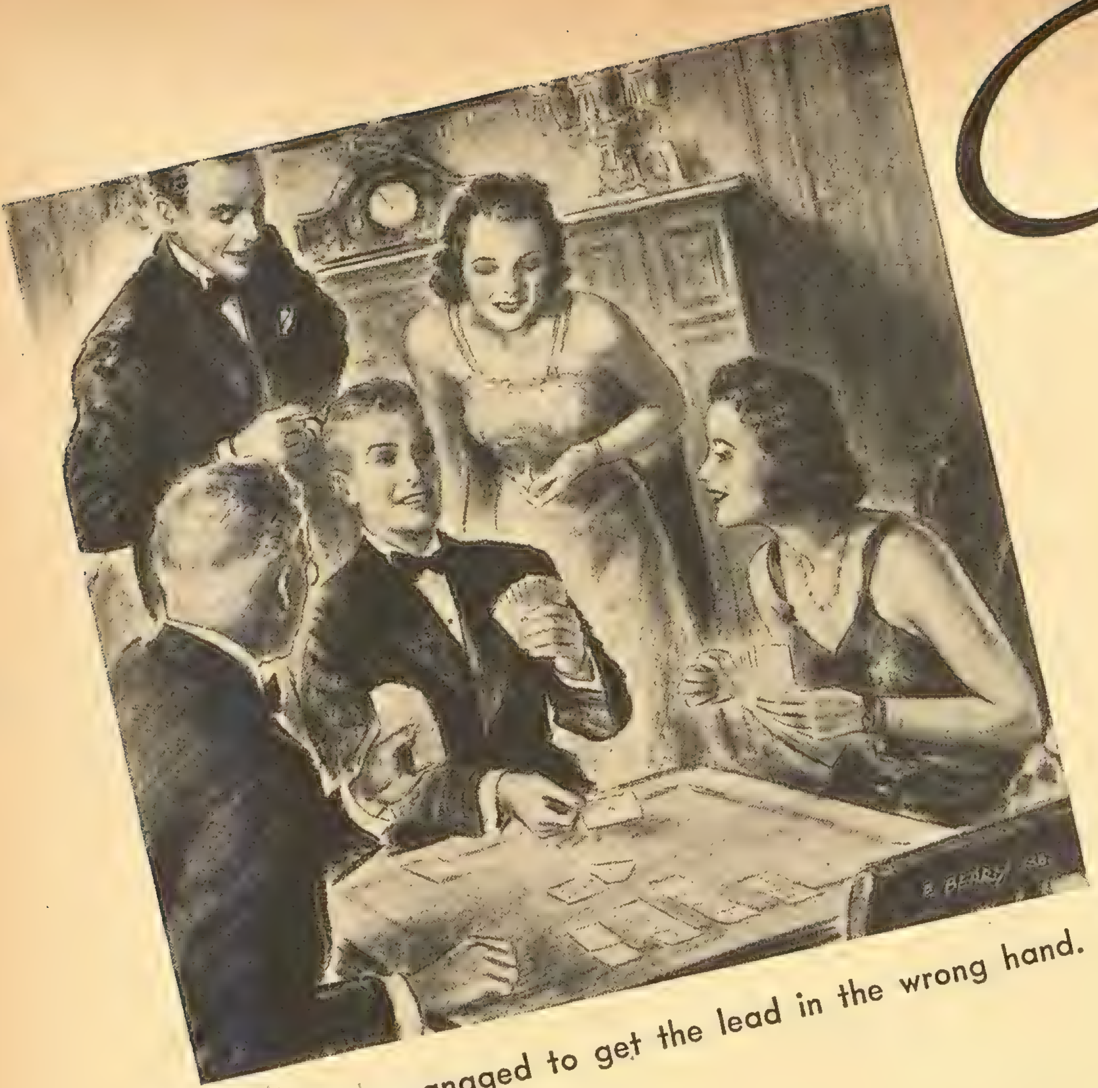
1 Colgate Rapid Shave Cream gives a rich, moist, small-bubble lather that really softens the beard at the base so the razor can cut clean.

2 Colgate Rapid Shave Cream is bland, thus will not sting or burn.

3 Colgate Rapid Shave Cream gives you a rapid shave because you merely lather the beard, then shave. You don't have to prepare your beard before you use Colgate Rapid Shave Cream.

Colgate
RAPID SHAVE CREAM

Connie's



He usually managed to get the lead in the wrong hand.

The gay story of a bridge game in which a dull husband uses his wife's wits

By the famous bridge maestro

SIDNEY S. LENZ

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

THE first time Connie met Tom Williamson, he was as good as lost—or won. Big, blond, easygoing, overgrown boy, not too quick with the "think tank," he needed a little lady with brown hair, gray eyes, and unconquerable determination. It was a natural.

In the middle-sized town where he had a position in the leading bank, their married life for the past two years had been ideal.

Now Colonel Hardy, the bank's chief executive officer and majority stockholder, had decided to install a young man to assist him and eventually take over his duties. The choice lay between Tom Williamson and Basil Welling. Basil was a bright young man, snappy, quick to grasp a point, and appeared to have the call on seniority, if on nothing else.

Irene Hardy, the colonel's daughter, was devoted to Connie. They played bridge once or twice a week. Irene was quick to see that her pal was easily the finest player in town. But she didn't know that Connie had won a number of important tournaments and that her maiden name was well known to most of the leading bridge experts.

At their last session Irene had told Connie that the colonel had decided upon a bridge test in selecting the better man for promotion. The colonel prided himself on his game and, other things being equal, he could not see why a smart player should not also prove a clever banker.

Such a test was the last one Connie would have chosen for Tom. Never more than an average player, he was particularly poor when playing as the declarant. He usually finished up with the lead in the wrong hand.

It would be futile to put Tom wise to Colonel Hardy's scheme. If he knew what was coming off, he would play worse than ever.

Tom stopped reading his newspaper to smile at Connie as she said:

"Dear, we are playing bridge at the Hardys' tomorrow evening. Don't you think you could get better results, when you obtained the declaration, if you carefully looked at both your hand and the dummy before you played to the first trick?"

"Sweetheart," answered Tom, "the only way I can play the declaration perfectly is if you play it for me."

ON the following evening three tables of bridge were in full blast at the colonel's home. Connie was put with the colonel, Tom, and Welling, either through good luck or because of her pleasant telephone talk in the afternoon with Irene.

The players cut for partners after each rubber, with Tom and Connie drawing together more than half the time. Whenever Tom obtained the contract and after the dummy was exposed, he would pass his hand over to Connie for her approval of his bids. Her encouragement appeared to inspire him.

Once he succeeded in fulfilling a double small-slam declaration by an "elimination throw-in" that would have been a credit to the play of the Four Aces.

And then came the outstanding hand of the evening! Tom and Welling had cut as partners and on the rubber game they debauched into a bidding spree that didn't end until a grand-slam declaration was reached.

The freakish distribution is shown in the lower right-hand corner of the opposite page.

Welling had the deal and opened with a bid of three clubs. Connie passed and Tom jumped to four no trumps. The colonel declared five spades. Welling went to six clubs, and Tom raised it to seven.

The colonel doubled, and after Welling and Connie had passed, Tom redoubled.

Welling had to play the hand, and as Tom put down the dummy, he remarked:

"Maybe I overbid my hand, but with your excellent play, you should come pretty close to making it."

Connie led her singleton spade, in response to her partner's bid, and the dummy was exposed.

Welling studied the hands, then said:

"It's no use. I'm one down. Not even a finesse in the hand. Tom, you not only overbid but your redouble was inexcusable."

Before Tom could reply, Connie interposed:

"Not so inexcusable if the declaration is makable. How about it, Tom? A squeeze play or—something?"

"Sure thing," answered Tom, smiling. "A perfect squeeze, if you go about it correctly."

CODE

"Oh, yeah!" said Welling sarcastically. "Suppose you show us how to do it."

"Righto!" replied Tom, as he moved over to Welling's position at the table.

"Come along and show us," coaxed Connie, as Tom won the first trick with the ace of spades and then led a diamond to his ace.

As Tom hesitated over his next play, Connie said: "Now, what's next?"

"Oh, I'll take the ace of hearts and then—guess!" He stopped to wink at Connie.

"Come, Tom, name it." She begged.

He led the ten of diamonds and trumped it in his hand.

"Well, well, well!" chattered Connie. "Nothing is so thrilling as a good squeeze."

"Of course you mean at cards!" joked Tom, as he commenced leading out his clubs.

"The game is supposed to be bridge," Connie said severely. "Must you play the trumps to the bitter end?"

"To the bitter end," gaily responded Tom.

When he led his last club, Tom had already taken ten tricks—a spade, a diamond, a heart, and seven clubs. These cards remained:

♠ NONE
♡ K 6
◊ 9
♣ NONE

♠ NONE
♡ 9 5
◊ J
♣ NONE

N.
W. E.
S.

♠ K
♡ Q J
◊ NONE
♣ NONE

♠ 2
♡ 7
◊ NONE
♣ 5

Of course, both Connie and the colonel had discarded perfectly to this point. Now, on the five of clubs, Connie had to hold her diamond, so she let go a heart. The dummy gave up the diamond and Hardy gave up—the ghost! If he discarded a heart, dummy would have two good hearts, and his spade was essential to stop the adverse deuce from winning a trick.

"My boy, I didn't know it was in you," said the colonel admiringly, as he shook hands with Tom.

Irene, who had come to watch the play, looked at Tom in amazement, but that gentleman only smiled nonchalantly and patted his wife's hand.

Welling made a final effort to save his face.

"Tom," he said, "you played that hand out of sight and I must apologize for my remark. However, it wasn't necessary to ruff the diamond. The hands would have been squeezed in any event, when you led the last trump."

"Oh, no," objected Connie. "Even I can see that if the colonel had been permitted to retain the king of diamonds, he would easily have prevented a squeeze. His last three cards would have been a spade, heart, and diamond. Discarding after the dummy on the eleventh trick would have been child's play."

"Sweetheart," agreed Tom, "your diagnosis is perfect."

The next afternoon Irene had tea with Connie.

"My dear," Irene said, "what did you do to Tom to improve his game so? It seemed to me as if you were playing his hand yourself."

"Well, maybe I was," laughed Connie.

"Honest?" cried Irene. "Did you hypnotize him?"

"No, my dear," replied Connie.

"I'll make a bargain with you," Irene proposed. "Tell me what you did and I'll give you some important news."

"Agreed," laughed Connie. "Frankly, whenever I was dummy, playing with Tom, I told him what to play."

"But how could you? The others would have heard what you were saying."

"They did," Connie answered. "But Tom was the only one who understood me. You see, I coded each card so he knew what to play from my conversation."

"How in the world could he learn anything so intricate in such a short time?" Irene asked.

"It was really quite simple," explained Connie. "You have to remember only nine words: 'Well, come now, what can you name, do tell.' When I start a sentence with 'well' it means clubs. 'Come' stands for diamonds, and 'now' is hearts. 'What' stands for the ace, 'can' is the two, and so on up to the six. If I use his name—'Tom' or 'dear'—then the words 'what can you name, do tell' are switched to the second group of six cards, the seven to the queen. The spades and kings are not coded, so they are designated by omission. You remember, when I was Tom's dummy, he showed me his hand.

"I had told him," continued Connie, "to be on the lookout for any hand that Welling did not play to the best advantage. If I caught a mistake, I would give him a hint. When the grand-slam hand came along and Welling flopped on the play, it was just peachy."

"Did you tell Tom how to play that hand?" asked Irene in surprise.

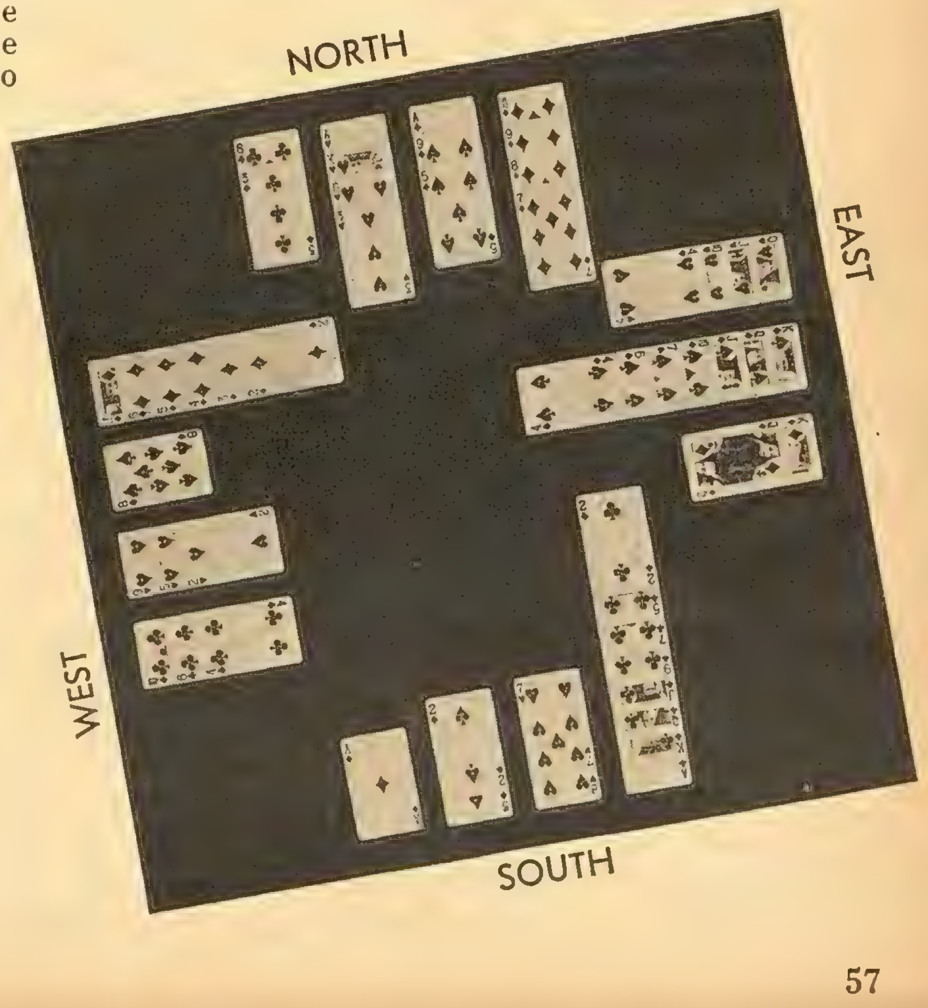
"Of course," replied Connie. "After he won the first trick, I said, 'Come along and show us.' 'Come' stands for diamonds. 'Now, what's next'—'now' stands for hearts, 'what' for the ace.

"'Come, Tom, name it'—'come' is diamonds and 'name' is either the four or ten. The 'Tom' puts it in the second group—the ten. Need I repeat that 'well, well, well,' is synonymous with 'clubs, clubs, clubs'?"

"I think you are both simply marvelous," said Irene. "Now for my important news, and I am quoting the words of my astute and revered father: 'I have decided to give the promotion to Tom Williamson. He is a brilliant and capable young man and I do hope he teaches his wife to play a better game of bridge.'"

THE END

Liberty doesn't endorse this rather piratical method of winning at bridge. Nor, we suspect, does Mr. Lenz. But we think you will agree that it is both amusing and ingenious.—The Editors.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1938.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lee Pasquin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of Liberty, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42d St., New York, N. Y.: Editor, Fulton Oursler, Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42d St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Lee Pasquin, Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42d St., New York, N. Y.; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.) LEE PASQUIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of September, 1938.

(Seal) JOSEPH M. ROTH.

(My commission expires March 30, 1939.)

Ease Dryness, Coughs

RASPY THROAT

DUE TO COLDS

GIVE YOUR THROAT THIS MEDICATED BATH...

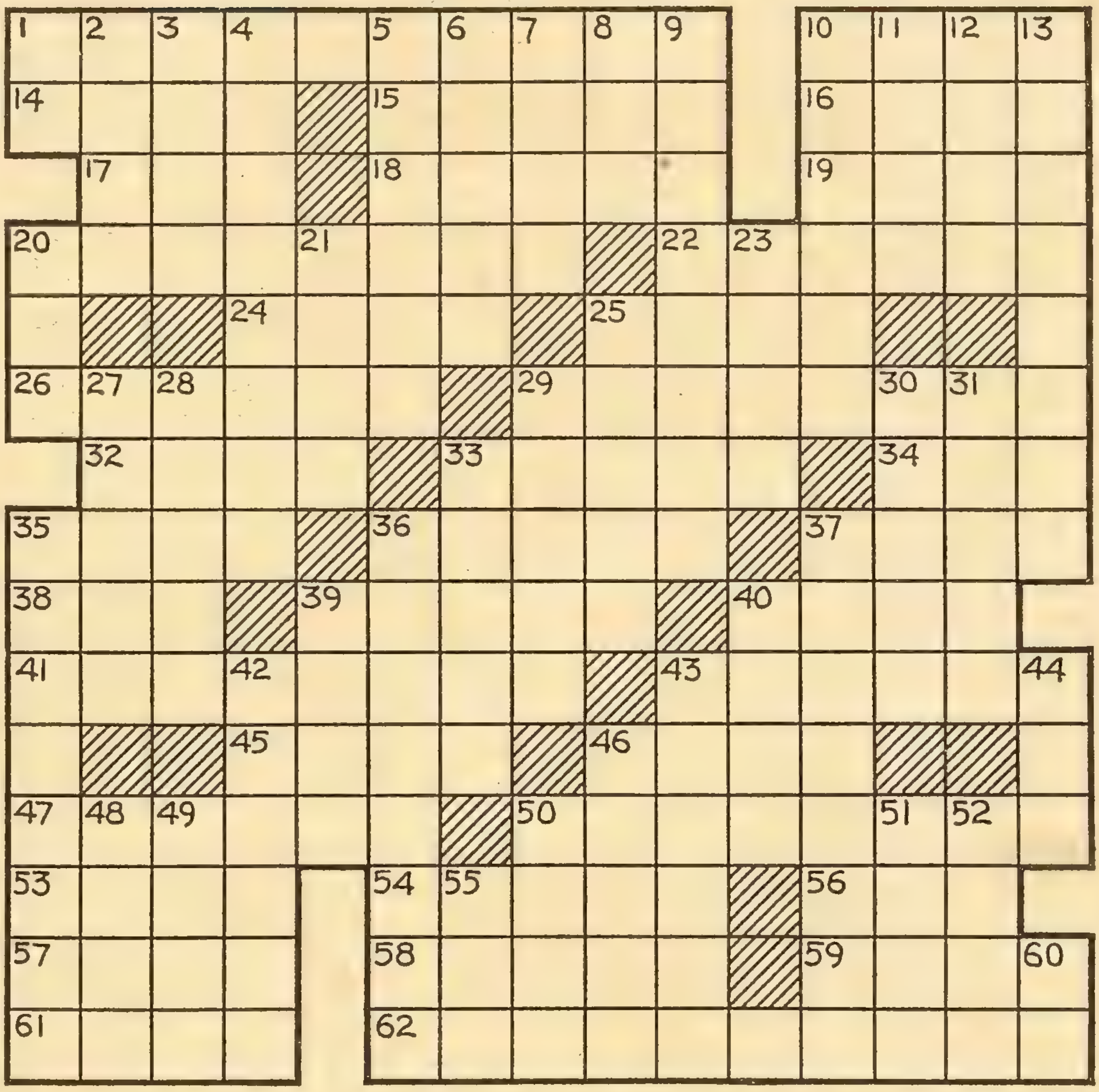
If your throat's tormented with irritation, a Vicks Cough Drop dissolved naturally in your mouth will give the troubled membranes a soothing, medicated bath—for 12 to 15 minutes! Relief comes fast because Vicks are really medicated . . . *medicated* with the throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub—famous for relieving coughs and discomforts of colds.

MEDICATED

VICKS COUGH DROPS

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

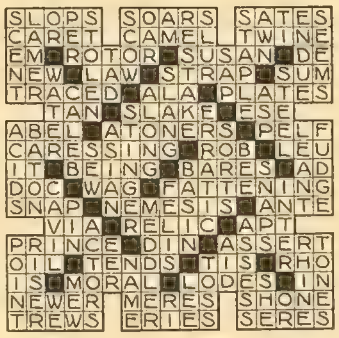


HORIZONTAL

1 Precipitous amorist, no WPAite he (two words)
10 Jangle nerves
14 Relative Hitler can't abide
15 Potatoville
16 Ach, ach! (non-Aryan) (two words)
17 Harry, feminine gender
18 What Heavenly Peace does for Father Divine
19 Cherman Chupiter
20 Papa's other home
22 Scedy Red, or the orator's facial
24 This must be a trial
25 Halt
26 Nibble on Bacon, Lamb, etc.
29 Dust found at the end of the rope (two words)
32 Hawaiian gallinule or coot (Try and guess it!)
33 Rooter toot
34 A couple of els with nothing between
35 What G. Means did to Mrs. McLean
36 Barkers attached to dog bones
37 Nice (English)
38 Found in an apple-pie order (two words)
39 What the male head does when contacting praise, beauty, or a pair of bad socks
40 Most men will take a stand on this
41 Necktie party
43 Dizzy announcer
45 Biggest editions of the Times
46 Phoolish Phil threw one when phlippant Phlora kissed Phrankie
47 Women are forever pulling them over a man's eyes before bedtime
50 Hollywood problem twins
53 Mummy's problem
54 Argument clinchers (fem.)
56 It refuses to go for Fish bait around Washington
57 Turn many motorists are taking these days
58 One of the best dressed birds
59 Right at your finger tips
61 Hardy woman
62 Whose name makes Santa Claus' look like a piker?

VERTICAL

1 Long-distance tonsil toot
2 In the year of
3 Trouser party
4 Nickel nurse
5 This is plain dumb
6 A put-up job for the night
7 High finance practiced by indigent bankers
8 Compass pernt
9 Re-enacts the crime in court
10 Boardinghouse owners hate an idle one
11 Collection of Verdi nice vociferations
12 Honi —— qui mal y pense
13 East Side golf
20 Striker with broken clubs
21 Looped platinum wire used by bacteriologists (Sounds easy, anyway!)
23 Longfellow in a tent
25 Property fungi, causing collapse into sheriffian mitts
27 Politicians' tea party
28 That New York town again
29 Nickname for New York's best known hockey player
30 Old-fashioned darning
31 Boppo!
33 Double features enjoyed by fat ladies
35 Ivory tip (two words)
36 Here's a woman whose mind travels under beds
37 Dreamy swing music
39 What women buy in a pinch
40 It takes thirteen to form one
42 Chesty upstanding things
43 Grade A pure
44 What to cry in a pinch (pl.)
46 French fathers
48 Not necessary to go on relief
49 Your ancestors (but not fundamentally mine)
50 Wild West golf
51 Nonphony
52 Blue-pencil
55 Hitler's first and last love
60 A horse player's hunch (abbr.)



S	L	O	P	S		S	O	A	R	S		S	A	T	E	S
C	A	R	E	T		C	A	M	E	L		T	W	I	N	E
E	M	■	R	O	T	O	R	■	S	U	S	A	N	■	D	E
N	E	W	■	L	A	W	■	S	T	R	A	P	■	S	U	M
T	R	A	C	E	D	■	A	L	A	■	P	L	A	T	E	S
		T	A	N	■	S	L	A	K	E	■	E	S	E		
A	B	E	L	■	A	T	O	N	E	R	S	■	P	E	L	F
C	A	R	E	S	S	I	N	G	■	R	O	B	■	L	E	U
I	T	■	B	E	I	N	G	■	B	A	R	E	S	■	A	D
D	O	C	■	W	A	G	■	F	A	T	T	E	N	I	N	G
S	N	A	P	■	N	E	M	E	S	I	S	■	A	N	T	E
		V	I	A	■	R	E	L	I	C	■	A	P	T		
P	R	I	N	C	E	■	D	I	N	■	A	S	S	E	R	T
O	I	L	■	T	E	N	D	S	■	T	I	S	■	R	H	O
I	S	■	M	O	R	A	L	■	L	O	D	E	S	■	I	N
N	E	W	E	R		M	E	R	E	S		S	H	O	N	E
T	R	E	W	S		E	R	I	E	S		S	E	R	E	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

THIS IS THE FINAL WEEK!

$1,000 WISECRACKS CONTEST

BE SURE YOUR ENTRY IS ON TIME! REMEMBER THAT SIMPLICITY IS BEST

HERE is the final question in the $1,000 cash prize Wisecracks game. When you have clipped Coupon 6 and added it to those you have already filled out, your entry will be completed. Now will be a good time to check over the wisecracks you intend to submit. Once they are in the mail it will be too late for alterations or corrections. Make sure now, while you have ample time, that each of your wisecracks is just the way you want it.

In assembling your coupons for submittal to the judges, do not be led astray by an urge to decorate your entry. Simplicity is best. Fancywork will not be considered in the rating of your material. Wise contestants will confine their efforts to complying with the rules and authoring the best possible wisecracks. Elaboration and ornamentation will not compensate for carelessness in what you write.

Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty after the judges' decisions are reached and prize checks will be mailed at approximately the same time.

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will print a contest coupon containing a question and space for a wisecrack answer.

2. Using typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil, write your wisecrack in twenty words or less on the lines provided for this purpose. If you do not use a typewriter, make sure that your writing is legible, or, better yet, print.

3. Save all coupons until your set of six is complete at the end of the contest. Then submit them all at the same time as a unit. Mail your entry to Wisecracks Contest, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Wednesday, November 9, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

4. The judges will be the Liberty Contest Board and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Entries will be judged on the basis of smartness, cleverness, and humor of the answers or wisecracks. For the best entry rated on that basis a First Prize of $250 will be paid. In the order of their excellence other entries will be awarded the following prizes: Second Prize, $100; four Third Prizes, each $25; fifteen Fourth Prizes, each $10; eighty Fifth Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Because of the mass of work involved in conducting this contest, Liberty cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry. No entries will be returned. Do not submit elaborately decorated entries. Simplicity is best.

WISECRACKS CONTEST

COUPON NO. 6

Here is the question:

WHAT IS THE BEST USE FOR OLD RAZOR BLADES?

Write your wisecrack answer on these lines, using not more than twenty words

....

....

....

(Write plainly, print, or typewrite)

NOTE! NEXT WEEK A $2,100 CASH LIBERTY HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST!

1¢ SALE

NEW 3 ACTION WILDROOT HAIR TONIC WITH OIL

HAIR TONIC BARGAIN! For a limited time only, you can get a full 60¢ bottle of the new Wildroot-with-Oil for only 1¢ with purchase of another at regular price! Don't miss this sensational 1¢ offer.

FOR BETTER LOOKING HAIR

The famous Wildroot Hair Tonic formula *plus* pure vegetable oils. Grooms hair, removes dandruff, helps check premature baldness. Get this "1¢ bargain" today at any drug counter in United States or Canada. Professional applications at barbers.

WILDROOT Hair Tonic WITH OIL
THIS BOTTLE AT REGULAR PRICES
WILDROOT Hair Tonic WITH OIL
THIS BOTTLE ONLY 1¢
WILDROOT Hair Tonic WITH OIL 1¢ SALE

SERGEANT'S SURE SHOT CAPSULES WORM DOGS SURELY, EFFECTIVELY

FOR ROUND AND HOOK WORMS

There are 23 tested "Sergeant's" Dog Medicines. Trusted since 1879. Constantly improved. Made of finest drugs. Sold under money-back Guarantee by drug and pet shops. Ask them for a FREE copy of "Sergeant's" Dog Book, or write:

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
2410 W. Broad Street • Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

He Was a Hopeless Boy—and I Prayed

CHICAGO, ILL.—In the months of my prayer for Sigurd Johnson, God never was lonely around me: I had so much to say to Him.

Sigurd was in a group of fourteen boys when I first met him, but he was the only one I saw.

My husband had been elected to the superintendency of a small charitable institution, the Farm School for Dependent Boys. We met the group at supper March 1, 1934.

As I have said, Sigurd was the only one I saw.

He was nearly fifteen, sturdily built but entirely hairless; scalp shiny, no eyelashes or brows; an alopecia case. His prominent eyes were very blue and held an expression, steady and mature and relentless, that did not belong in the eyes of any boy.

He was convinced he would have no chance among employers. They were looking for folks, not freaks. He actually began to visualize the crook he was going to be; working deftly; outsmarting the cops; this dream figure walking ahead of him, not by rods or city blocks but by years—two years, perhaps. He had come to like this crook of his creation. But Sigurd had been born with hunger for learning in his very bones and blood.

I consulted four physicians in regard to the alopecia. They were neither interested nor hopeful.

A competent psychologist made a Simon-Binet test without charge. Sigurd's I. Q. placed him in the upper brackets of very superior mentality. I would have liked to discuss the crook in the boy's tomorrows with the psychologist, but decided to keep that with God.

I soon realized that if I could drain myself of all self that was me and place my intelligence at God's disposal, He could then let me catch bits of His handwriting.

Was I able for it?

I tell you, I prayed in those days!

As for the alopecia, I was sadly baffled, but I knew my prayer would find the solution. Then, on August 4, 1934, as we sat at supper—

Just as neatly and precisely as teacher's pointer used to direct my eye when I was a child at school, a long ray of light carried my glance to Sigurd's head; stopped.

Handwriting of God! I got up from the table and clapped my hands! If the boys had been grown-ups they would have thought me crazy; as it was, they thought me particularly pleasant.

God was telling me plainly that all I had to do was restore vitamin D and Sigurd would be like other boys.

I went to three physicians with the boy to ask about the treatment I proposed. I wanted their approval; must have it. Two flatly stated it could not succeed; the third that "the prospect was most discouraging." As I had to have a lamp which gives the ultraviolet ray, this was tragedy.

Nineteen dollars and fifty cents seemed a great deal to spend on one boy. I wasn't cast down one bit. I knew I would have that lamp—and with no grudge in its getting. And this is what I found when I reached home:

A magazine to which I had offered a story, Whispering in Her Heart, so many months ago I had forgotten it, had sent me an acceptance and fifty dollars!

Sigurd entered high school in September. He was given full second-year rating. He made the high honor roll the first term and never lost it. He read Caesar and solved geometry problems under the lamp, for it was a bulb lamp and not dangerous. Daily he took a heavy dosage of cod-liver oil and he ate oranges and other foods rich in vitamin D. He grew strong as a young bull and so full of laughter and singing one could hear him all over the farm. By February hair was patchily present and he had sketches of eyebrows; hair was appearing on his body.

In June, 1937, he was graduated from high school with honors and hair. The treatment had been discontinued over a year back and his hair was thicker than ever. He told his story, crook and all, before a group of thirty social workers and officers of the Juvenile Court. It found its way to a city paper, attracted the attention of a radio program director, and Sigurd Johnson made a national broadcast! What is more, he received a substantial check for it. Then the state inspector of children's charities, to whom the case had been reported five years before without any attention, became aware of him. She waxed indignant, declared the boy was being exploited. He replied for himself, and said he had been exploited when he had sat, a freak, for the more fortunate to grin at, while he planned to be a crook.

A social worker on an inspection tour criticized me sharply for undertaking the alopecia case.

"Such work should be left to experts," she said.

I brought out Sigurd's folder; showed her word from two physicians advising against the treatment I had proposed. She still maintained I had no business to have done it.

I wanted to talk to her about God, and I started. But I got just as far as His handwriting when I saw I was on dangerous ground. I stopped, and she doubted if I belonged in modern social work.

I wonder!—*Marian Powell.*

HOW I PUT MY FOOT IN IT

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—If I could only learn to think twice before I open my mouth! Here's how I put my foot in it, Blanche K. (October 15 Vox Pop).

Elegant Mrs. James Brown Arthur was goofy about antiques, especially pewter and brass objects. When I saw a very familiar and battered jug that had been added to her collection, I exclaimed in astonishment:

"Oh, where did you ever get that! The Whites, who lived downstairs in this apartment, had one exactly like it, even to the nick on the lip. Did you know them? They moved from here a month ago."

"No, I didn't know them," said Mrs. Arthur in a peculiar tone and looking flustered. "I didn't know you knew them, either."

"Only casually," I said.

From that day I have been cut off Mrs. Arthur's list, and snubbed twice. Naturally, I was curious. I blamed the jug for my fall from grace. But why?

One day I asked Julia White what had become of her antique. She laughed, then told me:

"It belonged to my husband's Aunt Miranda and I hated it, so when we moved I conveniently lost it in the ash barrel."

Now, did Mrs. James Brown Arthur rummage through an ash barrel, I wonder, or did the janitor make her a present of it?

Anyway, I'm dropped like a hot cake, and I suppose I'll never know the facts. —*Mrs. A. L. Pincus.*

GREATEST BASEBALL PLAYER

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—I would like to know on what authority Joe DiMaggio gives out the information, through your magazine, that Ty Cobb was the greatest ballplayer the game has ever known (August 27 Liberty).

I give you the opinion of millions of baseball followers that Babe Ruth was not only the greatest player—he was the greatest competitor and greatest personality. Hooray and hooray for the Babe!—*Floyd E. Weldon.*

WHERE CAMEL CARRIES WATER

SOUTH BRAINTREE, MASS.—With due respect to Liberty, I beg to differ with the answer given to No. 12 in August 27 Twenty Questions. A camel does not carry his water supply in his hump but in a spongy mass of cells in the lining of his stomach.

I think if you check this information you will find it correct.—*William F. Roache.*

CAN ANY YOUNG MAN LOVE A SKINNY GIRL?

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.—In the article What's Ahead for These Five? by Marguerite Mooers Marshall (September 3 Liberty), I find a little paragraph at the end which strikes me all wrong.

Miss Marshall makes the wisecrack, "Well, does any young man love a fat girl, even a fat quintuplet?"

(Humph!! and a lot more).

Is Miss Marshall a bean pole herself?

You see, she hit me in that remark, and I resent it for myself and all the other plump wives who are making happy and comfortable and loving homes for their families the world over.

Next time, Miss Marshall might ask in one of her articles, "Can any young man love a skinny girl?"—*Mrs. C. Simmons.*

GO AHEAD, BOYS, LET'S HEAR YOUR SIDE!

MCCAMEY, TEX.—It is my opinion that Liberty could have a very interesting feature if you would give a few of us overall boys a chance to swap ideas with Mr. Macfadden in his editorials. Just give us a page too, and I am sure that some of us could stir up some real interest. We have been reading Mr. Macfadden's editorials, and I am sure that it would be interesting to be able to present our side also. I do not know of any magazine that has ever given any consideration to an idea as novel as this, but I do feel that people do tire of only hearing business and professional men's and politicians' views on our most vital problem (the depression). Give some of us common hands a chance too. We might surprise you if given a little space. —*An Oilfield Worker.*

DOESN'T KNOW TOURING CAR FROM ROADSTER!

PUEBLO, COLO.—On page 44, September 17 Liberty, Paradise Kate, it reads: "The roadster increasing its speed." And again: ". . . she saw the roadster describe," etc.

What's the matter with Simpkin, the artist—doesn't he know the difference between a touring car and a roadster? Or perhaps he'd better spend a jit, buy a Liberty, and read the story before he illustrates it.

It isn't the first offense. Liberty's artists are very careless.—*Grover Fielding.*

BOSTON, MASS.—It always amazes me the way readers pick unimportant flaws in your pictures. To me it's like complaining of commas without tails. Who cares? I don't!—*Simple Simon.*

BLOOD RUNS COLD

LEXINGTON, KY. — Mrs. McLean's thriller is the most moving thing I have ever read. Her presentation of the many intrigues which she experienced falls little short of literary genius. Her use of the invective is superb, and her oft-repeated "the blackguard" makes my blood run cold.

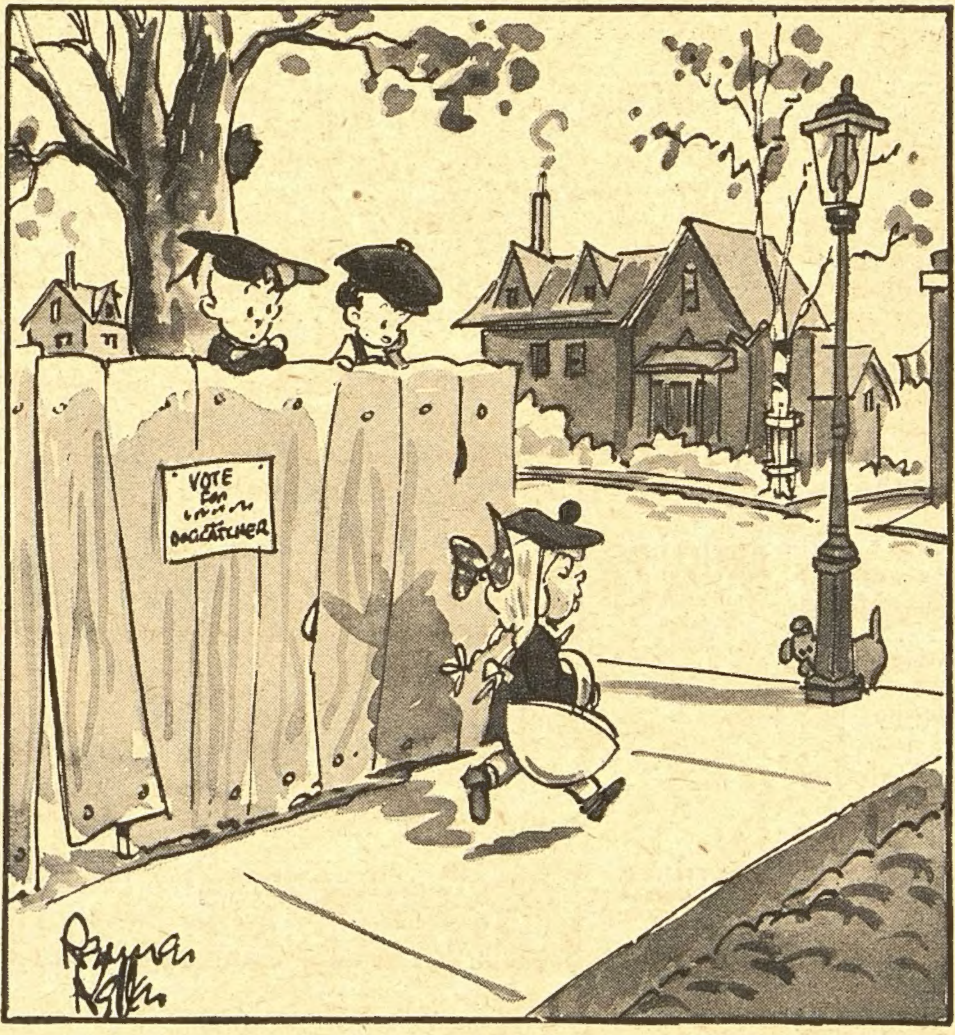
The amazing resourcefulness of this brave woman in hundreds of dangerous situations is astonishing. How such a hoax was ever perpetrated by that consummate blackguard—the cad—on the brilliant woman is beyond me.—*Shelby Kinhead.*

DONORA, PA. — Why bring Evalyn Walsh McLean's thrilling Lindbergh narrative to a close?

Gaston Means never had her perch high up in a sycamore tree and imitate the call of a mile-o'-more bird as a signal to the kidnap gang.

I'm sure your readers could suggest many more preposterous things which might have happened, and keep the story going *ad infinitum.*—*R. E. Koehler.*

"HARDTACK"



"With all their faults, this world would be a pretty dull place without them."

IRISHMEN SENSITIVE TO MUSIC

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In answer to Mr. Patrick O'Day's statement (September 10 Vox Pop) that swing is appreciated by those in possession of a low mentality, just let me ask if it ever occurred to Mr. O'Day that one of the most prominent indications of a feeble mind is the impulse to criticize that which we do not understand? It is quite evident that O'Day does not understand the fundamentals of modern jazz, and finding himself in the dark about this type of music, his first impulse is to howl it down to the ground.

Either Pat listens to the cheap bands or his radio is in need of a new set of tubes. I can't reconcile myself to the fact that he might be tone-deaf. Irishmen are supposed to be sensitive to music. Maybe he prefers the leaning-against-the-lamppost soprano-tenors of old Erin.—*Lulu Burke.*

HELL IS IN NORWAY BUT NORWAY IS NOT HELL

EDSBYN, SWEDEN—It's a shame that Eric H. Kjellgren of Stockholm should call our brethren's country, Norway, Hell (September 3 Vox Pop). There are many Hells in Europe, but the Norwegians are nice people and good neighbors and their country is wonderful. No Swede wants his country called Hell, and the Norwegians have the same right to consideration.—*Edvard Eriksson.*

[Mr. Kjellgren didn't say that Norway was Hell. He simply sent us a post card from a town having that name which he visited in that wonderful country.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

NETTLE RASH FOR ROWDIES

ORLANDO, FLA. — The overwhelming majority of the world's population want peace. A mere handful persist in creating trouble. It evidently means those few just don't have enough to keep them occupied.

Civilized folks ought to infect that gang of rowdies with a good old-fashioned case of nettle rash. That would keep them busy!—*T. J. Campbell.*

"That's My Story," Says "Wrong-Way" Corrigan

ONE DAY last July we received a teletype message from Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty. . . . He had read in a morning newspaper how a young Irishman named Douglas Corrigan had just made a nonstop flight from California to Roosevelt Field in Long Island. . . . He had flown in a small plane, loaded with only 250 gallons of gas, and he had four gallons left when he reached *terra firma*. . . . An enthusiastic aviator himself, Mr. Macfadden was thrilled with this exploit and said that he would like to meet Mr. Corrigan. . . . We asked our assistant, Mr. Harry Gray, to find the flying Irishman and bring him and Mr. Macfadden together. . . . That evening the doorbell rang at Mr. Gray's apartment and a red-haired young man wearing a leather jacket and a broad grin stood on the threshold. . . . He announced in a tone that permitted no contradiction that his name was Corrigan. . . . AT MR. MACFADDEN'S dinner table that same night the two aviators talked in shirt sleeves, forgetting the blistering New York heat in their mutual enthusiasm for aviation. . . . They talked earnestly about long-distance flying, Mr. Corrigan being especially interested in Mr. Macfadden's own nonstop long-distance flight from New York to Miami. . . . In all these hours of conversation, however, Mr. Corrigan said very little about his immediate plans. . . . He seemed entirely vague as to what he was going to do next. . . . He did promise, however, that in about two weeks he would come back to New York and would then be willing to talk about writing a story for Liberty Magazine. . . . All the world knows what happened after that. . . . Somehow Corrigan became confused. . . . Or so he says. His story is, and no one has been able to make him budge from it, that he fully intended to go back to the beauteous land of California. . . . With that purpose in mind, he overloaded his plane, stocking it with 320 gallons of gas, and took off just at dawn, while the attendants at Floyd Bennett Field held their breath. . . . When they breathed again it was only to gasp at the strange spectacle of a young man intending to go to California and flying due east. . . . Then came a long silence, and next thing we heard was that Douglas Corrigan had lost his way and set down his plane in Ireland, roughly 6,000 miles distant from his goal. . . . All America has paid tribute to a gallant flyer with a sense of humor. But Douglas Corrigan is more than that: . . . He is a man who keeps his word. . . . Now that he was world-famous, everybody wanted him to write a story, but he remembered that dinner with Mr. Macfadden who was interested in his skill as a flyer before he was famous. . . . When he came back to New York, not long after the two weeks he had mentioned, he remembered there was still a job to do. . . . He had to write his story for the magazine you now are reading. . . . And here is an extraordinary fact about Douglas Corrigan: . . . Most celebrities throw themselves into the arms of a ghost writer and let the ghost do the work. . . . DOUGLAS CORRIGAN has written his own story. . . . You will know that for yourself when you read his first installment in Liberty next week. . . . Every word is the expression of his own character. . . . His story is told in his own way, simply, honestly, modestly, and with that irrepressible native humor from which he could not escape if he wished to. . . . Which he does not. . . . This self-told life story is more than a mere recital of flying adventures. . . . It is a narrative of poverty and ambition, of struggle against difficulties, of a man's conquest over environment and hard luck. . . . It is a story full of laughter and tragedy. . . . We believe it will be an inspiration to American youth in a time when there is too much discouragement abroad. . . . We recommend the story to you unreservedly. . . . THE WHOLE ISSUE next week we can commend with enthusiasm. . . . The annual poll of American newspapers forecasting the results of the coming election will appear, together with the first installment of a remarkable series of articles by George E. Sokolsky, called THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE. . . . This frank series is an unusual adventure in journalism. . . . Over a long time the public has been treated to books and articles denouncing advertising and calling the American public guinea pigs. . . . Now for the first time a serious study of this subject has been made in order that the other side of this great question may be given to the public. . . . For there *is* another side. . . . The average person has no idea of the decisive part that advertising has played in raising the standard of living in this country and making America the best place in the world to live in. . . . We promise that you will be informed and perhaps inspired by this great new series and we urge you to read it. . . . THERE IS hardly room to tell you of the other features in this remarkable table of contents. . . . There will be short stories by Duane Decker and Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. . . . A splendid basketball story by Yankee Stade; an article by Ruth Waterbury WHY GABLE STAYS AT THE TOP; and installments of all the current serials and many other exciting features. Due to an unavoidable printing difficulty we have been forced to delay until a later issue the Frederick Collins article GIFFORD—THE MAN WHO LIVES WITH FACTS.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

Are We Facing the Horrors of Regimentation? Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

All the Answers . . . . Frederick Nebel 8
Cameo . . . . Edison Marshall 24
No Pictures—Liberty's Short Short . . . . James R. Webb 41
Connie's Code . . . . Sidney S. Lenz 56

SERIALS

Rhode Island's Murder Syndicate—Part II U. S. Marshal John J. Murphy 16
Magnificent Fool—Part III . . . . Walton Green 34
Lose the Woman!—Part VI . . . . Whitman Chambers 44

ARTICLES

Is Some One Listening on Your Phone? . . . . Frederick L. Collins 6
An All-American to End All-American Teams . . Hugh Fullerton 12
What the Middle West Says About Roosevelt Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 14
Why We Need a Two-Ocean Navy Admiral Henry A. Wiley 30
Mickey Rooney Goes Hollywood—One Better, Howard Sharpe 42
I Was Five Girls . . . . "Doris" 53
In collaboration with the Rev. Dr. Charles Francis Potter

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 29; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 50; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 51; Crossword Puzzle, 58; $1,000 Wisecracks Contest, 59; Vox Pop, 60.

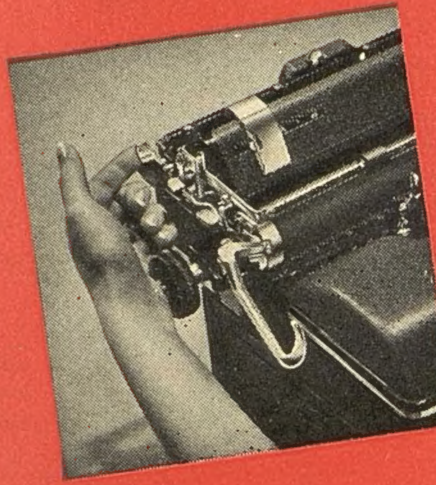
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY VINCENTINI

IT'S HERE! ROYAL'S NEW NUMBER 1

THE GREATEST TYPEWRITER EVER PRODUCED! It is years ahead in design and performance—with beautiful modern lines, MAGIC Margin, new Hinged Top, and many other advanced Features of the Future! Easy on the eyes—with new concealed type-bar movement! Easy on the fingers and arms—with all controls conveniently positioned and shaped! Smooth, quiet—well-nigh effortless in operation—this New Easy-Writing Royal brings a new thrill to every typist, sets a new high standard for faster, better typing at lower cost.

with MAGIC* MARGIN . . . most amazing of typewriter features!



NO FUSS
NO FRET
Click—
IT'S SET

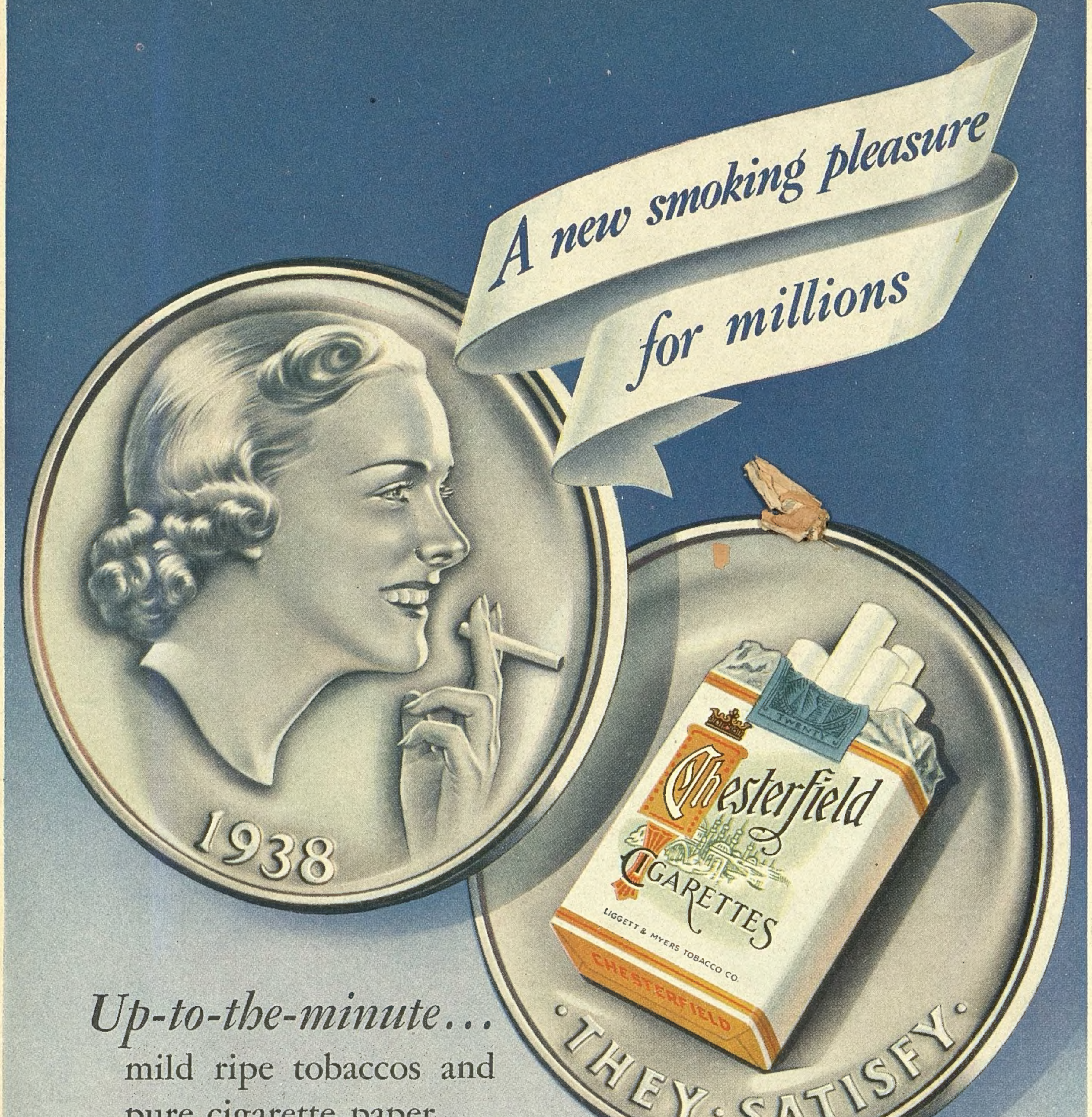
NEW! REVOLUTIONARY No more setting of margin stops by hand! MAGIC Margin does it automatically! Exclusive with the New Royal.

ROYAL
TRADE MARK

MORE THAN EVER
WORLD'S NO. 1
TYPEWRITER

*Trade Mark

Copyright, 1938, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., 2 Park Avenue, New York City.


A new smoking pleasure
for millions
1938
TWENTY
Chesterfield
Cigarettes
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Chesterfield
· They · Satisfy ·

Up-to-the-minute...
mild ripe tobaccos and pure cigarette paper . . . the best ingredients a cigarette can have . . .

that's why more and more smokers are turning to Chesterfield's refreshing mildness and better taste

They Satisfy ..millions

Copyright 1938, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.